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Volume 9. Number 1

Mission Tidings

January, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By R. A. Torrey—

If we accept the teaching of Jesus Christ, we must accept the whole Bible.

❖

It is either Christ and the whole Bible, or no Bible and no Christ.

❖

He was what He claimed to be, the Son of God.

❖

I believe the Bible to be the Word of God because of the testimony of Jesus Christ to that effect.

❖

The words of Jesus Christ have stood the test of eighteen centuries, and shine out with greater luster and glory today than ever.

❖

Everything that is best in modern civilization, everything that is best in national, domestic and individual life, is due to the influence of Jesus Christ.

❖

At His second coming He will come as a conquering King to rule the nations.

❖

Other books are men's books, the Bible stands alone as God's Book.

❖

Every candid man must see and admit that there is a power in this Book to lift men up to God, that no other book possesses.

❖

A stream can rise no higher than its source.

❖

The man who attacks the Bible is the worst enemy that an individual or society has.

❖

The nearer I got to God, the nearer I got to the Bible. When I and God meet, I and the Bible will meet.

❖

The most irrational thing in the world is what we call rationalism.

❖

Rationalism is an attempt to subject the teachings of infinite wisdom to the criticism of our finite judgment.

❖

One of the greatest discoveries that I ever made was one day when it dawned upon me that God might possibly know more than I did.

❖

The surrender of the will to God opens the eyes of the soul to see the truth of God.

❖

In the light of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, failure in daily living is unnecessary and inexcusable.

❖

The cure for infidelity is a surrendered will on the part of the infidel.

❖

The ministry of intercession is a glorious and a mighty ministry, and we can all have part in it.

❖

What little streams of mercy and grace most of us know, when we might know rivers overflowing their banks.

❖

One night of prayer will save us from many nights of insomnia.

❖

Time spent in prayer is not wasted, but time invested at big interest.

❖

In answer to prayer I get wisdom to know God's way and strength to walk in it.

❖

The prayer that prevails with God is the prayer into which we put our whole soul.

❖

Prevailing prayer is almost an impossibility where there is neglect of the study of the Word of God.

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MISSION TIDINGS

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A Personal Testimony

NOW shall I tell of His Redeeming love? At best it can only be fragmentary and disjointed. The experience of a life time condensed in a few words. My earliest memories are of a home in the North of Scotland, aptly named "Rosebank" for there was a profusion of flowers. I was born near "Montrose." My father a Presbyterian minister, very much engrossed with the things of God, a stern but just man; my mother the sweetest saint God ever allowed to live. My father's preaching, as I remember it, was always something or other about the Wrath of God—dire and dreadful punishment for misdeeds.

As a rule, I was punished every Sunday—my crime was falling asleep in "Kirk." Firstly, Secondly—Fifthly, I used to get through all right and keep awake but either at finale or conclusion I fell asleep and lost my dessert at dinner, and instead, had to learn some verses from the Psalms or Proverbs. And then at Family Worship how bad I used to feel as my glaring sins were held up to God in prayer and the threats of punishment if I did not mend my ways. I would go off to bed sobbing my heart out and how I would watch for mother as she made her rounds to see us all safely tucked in bed. What a home of love, peace and quietness and rest as I look back on it.

I came in frequent contact with seafaring men, who followed the seal and whale fishing. I used to listen to their tales of the Sea and Arctic regions, with my mouth open and my heart beating with wonder and awe. How they fired my imagination with their tales. Before I was eight years old I left home and made my way to "Dundee" and stowed away aboard the "Arctic"—Capt. Adams in command—which sailed that night whale fishing. I was discovered and sent home, where I was soundly thrashed.

Seven months later I again ran away and this time I succeeded and made the trip, seal fishing. When we returned I was sent to Rossie Reformatory as incorrigble, my sentence was for five years. I escaped after a short time and made my way to Hull, England, and from there to Boston, Mass. A passenger made much of me and as I later found out, he was a quiet, forceful "Crook"; he caused me to leave the ship at "Boston" and so began a career of crime for me which lasted for twenty years. In a very few years I outstripped my teachers in crime. I became very expert under their able tuition, in locks, safes and explosives. We worked all over the country. As a rule, returning to New York City with our spoils after every haul, sometimes carrying it or expressing it to the "fence" with whom we did business. Whatever of silver, jewelry or negotiable securities we procured were generally disposed of through "Mother Madelbaum" —a notorious "fence" of those days. Crooked as she was, she stuck to me

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faithfully and well and many a year's imprisonment she saved me by her money and her pull. The "fall" money was always there, so with unlimited means at my disposal, I went the limit.

While committing a night "Job" at Pittsburg, Pa., I was shot and taken to the West Pennsylvania Hospital. In the course of treatment it was necessary to administer quite a quantity of "Morphine." When I recovered from my wounds I loved the "stuff" and used it on every occasion until it completely mastered me. To my chagrin, when I attempted to quit it I could not, my drug exhilareted fibres, my alcohol frenzied nerves refused to be satisfied with anything else. Then began a fight in which I was a loser every time. Chronic Morphinism and Alcoholism had me in their clutches and I was helpless. While under their influence things looked "rosy" enough but always the bitter awakening. I tried various Sanatariums, inebriate homes, homes of healing, etc., but nothing doing, no permanent help.

Incarceration in various prisons had no helpful effect, for if you had the "price" you could get what you wanted. "Brockway" at Elmira "paddled" me; at Sing Sing I was "paddled." I could not do the "Stunt" assigned me in the shoe shop or laundry under the contract labor, and so became bitter and desperate and dangerous, and then through the effects of the drug began a facile and gradual descent.

I lived only for "Morphia" and "Alcohol" and ready to go all lengths to procure them. My case was indeed hopeless. The men I associated with were stern metal and held life pretty cheap. They spent money freely and tried hard to straighten me out, but to no purpose. I had reached the stage of Chronic Morphinism and Alcoholism in which I was like the wick of an alcohol lamp—I was literally kept alive by it.

Such was my condition when I heard of Jesus, one beautiful night in June. I followed Miss Wray and her "Cadets" to their "Hall." I thought it would be a good place to elude the "Cops," they never would look for me in a religious gathering. I listened to the singing, I watched Miss Wray as she spoke of Jesus and His love for sinners, and I thought, "Yes, it's good enough for her, a young cultured girl, sure its for her, but nothing doing for me." One Sunday night, Miss Wray spoke of Jesus and the thief on the cross, with the light streaming from her eyes and the love of God shining from her face. She told us how Jesus

HARRY HAINES

saved him. How Jesus came to seek and save that which was lost. In the after-meeting she spoke to me and urged me to a decision. I told her if she knew who and what I was she would not speak to me.

She replied, "I don't care who or what you are, Jesus loves you and can and will save you if you will let Him."

In a flash it got into my heart, Jesus loves even you. I stumbled forward and various people prayed; Mr. Whittemore prayed and then Miss Wray said, "Brother, pray for yourself."

I said, "I cannot."

She said, "You must"; and so in desperation I mumbled, "Oh God if you can do anything for me, do it for Jesus' sake; Dear Jesus help me." *And He did help me.*

I went into that meeting a poor, lost "Crook" with a price upon my head. (I was wanted in eleven states and over thirty towns or cities). And I came out redeemed in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, even when despairing and helpless it flashed into my heart and mind, Jesus loves you—even you. I went in all torn and bruised by sin, a helpless, hopeless drug fiend with a poor, empty, broken soul made hideous by sin—nothing but a poor, tortured body. Satan had me sunk in the mire of hell, nothing left but broken, burning, bitter memories. But Jesus knew all and yet He loved me and He saved me. Saved is the word, not improved or reformed or soothed, but saved. I looked unto Him and was saved. I believed and lived. I was created anew in Christ Jesus, endued with a new principle of life. What a wonderful Salvation is this which came to the lowest depths and brought me comfort and peace. And His blessed blessed Spirit is carrying on the work in my heart and life tonight—now as I write—and will carry it on till "Jesus comes" and I shall be like Him. I shall see Him face to face and tell the story, saved by grace.

Jesus came into my heart and life and turned me from darkness, and death and self to light and life and God. The love of Jesus is a great, vital, living thing. This Salvation is so *full*, so *free*, so *rich*, so *sure*. A new power of willing was brought into my life by Jesus. The up-pushing Grace of Christ's Redemption lifted me out of my bondage. I find in Jesus the Store of Strength which alone can feed and renew me from day to day. I have tasted and tested and can and do assert I have the evidence of God's presence in my heart and every-day life. Jesus cast out the corruption and disease and daily, by His Spirit, He is building up the *New Man*. My prayer daily is that I may have a heart of love—rather than the eloquence of men or angels—to speak of the wondrous love of Jesus to sinners. Jesus is keeping me in cheerful humble loyalty. Jesus Christ, the God-man, not only brought pardon and help, but He brought it with a human hand and a human heart.

Oh the wonderful love and tenderness of Jesus to the poor, old "Crook." He listened to this sinner's prayer. I have Him, His pardon, His light, His peace, His abiding presence. I believed and was born again. The love and blood of Christ purified by heart. I adore Him, the Son of Glory.

I was without God, and hope lost and dead. I was a sinner even in the estimation of sinful men. Many times, as I used to look back, my heart was exceedingly bitter as I thought of the home I had lost, my dear father's love, mother's tears, sisters' sweet voices, brothers' rough fellowships. Oh, it was a paradise lost to me. Sin was a bitter thing. I was lost, I looked for help but there was no human agency could help me. Poor, lost, drug-crazed, crook, to whom could I go? A poor, broken body and heart no human effort could make me sound or joyous again. But Jesus could and did do it. He was the Healer, the Renewer of this poor, lost thief. He loved, pitied and saved me. He touched this leper and I was cleansed. I have His kiss of tenderness and mercy. Jesus is His name. He alone gives me that for which my heart longs. People do not understand me. Jesus knows my heart. Faint indeed was the "spark" the night I was saved, but it was Divine and has never been extinguished. In his forgiveness and acceptance, peace and

Rest. It was repentance unto life. Christ's love to me, I have staked my all on it. I love Him because He first loved me, loved me e'er I knew Him. Glory to His precious name!

Trusting Him and looking for Him,

HARRY HAINES.

A Mother's Prayer

They tell me that down in the vilest dens,
Of the city's crime and muck,
There are men with the hearts of angels,
Doing the angel's work.

They win back the lost and the strayed,
They help the weak to stand,
By the wonderful power of living words,
And the help of God's right hand.

And often and over, the dear Lord knows,
I have kelt and prayed to Him,
That somehow, somewhere it would happen
They would find and save my Jim.

Our Unwalled Cathedral

"GO out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind."

The meetings held at Madison Square, and Twenty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue, have been rich in fruit for the Master during the past year.

The meetings in Madison Square begin on Easter Sunday and until the Sunday before Christmas the Gospel message is proclaimed. The earnest singing of Gospel hymns attracts the crowds from the park benches, as well as those out for a Sunday afternoon walk. It is a motley crowd. Prosperous-looking men rub elbows with the park bench habitues, but all listen as if for the first time to the old, sweet story of the Cross. These open-air meetings are simply the regular Mission service transfered to these unwalled sanctuaries.

The part that seems to interest the crowd most is the testimonies of the men who have been brought from the depths of sin by the power of the Gospel. No Bishop in his cathedral pulpit could wish for more earnest and reverent attention than is given these redeemed men as they tell of the miraculous change that has taken place in their lives.

The meetings held every night on Eighth Avenue are none the less interesting and fruitful. Quite a different looking crowd gather round the workers as they open the street organ and with cornet and song attract the attention of crowds of people thronging the avenue at that hour—men and women and children, some respectable, some drunken and dirty, many on their way to the cheap and questionable places of amusement that abound in the neighborhood. How often the testimony is heard, "I was on my way to the moving picture show when I heard the singing at the street corner, and came into the Mission and found the Lord Jesus." Listen to this man's testimony. Someone had given him a ticket to a show. He was under the influence of liquor. As he made his way to the theatre, he passed the street corner. The singing appealed to him, but remembering it was time for the play to begin he went on, but when in the vestibule of the theatre a longing came to him to hear more of the wonderful story to which he had just been listening. He went back and heard more and then followed the crowd into the Mission hall. As he listened to the testimonies, a great desire came to his heart to be free from the drink to which he had been addicted since he was a small boy and against which he had struggled for years, but at last came to the conclusion

that he was one of a multitude born with the desire for strong drink, that there was nothing for him but a drunkard's life and death. Before the service closed he was on his knees asking the Saviour who had saved the other drunkards to save him. That night the chains were broken and this man who for forty years had been the victim of drink, was set free, and the home that had been so desolate is now bright and beautiful.

The outdoor work is a large part of the work of the Eighth Avenue Mission and is being wonderfully blessed of God in rescuing the perishing.

Sick and Ye Ministered

FOR about a dozen years or so it has been the privilege of a few of our number to join with others in holding a Gospel Meeting every Thursday evening in the chapel in the City Hospital on Blackwell's Island. Convalescents, attendants, and workers about the hospital make up our audience which ranges all the way from about fifty to one hundred and fifty.

Gospel singing and Gospel addresses are the only attraction. Urgent necessity is laid upon the hearers to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, and how graciously God has been pleased to bless may be seen from the record we keep, which shows that nearly one-fourth of the number stay to the after or inquiry meeting,—about as many as find their way to the penitent form in the Mission during the year.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy Word." This scripture is true of many who have come under our observation. Only a few weeks ago in one of our meetings a man who was converted while a patient in the hospital about four years ago gave a wonderful testimony to the saving power of our Lord Jesus Christ which made a deep impression upon a large and attentive audience. He told how he had been privileged to enjoy the best of early training and a good education, but that he wasted opportunity, folowing a life of profligacy and sin. Then how he became a drunkard and drug-fiend, finally landing in the hospital an outcast and apparently hopeless case. But God had mercy upon him. He heard the Gospel, believed the good news and became a new man in Christ Jesus. He is now a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ and an earnest worker in one of the Missions in the lower east side of our City.

Bellevue Hospital is also a good field in which to sow the Gospel seed. The multitude which it shelters presents a strong appeal to those who realize the need that is represented there.

It is our privilege to hold Gospel services in the wards on Sunday afternoons, where we reach not only the patients but many visitors as well.

As we have practically a new audience in each ward every Sunday we endeavor to make this message simple, pointed, and comprehensive, so if heard but once the way of life may be made clear to the most simple mind. This is followed by a prayer and another Gospel song. The effect which these services produce is wonderful. Indifference often gives place to concern, sorrow to comfort, hopelessness to hope.

A personal worker is left behind to follow up the service, who tactfully distributes helpful literature and scripture portions, has heart to heart talks where opportunity is afforded.

Did You Know

That the Bible was written by forty inspired men of fourteen different occupations within 1600 years and that the books were written in thirteen parts of the eastern hemisphere—Syria, Asia Minor, Arabia, Chaldea, Italy—separated from one another by mountain, seas, and desert?

MISSION TIDINGS

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The New Year

What shall I wish thee this New Year?
Health, wealth, prosperity, good cheer,
All sunshine—not a cloud or tear?
Nay! only this:
That God may lead thee His own way,
That He may choose thy path each day,
That thou mayst feel Him near alway,
For this is bliss!

"High Cost of Living"

When the piano at the Mission was recently tuned we found the cost had advanced—that was a new one on us—we reasoned it out, however, that the man who made his living solely by tuning pianos had to get more for his services in order to meet the high cost of food.

Now here is a surprise for you—MISSION TIDINGS must advance its price of subscription from 50 cents to one dollar on account of the high cost of printing and paper. The little magazine has never been self-supporting and even this doubling of the subscription price will not make it so unless we can largely increase our number of subscribers.

We are sure our friends will help us meet our increasing need, and will not feel that we are advancing our prices arbitrarily or unnecessarily. As a matter of fact, MISSION TIDINGS is really worth more than a dollar, and many of our friends are going to feel just that way about it. Thank you!

Little Tragedies

Frank pulled the dog's tail to see if he could get his hand away before it snapped. He couldn't.

Johnny dived off the pier to see if he could swim against the current. He couldn't.

Sam took a "hitch" on the back of an automobile to get to school on time. He never got there.

Billy climbed out to the end of the branch. He was sure it wouldn't break. It did.

Jane took a lighted candle into a closet to look for her school books. She never found them.

Nan left her shoe lace untied. She thought she wouldn't trip. She did.

Ned steered his pushmobile into the heavy traffic. He thought it was an automobile. It wasn't.

Steve tried acrobatic "stunts" with his little sister. He was sure he wouldn't drop her. He did.

Sally lit her Mother's alcohol lamp. She never dreamed it would explode. It did.

The boys built a bonfire near the house. They were sure they could put it out. They couldn't.—*Bureau of Public Health Education, N. Y.—H. D.*

It may be a little farther around the corners of a square deal but the road is better.

Making It Last

A man, going through a great pottery, came upon a young woman, slowly and carefully painting a delicate flower on a costly vase. He stood and watched her, as she bent patiently and tenderly over her task, working slowly, anxiously, intent upon every touch of colour. "That is slow work," he said to her. "Yes," she answered, lifting her eyes to him, "very slow." "You have been working on it for hours, and yet I could take my finger, and with one sweep could wipe off every trace of it. How do you make the impression remain there when you have painted it?" "When I have finished painting the flowers on it, a man will come and take it to the fire. After it has passed through the fire, no power on earth can take it off."—*Young People's Weekly.*

The Gift of Rest

When our souls are tired, when the weariness is in the heart, when our spiritual powers are faint, then fretfulness begins to disturb us, and sooner or later we become very bored by the garish fullness of an unsatisfying world. But now, mark you, this Jesus promises rest, and like everything else about Jesus, the promise is fundamental and supreme. He claims to get behind and beneath all our secondary disquietudes, all our lesser hungers and appetites, and to make His way to the profoundest and innermost need. "I will give you rest! I will come among your secret aches and pains! I will visit the deep weariness which tries to hide itself from the common gaze, and I will smooth out the deadly wrinkles from the countenance of the soul! I will give you rest and peace!" Who else has spoken in this wise? Others have sung about rest but they have never offered it. One surpassingly sweet singer of Israel sang to disquieted souls in his day, but what he said of rest was only the song of a guide, it was not the song of the fountain. For this is how he sang, "O rest in the Lord!" Never did he say, "O come and rest in me!" The poet, William Watson, says of the greater poet, Wordsworth, "Thou hadst for weary feet the gift of rest." But where did Wordsworth ever say, "Come unto me, ye tired souls with weary feet, and I will give you rest?" No, all other singers whose theme is the gift of rest are only counsellors. They are gracious and helpful guides; they give hints about the road; they show you the way to the springs; but they never call to the pilgrim to stay with them as if now the pilgrim had found the fountain. No, this is their tone,—"Go on, foot-sore pilgrim, go on to such and such a bourne and you will find a hostel for the night!" . . . But hearken to our Saviour, "Come unto *me,* and I will give you rest! You need not go any further! Let me deal with the malady of your deepest weariness! When the soul is fainting I have unfailing cordials! When the heart is bruised I have unfailing balms! When the soul is feverish with disquietude I have the cool secret of heavenly peace. Come unto me, and I will give you rest!"—(*Extract from one of Dr. Jowett's sermons*).

The Week's Verse

"I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go
right,
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God
appoints;
. . . . I will trust in Him
That He can hold His own; and I will
take
His will, above the work He sendeth
me,
To be my chiefest good.
The glory is not in the task, but in
The doing it for Him."

—Jean Ingelow.

Mission News' Items

DECEMBER, though one of the busiest months at the Mission, has been one of the most blessed. There has been no reaction from the blessed Anniversary days of November. Night after night the presence and power of God has been manifest in the salvation of souls. Not only in the evening meetings has this soul-saving work been going on, but in the Mothers' Meeting women have definitely accepted Christ. In the Sunday School and in the homes visited by our missionaries decisions have been made for the [illegible].

* * *

Our old friend, Mr. C. L. Evarts, of the Chapman-Alexander Evangelistic Party, with Mr. Barryclough, the pianist, has been with us the past few Saturday evenings, and has been most helpful. Mr. Evarts has always manifested an intense interest in the work of the Mission, and we feel he belongs to us. Mr. Barryclough's wonderful gift at the piano has helped make the singing even more inspiring than usual.

* * *

We were greatly privileged in having Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Alexander, of the Chapman-Alexander Party, with us one Saturday evening in December. Mr. Alexander spoke to us of the Pocket Testament League and told us of the splendid work being accomplished through it among the soldiers of the warring countries and of the thousand who had not only joined the League, but had accepted Christ Jesus as their Saviour. Mr. Alexander also taught us some new choruses in his own happy and inimitable way. Mrs. Alexander stirred every heart with the simple and beautiful story of her own conversion when she was but a child of twelve years. We do not wonder that this girl of twelve has developed into the noble, strong, consecrated woman that she is when we know of her love and faithfulness to God's Word, a copy of which she has always carried with her through all the years. The visit of these honored servants of God to the Mission will be long remembered.

* * *

An Eighth Avenue Mission Pocket Testament League is being formed, and we should be glad to forward membership cards, etc., to all who would like to unite with us.

* * *

From time to time our hearts are deeply touched by little gifts for the work, which mean not only self-denial but sacrifice on the part of the giver. The other night we found in the collection basket two five-cent pieces carefully wrapped in paper on which was written, "The freewill offering of a little girl who is sick in Bellevue Hospital, received during personal work there." The blessing of the Lord must surely be upon a gift like that.

* * *

We are always sorry when the time comes for our last open-air meeting in Madison Square for the season. With but one or two exceptions we have been able to hold these meetings continually on Sunday afternoons from Easter Sunday to Christmas Sunday. God has very wonderfully blessed the services and many have found the Saviour there. The Sunday afternoon meetings during the rest of the winter will be held in the Mission.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of the China Inland Mission, was a visitor at the Mission recently, and his message was one of great helpfulness.

* * *

"Nothing is too good for 'our mothers,'" the workers amongst them so often say, and God has indeed been sending good things their way lately. Mrs. A. B. Rodger is one of our new God-sent teachers. Mrs. Irwin, the wife of our Sunday School Superintendent, is another. These, with those who have been working faithfully with their

classes for the past years, make up a splendid consecrated staff. The devotion of those who take care of the tiny children is beautiful, and we wish our friends could spend an hour with us in this meeting Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. William Borden and Mr. Henry Frost, Director of the China Inland Mission, and others have ministered the Word of God with great blessing in these meetings, and it is encouraging to hear from the lips of the mothers themselves the different parts of the addresses that have been most helpful to them. One by one these dear women are finding the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and His presence is brightening the lives that have been so drab and dreary.

* * *

We are deeply grateful to our friends who by their generous and loving thought of the needy in this neighborhood have made it possible for us to carry Christmas Cheer into the homes of a great number. 125 Christmas baskets, each containing a dinner for eight people, were taken to so many families, which means a thousand Christmas dinners were provided. Every family with its struggles and problems is well known to us, and it was a great joy to be able to help make their Christmas a bright and happy one. The little children were not forgotten, and there were almost 150 of them, ranging from a few months to six years old—the children that the mothers must bring with them to the Mothers' Meeting, if they are to come at all.

What a lovely time they had! How their eyes danced when they saw the tree beautifully lighted and literally covered with toys to delight the heart of any child; dolls, beautifully dressed by loving hands, one for each little girl, and then the toys that boys delight in—trains, drums, horses, reins, etc., with rattles and rag dolls for the babies. Besides all these, a stocking containing an orange and a box of candy, was hung round the neck of each toddler when they came to the platform for their toy.

If our faithful friends in distant places could have seen the unspeakable delight of these children, they would have felt amply repaid for their efforts to make these children happy.

The little service in connection with the Christmas tree was very simple, but beautiful. The mothers sang their favorite hymns and the Christmas message was given in song and story.

Grief in Heaven

If grief in heaven might find a place,
  And shame the worshiper bow down
Who meets the Saviour face to face,
  'Twould be to wear a starless crown;

To find in all that countless host
  Who meet before the eternal throne,
Who once, like us, were sinners lost,
  Not one to say: "You led me home."

Oh, may it ne'er to me be said:
  "No soul that's saved by grace Divine
Has called for blessings on thy head,
  Or linked its destiny with thine."

—*Selected.*

More Milestones

Mr. Mountcastle's Anniversary, November 28th, usually comes during the week of the Mission's Anniversary, and the celebration has been crowded out. This year, however, Mr. Mountcastle had a real Anniversary. Our brother was six years old. Born in Virginia of a good Southern family, and with a university education, our brother had every advantage, but sin eventually did its deadly work and after years he lost home, friends and money. He came to New York thinking to begin life anew and changing his name, but he drifted farther away and sank deeper into the depths. While living next door to the Mission he heard the singing of the Gospel songs. They remind-

ed him of his Sunday School days and the teaching of his early boyhood. He came into the Mission and yielded his heart to the Lord Jesus. Immediately the fetters fell off and he became a new creation in Christ Jesus. For six years God has graciously kept him brave and true and enabled him to help a great number of men by his kindness and generosity, as well as by his life and testimony. It was a blessed Anniversary service and the earnest prayers of his many friends will follow our brother through his seventh year in the Master's service.

* * *

Twelve years old. It did not seem possible that it could be twelve years since our dear brother, Mr. Palmer, homeless and friendless on his way to the river to end a drunken existence, dropped into the Mission to rest a bit before "putting an end to everything." Many were present at the Anniversary meeting, who remembered distinctly how our brother looked the night he came to Jesus; dirty, drunken, and partially paralyzed, so much so that it took two men to help him to the Penitent Form. Surely the days of miracles are not passed and this "same Jesus" is still saving and making new men of human derelicts.

Sitting with Mr. Palmer on the platform was his wife, an earnest devoted Christian and his helpmate indeed; and their little son, Jimmie, who is now nine years old, sang a beautiful Gospel invitation.

As Mr. Palmer spoke of God's faithfulness to him through all the years we were grateful that this lighthouse had guided this storm-tossed man to the Lord Jesus, the only refuge and shelter for ruined men. Mr. Palmer and his family are living in the country and cannot be at the Eighth Avenue Mission very often, but they are holding meetings in their own home and God is blessing their ministry. God give them many souls.

"Why should I go to the front and ask people to pray for me? I am not a drunkard. I have never done anything very wrong." So reasoned Mr. Cummings night after night for almost six months, until twelve years ago, December 11th, the Holy Spirit gave him a vision of the Lord Jesus nailed to the cross of shame, bearing in His body the sins of the whole world. That vision melted the stony heart, subdued the stubborn will, and brought the proud, self-righeous man a humble penitent to the place he had vowed he never would go.

It was very stormy on the night of our brother's Anniversary, but a goodly number gathered to rejoice with him. The testimony of our brother never fails to touch the heart of those who listen. It was the death of his mother that first made him think that he would like to be good so that he might meet her in Heaven. He thought he must make himself worthy, but the Holy Spirit revealed to him the simple plan of salvation. Not by works of righteousness, but by believing on the Lord Jesus and in His finished work for the salvation of men.

After giving his testimony, Mr. Cummings sang an exquisite Gospel song, "The Massa of the Sheepfold." Many testified to the help and blessing Mr. Cummings had been to them through his faithful, consistent, Christion life.

Mr. Cummings is one of our most earnest and devoted workers. Night after night, after a trying day's work, finds him at the Mission, hungry to point someone to the Lord Jesus, and there is hardly a meeting closes, but what our brother with his open Bible is showing someone the Way of Life. Sunday afternoon he spends in Bellevue Hospital ministering to the sick in song and testimony. God bless our brother and give him a rich harvest of souls.

365 Nights in the Year

EVERY night of the year during the past seventeen years there has been held a Gospel service in the Mission hall. There is no brighter spot in the great City than the Eighth Avenue Mission during the nightly Gospel service. No bait of any kind is thrown out to catch the people except the glorious Gospel. What could be more attractive than that?

The singing of Gospel hymns is a great feature of the service, and visitors talk of having heard of the singing in distant cities. Many of the converts were won to Christ through the songs and no wonder they sing so earnestly. If the singing brought them into the new life, may it not bring others? A clear Gospel message from the Word is followed by the testimonies of the converts, and then the invitation to accept the Lord Jesus is given. Scarcely a meeting closes but what men and women respond, and wonderful have been the miracles of grace the past year.

While some remain with us, others find work in distant places and we lose sight of them, but often encouraging letters come to us telling us that God is perfecting the good work He began in their hearts when they knelt at the mercy seat in the Mission. Many of the converts have become missionaries and active Christian workers. One went as a missionary to China; another to Africa; two more are in a Bible training school; two are ministers of the Gospel; one is a well-known evangelist; another is assistant to a prominent western evangelist, and many others are faithful Christian workers in their various churches.

Listen to the testimony of that prosperous, gentlemanly looking man: "I came into the Mission on the verge of delirium tremens, an old man of sixty-two, a homeless, friendless drunkard on the verge of the grave, but I accepted the invitation to receive the Lord Jesus and from that moment the appetite for drink and sin left me. I am twenty years younger to-night. God has restored my health, given me a good business, a beautiful home, and the love of my children."

But then we might go on giving the testimony of scores of men and even then one could not get a true idea of what is being done in these meetings from day to day. Visit the Mission for yourself and hear the testimonies of these redeemed men and women.

The Things More Excellent

The grace of friendship—mind and heart
Linked with their fellow heart and mind;
The gains of science, gifts of art;
The sense of oneness with our kind;
The thirst to know and understand—
A large and liberal discontent;
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent.

To hug the wealth ye cannot use,
And lack the riches all may gain—
O blind and wanting wit to choose,
Who house the chaff and burn the grain!
And still doth life with starry towers
Lure to the bright, divine ascent!—
Be yours, the things ye would: be ours
The things that are most excellent.

—WILLIAM WATSON.

Yes, He Cares

Among so many, can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes—a myriad ways,
And God's eye over every place?
I asked: my soul bethought of this;
In just what that very place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you
God hath no other thing to do!

—*Whitney.*

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

AS our publication goes to press before our Christmas festival will have taken place, and knowing that our friends who have been doing so much these past days to help, will want to know about our plans, we are going to tell you just a little bit of what we are going to do for our mothers and children.

In the first place we are going to have a most wonderful Christmas tree reaching from the floor to the ceiling, covered not only with myriads of electric bulbs, but with all the gayly colored glittering baubles that from time immemorial have so delighted the hearts of children. With great thrift we save these trifles from year to year so we feel money is not wasted in this particuluar direction.

Every little girl will have a most beautiful doll, dressed by some personal friend of the Mission. Some of our children have been with us since they were born and next year will be ready to go to school, so we feel they can now take care of a really fine doll.

Each little boy is to have a most carefully selected toy, just the one thing he has been longing for the whole year.

The infants, and we have such a lot this year, will have a non-breakable doll, dressed especially for them with a sanitary rattle jingling with tiny bells.

A stocking made to order so that it will be quite big enough will be filled with popcorn, a whole box of candy, and the biggest orange we can find. The stockings will have a string attached so the Superintendent can slip it around the child's neck and it will feel that these treasures are its very own.

The Superintendent and her faithful band of workers give their personal attention to every detail connected with the children's Christmas and nothing is left undone to make it as happy a day as love can inspire. It is the day of our "Tiny Tots"—the little ones of this neighborhood—who look to us as the only Santa Claus they will have. Between the war, the epidemic, the strike and their own struggles, our dear mothers have had a real hard year of struggles, so at this blessed season we want them to have at least one bright, beautiful day.

The program of the Christmas festival is always simple so at this busy season the mothers can get quickly back to work to their homes. A simple message is given, bearing upon the love of God in giving His only Son to die that we might live. Into the home of every mother a Christmas basket filled with good things is sent. There is enough in this basket for a family of eight.

Those who so generously give of their substance, those who so freely give of their leisure moments to dress the dolls so daintily, those who lovingly give their own personal service, as well as the dear mothers and children who receive these gifts in the spirit of love in which they are given, will surely all be abundantly blessed, with a blessing poured out to them from the very heart of God through the love of the gentle Child Jesus, for whose dear sake all these things are done.

We are taking this opportunity at the commencement of the New Year to thank all the friends who have stood with us in carrying on the work of the Mothers' Meeting during the past year. Through many channels help has come to us. Flowers throughout the summer came with faithful regularity, box upon box, week after week, so that our sick and poor received them in great

abundance. Jelly in quantity and quality came in the fall direct from the homes of our friends and was given out at once to our mothers and our sick ones. Clothing for the children was received and distributed, while everything needful for our playroom has been contributed. From the overflow of toys we have been able to send many to the children at their homes where they could enjoy them without supervision. Material for our sewing circle has always been given as it was needed, and funds for anything necessary has always come to the Superintendent's office. Those who contribute to this part of the work are themselves mothers and have a heart brimming over with love for other mothers not so prosperous as they. Therefore, in the name of the Superintendent and all connected with this part of the Mission, we thank one and all of these devoted friends.

In last month's Mission Tidings we were glad to hear from our dear friend, Mrs. Cleveland, who left New York in the late Spring to accompany her husband to Texas. The Mothers' Meeting feels it has a part claim in Mrs. Cleveland, who for many months brought us such helpful Gospel messages in song. Each Wednesday she reported promptly, ready to do anything to be helpful—always in such a happy, wholesome fashion that her very presence was a blessing.

Not a week passes but someone inquires for our dear Mrs. Foote, who has always given such devoted service to the babies, even in years back when we started with such a very small group of little ones. We are sure you will be glad to know Mrs. Foote is revelling in the title of Grandmother and with this new responsibility and many household cares, together with several invalids on her hands, she has found it impossible to get to the meetings where her heart and prayers follow us.

The visiting of the meeting has been done so systematically and well this season that we are rejoicing to see many of our mothers returning to us. The cares and problems of many of these homes in many instances keep our mothers absent at times but we feel that they really belong to us, especially when they have found the Lord Jesus right in this very hall, so our Missionary visitor has personally taken a new census and it is with pleasure we welcome familiar faces and know that these dear friends are happy to be with us again.

Miss Dixon, who has done such effecient work all summer and right up to Christmas, is personally connected with the Superintendent in the neighborhood visiting, and each day reports all the cases of need with which she comes in contact. In many instances our mothers make requests to be given work by the day as in many cases the problem of rent, feeding, clothing a large number of children, falls upon the weak shoulders of the mother of the family. If at any time a woman is needed, you might drop a postal to the Superintendent who could put you in direct touch with these worthy women.

We have welcomed in our midst this winter as teacher of one of our classes, a new friend—Mrs. Rogers, and those who are fortunate enough to be in her class are rejoicing in having for a teacher such a consecrated Christian so well versed in the Scripture. Mrs. Rogers herself is so happy in giving this service to the mothers that her face radiates the joy in her heart and we feel helped each time we see her at the meeting.

Fifty to One

We have no right to judge a man until
he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company, we
know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has
not, the old as well as young?
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
have fifty to their one.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 9. Number 2

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FEB - 7 1917

Mission Tidings

Febuary, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Frederick A. Atkins—

Life ought to be something better than dull acquiescence. It should mean a healthy, exhilarating struggle and an ultimate victory.

❖

The hardest road for horses is the level one.

❖

Ability is not of much use without stability.

❖

I am quite certain that the people we love most in this world are the dependable people.

❖

The New Testament is the best guide to the conduct of life ever published.

❖

If a man has in his heart the spirit of Christ, he is a gentleman.

❖

Every one will admit that the very essence of gentlemanliness is unselfishness, and Jesus Christ was unselfishness incarnate.

❖

Until a youth takes as eager an interest in his vocation as in his vacation he is not worth very much.

❖

Start life with your coat off, attack the heaviest tasks with both hands, climb and strive and fight until the victory is won.

❖

God's strength may be made perfect in weakness, but never in idleness.

❖

Your future depends more than you think on the use you make of your leisure.

❖

The happiest and the healthiest men in the world today are the men who work.

Idleness is the devil's opportunity, and he seldom fails to take advantage of it.

❖

To attempt a difficult task is a moral tonic—to achieve it is a radiant joy.

❖

If Satan finds evil work for idle hands, he also provides bad thoughts for empty minds.

❖

A man is not necessarily vicious because he is young. Piety does not grow with a beard.

❖

It is a perilous situation when business men are outside the churches, for the church needs them just as much as they need the church.

❖

We want conquering optimists to be God's warriors.

❖

The fact is that in a motor-driven world we have too many pedestrian churches.

❖

If the church is not full, the streets are—then preach in the streets!

❖

Business builds a fortune—Christianity builds a character.

❖

Business makes money—Christianity makes men.

❖

You will often meet a man, who is a printer and a Christian instead of being a Christian printer.

❖

Christianity is not so much a restraint as an inspiration.

❖

Christianity not only calls us to a noble life—it enables us to live it.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1917 No. 2

A Personal Testimony

IN the year 1873 I was engaged in the manufacture of whiskey, sold it, and became addicted to the use of it. In time I became so reduced financially that I became a pest and a bore to everyone in the neighborhood, begging from them money for a drink. When I could get no money by begging I would steal anything that I could get hold of to satisfy my appetite for strong drink. From this cursed habit I was brought to the gutter and when I would try to get out would fall right back again.

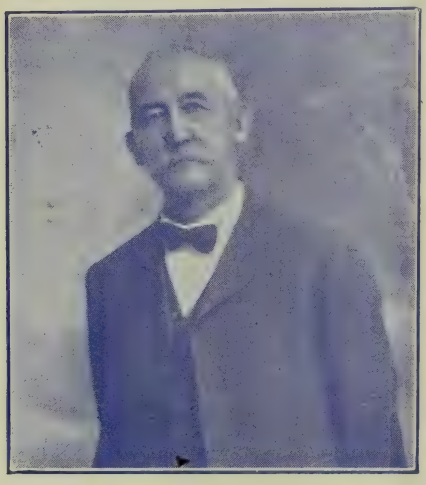
In 1875, recovering from the maniapotu, I went down the Delaware River in a row-boat alone. Suddenly I began to tremble and a heavy perspiration oozed from my body. I became exceedingly sick and thought that I was going to die. I asked God not to kill me but let me go home to my family and die. Then the thought came into my mind, "How can you stand eternity in hell?" And, again, "How long is eternity?" I imagined that eternity is like a hoop and mentally, I went round and round that hoop which never would and never could have an end. Suddenly the Spirit of God convicted me of my sins. Wherever I looked there was nothing but sin, sin, sin. I trembled exceedingly, great fear took possession of my soul, and a deep sorrow for having sinned against God which led me to repentance Godward. I looked up to Heaven and I resolved by the help of God I would become a better man. Quick as thought the Holy Ghost brought the following passage of Scripture to my mind: "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

This took place on the 15th day of July, 1875. Two days after and before I knew that my sins were forgiven, a prize-fighter taunted me, pointing his finger at my face and saying, "Look at that old psalm-singer." My only brother noticing my state of mind said, "John, what is the matter with you?" I said, "Nothing." He said, "O, yes there is." "Well," I said, "I have been bad long enough and I am going to become a better man." He replied, "You are a crank. Do you suppose that you can be an honest man in the business in which you are engaged?" I said, " Let us make it short. If I cannot be honest I will starve serving the Lord Jesus Christ."

On the 19th day of July, 1875, the Holy Ghost led me to St. George's church—4th street, below New. I prayed from the time I left home until I arrived at the church. I went as near to the pulpit as I could go. I wanted to hear everything the preacher had to say. It seemed to me as if the whole host of Hell were engaged against my soul. I did not hear a word the preacher said nor the prayers he offered, nor the hymns that were sung. The devil

filled my ears with awful blasphemies and sinful wicked imaginations came into my mind. I felt that I would sooner be in hell than be in this way.

Then God in mercy drove the devils away. When the preacher said, "He that hates sin with all the hatred of his soul and is not at enmity with his neighbor has the Grace of God and has the Spirit of God leading him," I jumped to my feet and I said, "That is just what I want to hear." I went home praising God. A little while after



this the Holy Ghost brought to me the 16th verse of the 15th chapter of John: "Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain that whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name He may give it you."

For 37 years I have been endeavoring by the Grace of God to bear fruit. Thousands have been converted and joined different churches. These and the following statements I do not make in the spirit of boasting, but attribute all to the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, who chose me and ordained me, as He said, that I should go forth and bear fruit and that my fruit should remain.

I started the first Rescue Mission in Philadelphia for fallen men 36 years ago at Beach Street and Fairmont Avenue, where on the opposite side I had made whiskey years before. I also had a Gospel wagon of my own. Paid men to drive the wagon and paid the singers who were employed to sing the gospel message. I had two gospel ships moored to the wharf at the foot of Otis Street, now East Susquehanna Avenue. The name of one was the "Elizabeth" and of the other the "Josephine." I had also a gospel mission at my place of business, 723 Richmond Street, and now I am in my 76th year endeavoring by the Grace of God to bear fruit in my old age. The only time when I feel young is when I am preaching the gospel and then I feel as though I could run through a troop and leap over a wall (Psalms 18-29.)

JOHN HENNING

Light of the Lord

IN sad contrast to the glory of the Christmas at Madison Square, with its hundreds of red and yellow incandescent lights, was the darkness which could be felt in the desolate basement less than three blocks away.

"Happy New Year" said a missionary who quickly entered and shut the door against the terrific gale that sent icy currents into the remotest corner of the dark room.

"Thank you, and a Happy New Year to you," quietly responded the lone occupant of the room, who was a poor, blind woman approaching the golden sunset of life. "But, who is it, please?" she continued, leaning forward in her chair, her sightless eyes shaded by a warm hood she was wearing to protect her from the dampness of her subterranean home.

Her face lighted as she learned it was one whom she had met so many months before; then a tear stole from under her dark lashes as she said, "Mr.

H. died only a month ago and now I am all alone in the world."

Pathetic indeed was the picture of this lonely widow, clothed in black, sitting so helpelessly in the middle of the room, and struggling ever and anon to keep warmth in her body by pulling a black woolen shawl more tightly about her.

"Oh, I do so truly sympathize with you," said her visitor, "for I have lost four relatives the past year; but, as Dr. Jowett says, 'God comforts us not to make us comfortable, but to make us comforters,' so now you will be able to tell others of a Saviour who really comforts lonely hearts, will you not?"

The tears were slowly falling upon her dress; but at the name of Jesus her face was radiant with a beautiful smile as she softly whispered, "If it were not for my Saviour I should give up in despair." Seemingly forgetful then of her sorrow she waxed eloquent as she continued: "I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not thank Him for the way He has provided for my needs since my husband was taken away. In answer to prayer, sewing was given to me, but I was unable to see any blessing in that until a friend took it and did it for me in her spare moments, giving me the money it brought. Another sent coal, which I am using very sparingly, while still another brings me food in exchange for my looking after her two-year-old baby while she goes to work. There is nothing here to hurt the baby, and when she needs mothering it is a real comfort to take her in my arms and sing her to sleep."

"Do you have anyone to read to you?" inquired the missionary. "No, I do not," was her reply, "and I do get so hungry sometimes for a comforting verse from the Bible."

A half hour was spent in reading God's Word, teaching a promise that could be repeated and appropriated during lonely hours, and in prayer together so that when her caller again faced the outside elements she felt that she had been comforted by one whom she had sought to comfort, for the lonely widow had resolved by the grace of God to let godliness with contentment be her gain, while the peace of God, as a halo untrammelled by circumstances, seemed to rest like a benediction upon her. —A. F. M.

The Inquiry

I wonder if ever a song was sung but
the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung but
the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought till
the cold stone echoed his ardent
thought!
Or if ever the painter with light and
shade the dream of his inmost heart
portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found and
there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground
and we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah, never on earth do we find the best;
but it waits for us in the land of rest
And a perfect thing we shall never behold, till we pass the portals of shining gold. —*Selected.*

Anniversaries

CHRISTMAS night Miss Kohler was four years old. Miss Kohler is rather proud of the fact that she was converted on Christmas Day. Surely the gift that came to her that night is priceless. For years our sister had been a member of the Christian Association and Bible Class, but had not learned the way of life—salvation by simple faith in the Lord Jesus. The first time she heard it her heart responded and she received Him as her Saviour. There have been many testings during the four years, and many trials of faith, but God has brought our sister through

victoriously. Our sister's religion is a very practical one, burning brightly in her daily work, compelling those who work with her to ask the reason of the hope that is in her. Her testimony was most helpful and it was a blessed anniversary service.

* * *

The day after Christmas was Mr. Sleeth's anniversary. He was nineteen years old. Our dear Brother Mr. Bridgman had an anniversary also that night, he being twelve years old. Unfortunately, Mr. Bridgman was compelled to work that night.

Mr. Sleeth's testimony is always most convincing. How could a man go into a Mission with a heart full of hatred and bitterness, hungering for revenge—a man that had schemed day and night to crush those who had injured him—and leave that meeting an hour or two later with nothing but love in his heart for his bitter enemy and thinking only of his enemy's good, unless some wonderful miracle had happened? This is what literally took place the night Mr. Sleeth was converted. How we wish every skeptic in New York City might hear this testimony! Mr. Sleeth is the leader of our Men's Meeting held Thursday night, and there are no more faithful, devoted workers in the Mission than Mr. Sleeth and his dear wife. It was a blessed anniversary service.

* * *

It is not often we have four anniversaries on one night, but on New Year's Day this is our privilege. Our faithful janitor was converted fourteen years ago on New Year's Day and has been present at every meeting held in the Mission since that happy night. Drunken and dirty he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and the old things passed away and everything became new, and David is indeed a triumph of grace.

* * *

Our dear sister Mrs. Bater was eight years old. When desperately unhappy and dissatisfied she was led into the Mission and found life everlasting through faith in the Lord Jesus and rest and joy came to her heart.

* * *

It is interesting to note that many who were converted in the Mission accepted Christ the first time they came. Of course, there are exceptions, but it is a warning not to reject the Lord Jesus when His call is heard in the soul.

* * *

Celebrating at the same time was Mrs. Baters' daughter, who was converted at her mother's first anniversary. These friends have developed into earnest Christian workers and are a great help. A few months ago Mrs. Bater's only son also accepted Christ in the Mission, and together they are seeking to win others for the Lord.

* * *

Mr. Turner, although not converted in the Mission, has been one of our most sincere and earnest friends for many years. A member of Grace Methodist Church, engaged in its many activities, he finds time to visit the Mission quite often and occasionally brings the Assistant Pastor, or a number of men from the church along with him. In the old Eighteenth Street Methodist Church, thirty-four years ago, our brother was converted and has been following the Master ever since.

* * *

God bless these friends and use them more and more to the glory of God.

* * *

It almost looked like Bible Teachers' Training School night at the Mission when Mr. Entwisle celebrated his sixth anniversary. The platform was filled with friends from the Bible Teachers' Training School, where our brother is employed. A Men's Quartette from the school brought a beautiful message in song and Miss Halsted, another of the students, sang very sweetly and helpfully, "Open the Gates of the Temple." Mr. Entwisle is another miracle of redeeming grace. Six years ago a home-

less, friendless drunkard he came into the Mission and heard that there was hope for even such as he. Humbly and penitently he made his way to the Cross and accepted Christ as his Saviour. The assurance came to him a little time later when in a tiny hall room he received the Lord Jesus by faith. What a difference in six years. The wife and daughter that separated from him had been restored. Round the corner from the Mission was a lovely home. Scores of friends on the platform and in the Mission testified to their love and interest in him and to the grace of God that keeps him true in his daily work.

* * *

Is your faith wavering? Are you tempted to think God is not interested in these wrecks of men and women? Are you saying there are no miracles now ? Visit the Eighth Avenue Mission some evening, or any other Mission in the City, and you will be convinced that Jesus is still "The same yesterday and today and forever."

Losing Life and Finding It

"He that loseth his life shall find it." Did Jesus say that? Yes, He said it and He proved it. The Nazarene Himself was always losing His life, He was always giving Himself away to anybody who needed Him. If it were a Zaccheus, chief among the publicans and rich, but hungry and spiritually wasted, the Lord gave Himself away. Or it might be a little child, fair and winsome as the tender light of the morning; "He laid His hand upon him and blessed him." Or it might be a Magdalene, wearily seeking her lost piece of silver, or groping for the door of heaven in the hope of a better and holier day. Or it might be a widow, or a leper, or a day-laborer who had lost the use of his hand! Wherever the Lord found a gap He filled it. Wherever He found a hunger He offered Himself as bread. He was always losing Himself, and giving Himself away! And what a life He found! Life vertical, in the glory of its divine height! Life horizontal, in the glory of its human breadth! What wealth of communion there was in His days! What wealth of repose! What riches of replies! I say the Saviour incarnates and proves His own word, "He that loseth his life shall find it." And that word will never pass away. It is a word as immutable as God. Lose your life, let it out like an uncaged bird, and all the birds of the grove will come and sing to you. Give your life away in human interest, and in noble sympathy, and in generous beneficence and service, and life will find you in large communions, in royal capacities, in richer fellowships both with God and man. "Are you sure of this?" Yes, indeed, I am sure of it. It is the word of the eternal God, and amid all the convulsions of the centuries it remains unchanged forever. "My words shall not pass away."—*Extract from Dr. Jowett's sermon of last Sunday morning.*

Love

"Herein is love; to take this strong sweet thing
That we call life, and for love's sake to fling
It to the outer darkness men deem death,
That love may have a longer, sweeter breath.
Herein is love; to lift another's cross,
To give away the glad and keep the dross,
To trample into dust the worm of self,
To crowd its clamorings on the soul's back shelf;
To crush the tears it would be sweet to shed.
And smile so others may have joy instead."

MISSION TIDINGS

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VOL. IX. FEBRUARY, 1917 No. 2

The Sheperd Psalm

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

I shall not want rest. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

I shall not want drink. "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

I shall not want forgiveness. "He restoreth my soul."

I shall not want guidance. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

I shall not want companionship. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me."

I shall not want comfort. "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

I shall not want food. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

I shall not want joy. "Thou anointest my head with oil."

I shall not want anything. "My cup runneth over."

I shall not want anything in this life. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

I shall not want anything in eternity. "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

That is what David said he would find in the Good Shepherd. And one day it occurred to me to see how this twenty-third Psalm was fulfilled in Christ. This is what I found in Christ's own words:

"I am the Good Shepherd."

Thou shalt not want rest. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Thou shalt not want drink. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

Thou shalt not want forgiveness. "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins."

Thou shalt not want guidance. "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

Thou shalt not want companionship. "Lo, I am with you always."

Thou shalt not want comfort. "The Father shall give you another Comforter."

Thou shalt not want food. "I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger."

Thou shalt not want joy. "That my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full."

Thou shalt not want anything. "That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you."

Thou shalt not want anything in this life. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Thou shalt not want anything in eternity. "I go to prepare a place for you; that where I am there ye may be also." —*Mrs. John R. Mott.*

The size of God's family does not affect the preciousness of the individual soul.—*Dr. J. H. Jowett.*

Only To-Day

Only to-day is mine,
And that I owe to Thee;
Help me to make it Thine
As pure as it can be;
Let it see something done,
Let it see something won,
Then at the setting sun
I'll give it back to Thee.

What if I cannot tell
The cares the day may bring?
I know that I shall dwell
Beneath Thy shelt'ring wing;
And there the load is light,
And there the dark is bright
And weakness turns to might,
And so I trust and sing.

Give me Thyself to-day
I dare not walk alone;
Speak to me by the way
And "all things are my own;"
The treasures of Thy grace,
The secret hiding place,
The vision of Thy face,
The shadow of Thy throne!

—*Henry Burton.*

If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible our country will go on prospering and to prosper; but if we and our posterity neglect its instruction and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity. —DANIEL WEBSTER.

Pray Always

Go when the morning shineth
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with thy petition
The great Redeemer's Name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitute to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit, raised above,
May reach His throne of glory
Who is mercy, truth and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare;
The power that he hath given us
To pour our hearts in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness
Before His foot-stool fall,
And remember in thy gladness
His grace who gave thee all.

—*Jane C. Simpson.*

The Lord's Birthday

Upon our birthdays we receive kind gifts
Proving that love and memory wax not dim;
But when the birthday of our Lord is here,
Do we bring gifts to Him?

Of old, the Magi brought Him precious things,
And—oh, let heart be warm and faith be bold!
Offer Him now your frank incense and myrrh,
Forgetting not your gold!

—*Selected.*

Do not mourn that you cannot be great, when every day offers you a chance to be kind. Humanity admires greatness, but it lives by kindness.

Mission Items

THE many letters of appreciation of our little paper, "Mission Tidings" have greatly encouraged us. Coming at this time when we have been compelled to increase the price, makes these little notes welcome.

"Well worth the price," "I could not get along without it," "My neighbor reads it too," "Send me three extra copies," are some of the expressions used in the letters. We should like to double our subscription list and so make the paper self-supporting. Could *you* not secure one new subscription?

* * *

The services on New Year's Eve were most helpful, beginning at four o'clock with the converts' and workers' meeting, when everyone present testified to God's goodness in having saved and kept him or her.

During the evening service some of the Christmas music was repeated, and the message from God's Word brought by Mr. Winant was particularly timely and helpful. Everyone seemed anxious to testify once more to the goodness of God before the year passed out and at times there were three or four on their feet at once—all anxious to praise God for their salvation. At the close penitents found their way to the Mercy Seat. Then followed a half hour of song. The old hymns only were sung, with great earnestness and power. We like the new songs and perhaps nowhere are they more appreciated than in the Eighth Avenue Mission, but we find it inspiring and restful to get back once in a while to the songs our mothers loved.

The Watch night service followed. We shall not soon forget the earnest requests that came for the salvation of loved ones from almost everyone in the crowded hall, and we believe that these prayers are going to be answered, many of them during this year. Mr. Schluenzen spoke with great earnestness from God's Word and the last few minutes of 1916 were spent with the congregation on its knees in silent prayer . As the New Year dawned, the service closed by singing, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

* * *

We were glad to receive a letter from our Brother Mr. Gregory, of Boston, regretting his inability to spend Christmas with us and to celebrate the anniversary of his conversion in the Mission. His friends will be glad to know that he is rejoicing in the God of His salvation. He says, "I praise my God for His love and guidance. He has been my strength, my joy, my fortress, my shelter, and my all in all. I simply leap for joy when I realize that He is living in me." Mr. Gregory loves the place where he found the Lord Jesus, and sent a gift of love to help in the work. We pray that God may use him to help others find the Christ.

* * *

A special effort has been made by the Superintendent and teachers of the Sunday School to reach the neglected children in the neighborhood, and seek to bring them into the Sunday School, and thus to the Saviour. Two new teachers have been welcomed recently, our faithful friend, Mr. Huston, who is intensely interested in boys and is taking a boys' class, and Mrs. Neubeck, who has a class of little girls. This is a very important ministry and we pray for these new teachers the grace and the courage and patience they will need from day to day.

* * *

Our friends will be glad to know that Miss Mason began work with us once more, the beginning of January. Miss Mason and her mother are making their home in the neighborhood. Miss Mason has won a place in the hearts of the poor people by her faithful Christ-like ministry, and we are glad she is back in this needy field.

* * *

Miss Beale was called home very suddenly by the illness of her father. We are happy that he is on the road to recovery, and we trust Miss Beale will be back with us very soon.

These faithful workers leave a big gap when in the providence of God they are called away from time to time.

* * *

Miss Dixon has been devoting her whole time the past few weeks to missionary work in the neighborhood. It has been such splendid work too. Mothers hungry for the truth have been shown the way of life and been brought to the Mothers' Meeting. Some have accepted Jesus as their Saviour in their own home. The sick in the hospital have been visited almost daily and a blessed work done for the Master.

* * *

What an opportunity there is for consecrated women, who in a quiet but most effectual way want to do service for the Master. We need volunteers.

* * *

Although it occurred during the busiest week in the whole year—the week before Christmas—the Farewell Service held for the ten missionaries who were sailing for Africa under the Africa Inland Mission was a very blessed and wonderful one. Beside the missionaries there were on the platform Mr. John Hague, affectionately called by the missionaries "Uncle John" the Field Secretary; Mr. Dinwiddie, Deputy Director-General, and Mr. Frank H. Mann, Chairman of the New York Council. How we love these missionaries with their shining faces, their enthusiasm, their eagerness to preach the Gospel where Christ has not yet been named, and their sweet testimonies to the faithfulness of God in meeting their every need! Mr. Mann presided and no missionary was allowed more than his allotted time, although one can understand how very difficult it must have been for these men and women to say in three minutes all that their burning hearts felt. At the close of the service many surrendered their lives for service and two young men have already offered themselves for Africa as a result of the farewell service. Our prayers are following this little company on their dangerous journey. May God have them in His keeping.

* * *

The Eighth Avenue Mission is co-operating to its fullest extent in the Sunday Evangelistic Campaign. The Chelsea District has been divided into sections and allotted to the various churches and Missions, with the Pastor or Superintendent as Chairman. The Eighth Avenue Mission section is from 23rd to 34th Street, and Broadway to Eighth Avenue. This is rather a difficult section, there being many lofts and business houses, besides a rather large foreign element. We are purposing, however, by the blessing of God and the co-operation of our workers to visit every family in our section before the 11th of February and so prepare the way for the household Prayer Meetings, which begin Tuesday, Feb. 13th. Fifteen churches and Missions in the Chelsea District have agreed to co-operate and the prospect for the success of these meetings is splendid. The Prayer Meetings are to be strictly interdenominational.

Peace

As flows the river calm and deep
  In silence toward the sea,
So floweth ever, and ceaseth never,
  The love of God to me.

What peace He bringeth to my heart,
  Deep as the soundless sea;
How sweetly singeth the soul that clingeth,
  My loving Lord, to Thee.

—*Selected.*

In Memoriam

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

PRECIOUS indeed was the departure of Miss Emelie Allard, Tuesday, January 9th, and the simple, but

sacredly impressive funeral service on Thursday, January 11th.

It was in 1911 that Miss Allard first came to the Eighth Avenue Mission, and August 24 of the same year that she gave her life to the Lord Jesus Christ. Like Solomon of old she found the things of the world brought only vanity and vexation of spirit, but it was not without a supreme struggle that she accepted Jesus as her Redeemer and Friend. The first night she came to the Mission she was so deeply convicted of sin that she desired to raise her hand for prayer, but Satan planted in her heart such a big seed of fear that she went away unyielding. Again the next night she came to the service, but her restless spirit refused to obey the Spirit's pleading and she returned to her room at the French Home, but not to sleep until she knelt beside her bed and made an unconditional surrender to the Saviour. Then, as to Paul, came the light, which transformed her unpretentious environment into a place glorified by the Master's presence. "The joy of the Lord" was her "strength" so that she gladly confessed Him as her personal Saviour, and for more than five years has quietly but consistently followed Him.

It was with grief that her friends learned only a few weeks ago that she was enduring much physical suffering and must go to the hospital. Bravely, in the strength of the Master, Miss Allard faced the inevitable, endured the operation and heard the verdict of the doctor—"no hope." To one from the Mission who lovingly visited her from day to day, she opened her heart, saying she would like to live to testify more earnestly to the reality of her Saviour's presence and help, but she sweetly rested in His will until the last.

The obsequies were singularly unique with a tender vein of pathos running through the entire service. It fell upon the ear like a dulcet accompaniment in the opening prayer by Mr. H. D. Winant, one of the Directors of the Mission, who had charge of the service. Again it was noticeable in the affectionate tribute tendered by Miss C. L. Dixon, whose gracious ministry was so deeply appreciated during the weeks she visited Miss Allard at the hospital. Miss Dixon told of Mis Allard's victotious life and triumphant entrance into the presence of the King, and it brought comfort to her friends to know she was "absolutely unafraid."

Mr. Winant chose for his theme the word "Hope," and gave a profound but comforting Scriptural dissertation which brought the blessed conviction that Christians do not mourn like those without hope.

The Misses Scott sang two selections very sweetly and the closing prayer was by Mr. Winant.

Beautiful flowers testified to the love of close friendship and still another tender tribute was the gracious thoughtfulness of Mr. Winant in improvising French quotations and hymns into his address.

The interment was at beautiful and picturesque Kensico, where another brief, but solemnly joyous service was held, as friends from the Mission offered prayer, repeated the Twenty-third Psalm, and sang "In the sweet by-and-by we shall meet on that beautiful shore."

In the Home of God's Poor

THE work of the Eighth Avenue Mission primarily is the salvation of precious souls for whom Christ died; but disciples long ago found preparedness for the fishermen meant having plenty of bait; medical missionaries emphasize the privilege of performing operations and ministering to the sick that they may have the opportunity to speak of The Great Physician, and The Eighth Avenue Mission counts itself happy, when, in answer to prayer, individuals respond to the heavenly petition and send in coal, clothing, food or money.

Go with the missionary on her daily round of ministration and see what these gifts mean to the poor.

As we climb to the humble abode of Mrs. W., who is a widow with three boys, the youngest three years old, we are rewarded for entering this dark tenement on the third floor by getting a glimpse of the light in her eyes. Where yesterday was poverty and anxiety, to-day is comfort and hope because The Eighth Avenue Mission was able to send clothing, enabling the boys to attend Sunday School while she could attend the Mother's Meeting. There was also a well-filled basket providing a royal dinner for her little family, and coal enough to cook it. Converted through the ministry of this Mission she knows how to trust God for future days "till the day break and the shadows flee away."

Again we climb to the second story of a house, little better than a rookery, through which the snow sifts this wintry day. Here we are greeted by a sweet-faced mother: a sick husband (slowly dying with tuberculosis) and nine children, the youngest a baby only a few days old. There is no fire in the grate, and all the food between them and starvation are a few crusts of dry bread, for the older boys (the wage earners) have been unable to get work.

Because someone has sent coal to the Mission we are able to despatch the boys with an empty bag to be filled, while the gift of a Christmas basket, with ample provision for nine people, besides clothing and toys, is quickly donated. Preparedness in this case resulted in the mother coming to the Mission with the smaller children, where she raised her hand for prayer and found God to be her "help in time of trouble."

But, oh, what a tired little mother we find on the first floor in another block! Her face looks cadaverous against the pillow, but lights up with ethereal beauty as we notice two tiny forms by her side. A little fist stirs the scanty covers, and lo, twin boys look wonderingly at us. Two district nurses ask ten cents for their daily ministry as they depart, and a faint pink suffuses the wan cheeks of their patient as she whispers, "I am sorry, but I have no money." "Never mind," graciously responds the nurse, thus making the stress of poverty a little less keen.

The discouraged father is out looking for work, while three more boys and one little girl, their heights suggesting a pair of stairs, are doing their best to keep house. "I'm hungry," said a two-year-old toddler; but the others have been rigidly disciplined in poverty, and together say, "Sh—mother haint got nothing."

But God has, and while one visitor reads God's Word and prays, another gets supplies. Soon coal arrives and a bright fire is started in the broken stove. When the Christmas basket comes, chicken broth is prepared for the invalid, and comfort and happiness reigns where only a few hours before inquietude and want were paramount.

Soon after, the man of the house finds work through the influence of one of the Mission converts, while the mother finds her way to the Mission, becoming a regular attendant at the Mothers' Meeting, and the children delight to come regularly to Sunday School.

A blind man, living alone in two rooms, and straining every nerve to keep soul and body together, is made happy and comfortable with nourishing food, and the ministry of a refined and cultured lady who goes weekly to read to him.

An educated girl, out of employment, and too respectable to beg or steal, sits in her comfortless furnished room without food or fire. Wood, coal and a meal ticket keep her from despair until she returns to her work, better able to cope with life's problems because she has found the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

—A. F. M.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

"Obey my voice and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people: and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you." Jer. 7, 23.

"And oft when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more
strictly, if I may.

ALTHOUGH the three Wednesdays following our Christmas festival were stormy to the extent that we could hardly expect the attendance of any but those who lived close to the Mission, the classes were nearly complete, the absence of the children alone being noticeable, they, of course, could not brave the raging hurricane for it was just that. At the initial meetings of the year we were impressed at the earnestness of the testimonies of the mothers who seemed to be more determined than ever to serve God with a new heart, and as one dear mother said, "to obey Him rather than my own desires."

In reference to the testimonies of our mothers concerning obedience, the following helpful thought comes to us from the writings of a saint of God and as it has helped us it may help others:

"Pray God to give you what Scripture calls 'an honest and good heart' or a 'perfect heart,' and without waiting begin at once to obey Him with the best heart you have. Any obedience is better than none. You have to seek His face. Obedience is the only way of seeing Him. All your duties are obediences. To do what He bids is to obey Him and to obey Him is to approach Him. Every act of obedience is an approach—an approach to Him who is not far off, though He seems so, but close behind this visible screen of things which hides Him from us."

"Just to see her in the meeting is a blessing to us." This was the summing up of the sentiment of the mothers when they first got a glimpse of Miss Mason at her first attendance at the meeting since her return to New York to take up her work in the Mission in its various departments. But our dear Miss Mason was not to be seen without being heard, so both in testimony and song she praised her Lord and Master who through her many trials has brought her out into a place of not only restfulness but of usefulness. Since the death of her father the old home in New Hampshire is broken up and Miss Mason has her dear mother with her at Hepzibah house. We all unite in giving Mrs. Mason a welcome to this city and to our Mission where she already seems to be perfectly at home and where she is making many friends on her own account.

Miss Wray, our dear Superintendent, has been planning if possible to come to the Mothers' Meeting for the entire time each Wednesday afternoon, but we regret to say that after the holidays she had a complete breakdown. For many days Miss Wray had kept at her desk busy with important matters that needed her personal attention although those who were close to her knew she was physically unfit, but she broke down in harness, and at this writing she is under the doctor's care recuperating sufficiently to go away for ten days' rest. Between the regular meetings each night during the Christmas season, there are many extra meetings for song rehearsals; the outdoor meet-

ings at Madison Square did not close until the last Sunday in December; then there was the general supervision of the many Christmas festivities and the big dinner given to the Mission converts, besides the numerous sick calls each day; all these varied activities taxed the strength of Miss Wray, but she was bright and smiling when we saw her in her sick room and has promised on her return to come to our meeting very regularly and teach the mothers a lot of wonderful new choruses.

Our dear consecrated worker, Miss Beale, was called away from her post of duty at the Mission to care for her father who was stricken with pneumonia at his home in Peekskill. Somehow when Miss Beale leaves us we never just feel she can be replaced, she gives in her service a heart whole personality that we miss when we don't see her working among us. Our prayers are following Miss Beale in her labor of love at the bedside of her father and we know her thoughts are with us.

We rejoice and want you to rejoice with us that we can chronicle the fact that at Christmas time we were able to give dolls and toys to three hundred children of this section of the city. All that was sent to us we divided, and as God laid it upon the hearts of some dear children to send the loving work of their hands to us, we in turn saw well to it that no one was left without a doll or toy who made an appeal to us. Hearts and homes were made glad for these gifts and we feel more and more each year that God through His loving children is making a distributing point of the Mission. Our prayer is that day by day we may be made more worthy of His trust in us.

'He leads me where the waters glide, '
  The waters soft and still,
And homeward He will gently guide
  My wandering heart and will."

The second week in January we had a social hour at the mother's meeting and for the encouragement of those who came out in the storm we served coffee and cake. It would rejoice your heart to see how much the mothers enjoy this little feast and the Christian fellowship of one another. Our dear mothers have many serious problems to solve in their daily lives and we hope throughout the winter to give them now and again a pleasant hour with us. The Superintendent is always so happy when she sees the mothers so interested in the Gospel messages and from time to time her own personal friends are invited from elsewhere to speak to the mothers. The deep interest taken in these messages is always noticed, proving that God according to His word is blessing and watering the seed in so much faith and love.

On every side we have heard nothing but praise for the dinners that were sent out Christmas, not one dissenting voice. The dinner was not only very good but there was enough for a large family for two days and the luxuries were not forgotten, because in every basket there was not only a plum pudding, but nuts and oranges, and we saw that every home was supplied with plenty of candy. Christmas comes but once in a very long twelve months to the poor and children. Thanks to those who contributed.

If any little word of mine
  Can make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
  Can make a heart the lighter,
Gold help me speak my little word
  And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale
  To set the echoes ringing.

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I see so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I see so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line where God
  has not. —*Joaquin Miller.*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

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MAR 1 2 1917

Volume 9. Number 3

Mission Tidings

March, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Theodore L. Cuyler—

Blessed be the trials, however sharp, that keep us from nestling down into selfishness and sloth.

❖

The arm that aroused us in our guilt will be the theme of our gratitude in the realms of glory.

❖

A new birth is the beginning of a new style of thinking, feeling, deciding, and acting.

❖

Jesus Christ is the only source of spiritual life in this world or another. Therefore, we must have Christ.

❖

No station in life is exempt from its inevitable loads.

❖

Sorrow also is no respector of persons. It puts aching heads under royal crowns, and aching hearts on beds of down.

❖

As no one can take your toothache into his face, so no one can take your heartache into his bosom.

❖

A true Christian grows stronger by his loads.

❖

The route to heaven is not over a macadamized road with easy grades.

❖

The hardest lesson of all in this world is to let God have his way.

❖

There is no house room for crosses in heaven.

❖

The most successful missionaries and ministers are those who come closest to human hearts.

❖

God reserves the highest reward to those who enlist the earliest, and serve the hardest and the longest.

❖

Next to Christ himself there is no blessing to the community like a Christ-like Christian.

❖

God never takes down his fences, nor does he ever lower them by a hand-breadth.

❖

Every day should be commenced with God, and upon the knees.

❖

The Bible is emphatically a book for every day use.

❖

Some people keep their religion, as they do their umbrellas, for stormy weather.

❖

If you want to get your aches and trials out of sight, hide them under your mercies.

❖

There are many ways of preaching Christianity without choosing a text, or standing in a pulpit.

❖

Satan's most successful preachers are inconsistent professors.

❖

Every unworthy act of a professing Christian is a sermon against our own Master and His gospel.

❖

Worry is not only a sin against God, it is a sin against our own peace.

❖

Honest work, however hard, seldom hurts us; it is worry that corrodes and kills.

❖

Tomorrow belongs to our Heavenly Father. I would not know its secrets if I could.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, MARCH, 1917 No. 3

A Personal Testimony

MUCH is said about neutrality in these times of war, and naturally I am interested, for Switzerland, my native country, is neutral; but there is no such thing as neutrality when it comes to things of God for we must be soldiers of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, or serve the devil.

How glad I am that I belong to the army of the Lord!

When I was six weeks old my father died, and when I was ten years of age my dear mother went home. Then I was left to the care of my grandmother, a precious, true Christian, who was seldom without the Bible in her hand, and was always ready to tell me the old, old story of the cross. I also had a Bible of my own, for when I was a little child my mother had to go away for some time hoping that she might be restored to health, and when she returned how well I remember the beautiful Bible, with pictures, which she gave me.

Even then I was deeply stirred by the story of the crucifixion, and my little fists hammered as hard as they could on the cruel Roman soldiers standing around the cross. O what an awakening later on when I found that not the soldiers, but my sins nailed my dear Lord to the cross!

Just before Christmas, when I was sixteen years of age, I lost my eyesight, which was a trying experience entailing much suffering; but during that time I learned many valuable lessons, the principle one being that I needed a Saviour.

As it was the time I should be confirmed, the Protestant minister, a godly man (professor and possessor of the old-time religion) visited me almost daily, and recommended to me the Lord Jesus Christ for spirit, soul and body. Gladly I accepted Him and have never regretted the step, for He has been my faithful Friend, Counselor and Guide.

It was a short time before Easter when the Lord opened both my spiritual and physical eyes. Hallelujah! Despite the fact that my eyes have not always been fixed upon Him, He has kept His eyes constantly upon me, and O how true and faithful He has been!

The Old Book tells us that Peter denied the Master three times, and O how sad I feel to think how often I have denied Him, who has done such great and wonderful things for me; and—best of all—still loves me.

In due time, and in God's providence, there came into my life a young lady—whom I considered the best girl in the world—changing not my mind throughout the years—and happy indeed was the day that she permitted me to lead her to the altar.

Together we have met our joys and sorrows; and when the rough billows and tempests threatened to engulf us, we cast all care upon the Almighty, who has never failed to keep us safe in His everlasting arms. In fact we do not expect a rose-strewn path; but find it

blessed to walk hand in hand with the Lord along the King's highway.

Especially during the last four or five years have I proved Him again and again to be "the same, yesterday, today

AUGUST MERIAN

and forever," and the only real Healer, for He has healed all my diseases without money and without price.

With all my heart I recommend Him to everybody as Saviour, Redeemer and Friend, for I have found that He is not only able, but willing to do great things, for "by His stripes we are healed."

I do praise God for this opportunity to tell of His faithfulness, of His protecting care, as well as of His wonderful power to answer prayer, for I have had many answers to prayer.

Last, but by no means least, I praise my precious Saviour for all the blessings I have received since attending the meetings of the Eighth Avenue Mission. May God's richest blessings ever rest upon it!

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord for He is good."

Yours in Him,

August Merian.

Perhaps If I Would Try

BY REV. FRANK HARTMAN,
CELINA, OHIO.

Perhaps, if I would try,
I could sing a little song
That would cheer some heart along
The weary way of life
With its care and toil and strife,
Perhaps, if I would try!

Perhaps, if I would try,
I could speak a little word
Which, if someone overheard,
Passing along the way,
It would give them hope today,
Perhaps, if I would try!

Perhaps, if I would try,
I could give a pleasant smile
That in some glad afterwhile
Would happiness impart
To my own aching, bleeding heart,
Perhaps, if I would try!

Perhaps, if I would try,
I could send some thought to you
That would be like morning dew
Refreshing as it lights
'Pon the thirsty grass of nights,
Perhaps, if I would try!

Perhaps, if all would try
To sing, to speak, to smile—say!
Sorrow soon would flee away
And the old sun would shine
On the earth most all the time,
Perhaps, if all would try!

Another Testimony

AS this Tuesday, January 23d, is my Fifth Anniversary, I regret very much that circumstances, over which I have no control, prevent my being present to give God the glory for all He has done for me in the past five years, but I will try and tell you a few of them in writing.

About twelve years ago I left a good home, where there was a good mother

and two nephews, one five and the other seven years old, a helpless drunkard with my mind made up that they would never know their uncle as a drunkard, and after about one year I stopped writing home through a misunderstanding. At this time my conscience kept me very uneasy, and I commenced to drink harder than ever, trying to forget, and I would not hold a position any length of time, till I found myself working around the White Star Line by the hour, spending every dollar I could make for whiskey. When I realized what I had brought myself to, I tried every way to stop drinking with one failure after another till I was disgusted with myself. Although I went for over one year without drinking intoxicating liquor, yet I knew that I could not keep from it, and I soon fell back deeper than ever. After one more trial of ten months, I gave up all hope of ever stopping.

One night after I had just left a Show in disgust and was walking down Eighth Avenue, not realizing where I was going I stopped in front of the Mission. I did not know what took me in, but I do now, as that night I heard the story of Jesus and His love, and when Miss Wray came back to the end and spoke to me about Jesus I told her I did not drink and that I was not in want of anything. But I did want something and I got it before I went home that night, January 23rd, 1912.

I attended the Mission for eight months before I testified there, although I always confessed Jesus as my Saviour before the men where I worked. I lived a happy life until I tried to get reconciled to my people when everything seemed to go against me and I became discouraged. It has been a hard fight, but I can say that His strength is sufficient, for I have never had any desire for drink or tobacco, or any of the old pleasures of life. He has given me back all that I had lost and I had the pleasure of having one of my nephews, now a boy nineteen years old, in the Mission, Sunday night, January 7. It was his first visit to New York and he said the Mission was the best place he visited.

I have often wondered why God should save one like me when there are so many much better fitted for the work, but not only has He used me in my family, but also in getting at least three other men, who had wandered from home as I did, to go back home. I also had the privilege to speak to many others of the same kind, and though without result as far as I know, I expect some day to see them turn back to God and family.

I thank our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for all He has done for me and mine, and I thank you all for your many prayers in my behalf.

Thos. Fallon.

Personal Items

THE Mission's enthusiastic cooperation in the Sunday Evangelistic Campaign is accomplishing gratifying results as prayer meetings are being held throughout the territory so faithfully canvassed. This is attributable to the fact that consecrated men and women started from their knees to do service for the King.

One dear Sister said on Sunday, February fourth, "I do hope there is no visiting to be done today for I have such a cold I can hardly speak out loud." But, in the meeting which followed, when the Superintendent called for volunteers, this devoted worker was one of the first to rise to her feet! Triumphantly she went forth, in the strength of the Master, who said, "I seek not my own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me."

To have with us four of "Billy Sunday's" trail-hitters from Philadelphia on Sunday evening, January fourteenth, was a privilege strikingly unique.

Never will we forget the testimony of Mr. Donaldson, who was present with one of his small sons, whose face radiated with pride in a Christian Daddy.

Mr. Donaldson had been drawn to the meetings of the tabernacle by the Spirit of God, directly traceable to a truthful, yet pointed remark of his wife. As he sarcastically remarked that she had better go to the tabernacle, she retorted, "Why don't you go yourself? You need it more than I do." The shot went home with convicting power for he had not been inside a church for years; besides—he knew he was a blasphemer, and worst of all his little children were being brought up in an ungodly home.

Then and there he surprised his wife by saying, "Well, I'll go if you will."

The result was as far reaching as eternity for he "hit the trail," and they now have a happy home, filled with little children whose faces shine with joy; and better still "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

Mr. Freymire was a church member when Mr. Sunday came to Philadelphia; but when he went away he was a redeemed sinner. In the strength of the Lord he had acknowledged his need for a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ; and His own divine power to keep him from besetting sins, and since then has been able by the grace of God to live a victorious life.

Then there was a man from the Y. M. C. A., and a prominent club man, who was so helped by the atmosphere of the tabernacle, electrified by omnipotence, that they were awakened from their self-complacency and made live wires for God.

The earnest sincerity of these men strengthened our faith to believe for great things in the coming days.

All the services of the Mission seem to be so surcharged with the presence of Almighty God that messengers have felt his touch divine, and the messages have come home to hearts with convicting power.

Mr. Winant's scholarly addresses have not only stimulated the mind, but hearts have been touched, uplifted and quickened according to the individual need.

Mr. Frank Mann's discourses on Monday evenings are always deeply spiritual. Particularly heart-searching was the one on "The seven things which God hates," which brought Christians to their knees in renewed consecration to God, and sinners to cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Mr. George Sleeth, one of the Directors of the Mission, also a Christian business man, spoke so fervently, January eighteenth at the Men's Meeting, on "God is love" that his animated words abide. He traced God's love from the creation, making clear the fact that God did not leave mankind, but they willfully separated themselves from Him through sin. One striking illustration was cited, that of a certain man who sold his shoes to buy whiskey, and then walked to Harlem, through snow, in his stocking feet; but, praise God, he yielded his will to God, and when he was saved he served Jesus as faithfully as he once served the enemy, so that his wife and children, with respectable clothing and shining faces, bore witness to the fact that he was indeed a new man in Christ Jesus.

Mr. Boyle on Tuesday, and Messrs. Cranston and Schluenzen on Friday evenings, have been most faithful in proclaiming the Word of God; and often is the fulfillment of prophecy so elucidated that the second coming of Christ seems imminent, filling weary hearts with an indescribable, sacred awe and joy which silently looks up and whispers, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The Mission is wonderfully blessed by having Spirit-filled sermons in song from night to night: One aged lady said "it was worth coming miles to hear Mrs. Boyle sing on Tuesday nights because every word was so sweetly and clearly enunciated."

Miss Borden, a Barnard college student, counts herself happy in any

service she can render the Master, and sang for us very effectively, February fourth. Her mother (Mrs. Wm. Borden) is most gracious in her ministry of the Word at the Mother's Meeting on Wednesday afternoons.

Several Hephzibah students sang pleasingly one Sunday evening; and Miss Ulriksen with her guitar on Saturday evenings and her consecrated voice leads one to get a fresh vision of the Saviour.

Miss Hunt's personality and cultivated voice add much to the services when she is able to be present. The sweet song she sang for the poor Mothers one Wednesday afternoon will never be forgotten.

We were thrilled at the testimony of our Brother Harry Haines one night in February, when he said, "Once I went to hear Bob Ingersoll lecture on the mistakes of Moses, but since I have been converted I have wished I could hear Moses on the mistakes of Bob." Mr. Haines is a miracle of grace; and with him we praise God that in answer to believing prayer he has been made every whit whole in spirit, soul and body.

Mr. J. A. Davis, a buyer of housefurnishings from Johnstown, Pa., came to the service one night to praise God that two years ago he surrendered his life to the Lord Jesus Christ in the Eighth Avenue Mission, and had been kept true and loyal during all that time. Thus, like the leper of old, one and another return to give thanks for the gracious work of the Master.

Surprises have kept us on the *qui vive* of enthusiasm, encouraging one and all to be faithful in intercession and service for the promotion of the Sunday Evangelistic Campaign. One of these pleasant surprises was when Mr. Henry F. Wilke, one of Mr. Sunday's phenominal soloists, came to the service February tenth and sang with such power, 'I walk and I talk with the King." All these things combine to enhearten one to believe that infinite grace will soon be manifested in a widespread revival.

Another Year

The year is closed—the record made,
The last deed done—the last word said;
The memory alone remains
Of all its joys, its griefs, its gains;
And now with purpose full and clear,
We turn to meet another year.

God always gives grace as fast as we are willing to accept it. Love, faith, obedience, power can enter the soul and the life only when there is room made for them. We pray for many a gift which we are neither ready to use, nor entirely willing to receive.

"Al Saunders"

Most thrilling was the testimony of Mr. Al. Saunders, an honored servant of the Master and one of Mr. Sunday's converts, to whom we were privileged to listen Saturday evening, February third. When Mr. Sunday went to Scranton, Pa., Mr. Saunders had not been inside a church for 44 years; but now for two years and ten months he has been gloriously saved. He went to hear Mr. Sunday to maintain his position and to prove that Mr. Sunday was a political grafter and deserved to be bitterly opposed; but the Spirit of God definitely spoke to his heart, and that first day of April, 1914, he found himself at the parting of the ways. Thirteen out of sixteen of his comrades, some engaged in the liquor traffic, also hit the trail, took Mr. Sunday by the hand, and started on the way to glory. Someone said Mr. Saunders was "three sheets in the wind" the day he went to the tabernacle, but he came out perfectly sober, and since then has been exultantly triumphant. It was a happy night when he went home to his praying wife and they gathered the children together and started the family altar.

Those who have witnessed Mr. Saunder's burning zeal would gladly hear him again, and we rejoice that he will be in the city several months, for we trust no one may miss his message.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Spurgeon's Last Sermon

The closing words of Mr. Spurgeon's last sermon on June 7th, 1891, were characteristic of the man, as follows:

"What I have to say lastly is this: How greatly I desire that you who are not yet enlisted in my Lord's band would come to Him because you see what a kind and gracious Lord He is. Young men, if you could see our Captain, you would go down on your knees and beg Him to let you enter the ranks of those who follow Him. *It is Heaven to serve Jesus.* I am a recruiting sergeant, and I would fain find a few recruits at this moment. Every man must serve somebody; we have no choice as to that fact. Those who have no master are slaves to themselves. *Depend upon it, you will either serve Satan or Christ, either self, or the Saviour.* You will find sin, self, Satan, and the world to be hard masters; but if you wear the livery of Christ, you will find Him so meek and lowly of heart that you will find rest unto your souls. He is the most magnanimous of captains. There never was His like among the choicest of princes. He is always to be found in the thickest part of the battle. When the wind blows cold He always takes the bleak side of the hill. The heaviest end of the cross lies ever on His shoulders. *These forty years and more have I served Him, blessed be His name! and I have had nothing but love from Him.* I would be glad to continue yet another forty years in the same dear service here below, if so it pleased Him. *His service is life, peace, joy.* Oh, that you would enter on it at once. God help you to enlist under the banner of Jesus even this day. Amen."

"I"

I am the greatest criminal in history.

I have killed more men than have fallen in all the wars of the world.

I have turned men into brutes.

I have made millions of homes unhappy.

I have transformed many ambitious youths into helpless parasites.

I make smooth the downward path for countless millions.

I destroy the weak and weaken the strong.

I ensnare the innocent.

The abandoned wife knows me, the hungry children know me.

The parents whose child has bowed their gray heads in sorrow know me.

I have ruined millions and shall try to ruin millions more.

—I AM ALCOHOL.

In Christ is All

ALL worthy dreams fulfilled;
All worthy longings satisfied and stilled;
All revelation; and all sweet surprise;
All peace that lasts; all joy that sanctifies;

All power that saves; all pity that makes whole;
All liberty, that frees the fettered soul;
All knowledge, vainly sought by restless man;
All wisdom, striven for since the world began;
All love, of which man's love is but a part,
A thrill sent earthward from His loving heart
In Whom is all.
Though Heaven and Earth should fall,
Yet Christ, forever, would be *all in all!*"

—*Selected.*

My Leader

A guide-post is one thing, a guide is quite another. It is helpful to have written instructions; it is far more helpful to have the leadership of a companionable friend. We might acquire an art from a text-book, but how infinitely more delightful it is to acquire it from a competent teacher. It is the vital human presence which tells. It is the living fellowship which takes the length out of the long road, and fills it with inspiring interest from end to end.

And in the unknown way of life we have a comforting Presence. We have the help of the guide-post, which is our conscience. We have the counsel of the guide-book, which is the Bible. But we have something better than both —we have the Lord of the road who erected the guide-post; we have the all-wise Counsellor who inspired the guide-book. The good Lord does not guide us by maxims or rules. He gives us Himself. "He leadeth me." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "The Lord is thy keeper."

And so this is the wonderful prospect for the unkown journey of the new year — the communion of the Holy Spirit. His companionship is not conditioned by the nature of the road. He will not desert me when the way becomes rough and difficult. Nay, He reserves His choicest inspirations for the sternest parts of the road. He has sons for the night. He has cordials for the oppressive day. He has everything that heart can wish or need! "He leadeth me." I will trust and not be afraid.

—*J. H. Jowett.*

Platform Points

I am not asking people to believe my creed, but to get acquainted with my Christ.

God has to wash his children's eyes with tears, sometimes, so that they can see straight.

Atheism, agnosticism, unbelief, have no songs. How could they? They have nothing to sing about.

No favorable opinion of Christ can substitute for personal decision in favor of Christ. He does not want your compliments but your obedience.

I believe in the Gospel for the same reason that I believe in the multiplication table—it works. Meet the conditions and you get the results.

Jesus Christ represents the utmost God can do for your salvation. If you are unmoved by Calvary, God has no greater influence in reserve. You are lost.

No hypocrite in the church is going to heaven. But neither is anyone who lets the excuse of "hypocrites in the church" keep him away from Christ.

Don't worry because you have to die sometime. The thing to be afraid of, if you are not following Christ, is that you may never begin really to live.

Get a Better Job

It is easier to criticize the greatest scheme superbly than to do the smallest thing passably. To critics of the church we pass on these words of Drummond: "Stop criticizing the game. Take off your coat and come and help us. Our side is strong and it is getting stronger; but we want the best men."

THE BIBLE

Bible, Blessed Bible,
Chronicle Divine!
Of a world's redemption
Of a Saviour mine.
Wisdom for the simple,
Riches for the poor,
Hope for the desponding,
For the sick a cure,
Rest for all the weary,
Ransom for the slave,
Courage for the fearful
Life beyond the grave.

Bible, Blessed Bible,
Treasure of the heart,
What sweet consolation
Doth thy page impart.
In the fiercest trial
In the deepest grief
Strength and hope and comfort
In each holy leaf.

—*Ralph Hoyt.*

* * *

Mission Items

"GOD does answer prayer," writes one of our Mission workers. "Several years ago a young man came to the Mission three times; once on a Sunday morning and again on a Wednesday and a Saturday night, then he refused to come again because he was 'not interested in Christianity.' The last time he came he was spoken to about his soul and prayers were asked especially for him. Last week he came to me saying he felt it was his duty to tell me that he had accepted Jesus as his personal Saviour in the meeting held at the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church; that makes the seventh soul saved in answer to the prayers of the people of the Mission."

* * *

The converts and workers of the Eighth Avenue Mission have entered into the preparatory work of the Sunday Evangelistic Campaign with great enthusiasm and are faithfully doing the work allotted them. "You will get just what you put in," said one of the speakers at the public meeting held in Metropolitan Hall on Lincoln's Birthday, and some of our workers are getting good interest as one and another with whom they talk manifest interest not only in the coming Campaign, but in their soul's welfare.

* * *

The section allotted to us for Prayer Meetings has been faithfully canvassed and the first night the Prayer Meetings commenced there were seven held in our section. This is only a small number, but we are believing that every week this number will be increased.

* * *

Interested indeed have been the reports the workers have brought in from their house-to-house visitation. The slamming of doors and the muttered curses could not dampen the ardor of some of the young converts, and then there were so many who received them graciously and some who were very hungry to be spoken to about the things of God, and we believe before many days there will be some conversions.

Very near the Mission there is an Italian section. Many of the people living there can neither speak nor understand English, and we were utterly helpless to minister to them. Great was our delight one morning when we received a letter from an Italian brother, an earnest consecrated man, telling us God had laid the need amongst the Italians in our neighborhood upon his heart, and he would be glad to spend all his spare time in working amongst them. Homes for prayer meetings were opened to him and he is believing for a rich harvest of souls amongst his Italian brothers.

* * *

"The singing drew me, the testimonies held me, and Jesus saved me," was the half-minute testimony our Brother Cannon gave recently.

* * *

We were all glad to have our brother

Harry Haines with us again. He had been at the point of death, but God wonderfully delivered him and his faith in the power of the Lord Jesus to heal the body has strengthened the faith of a great many. He has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sleeth for two weeks and is growing robust and strong.

* * *

God has graciously answered prayer for our dear friend, Mrs. Whittemore. She was able to be at our last Board Meeting, and was undertaking a trip in the Master's service.

We pray that our dear friend may be spared many years to tell the story of God's great love to fallen men and women.

* * *

"Our Missions" is the name of the official organ of the International Union of Gospel Missions. Mr. Noonan, the Superintendent of the Midnight Mission in Chinatown, is the editor, and his breezy optimism and his ready wit is seen in every page. It also contains a directory of the rescue Missions throughout the country, meeting a long-felt need.

* * *

Our good brother and genial friend, Rev. Obadiah Becker, of Allentown, has just been celebrating the 25th Anniversary of his conversion and the 16th Anniversary of the Mission, which God enabled him to start. The superintendents of a number of Missions accepted Mr. Becker's invitation to rejoice with him in the celebration. We were sorry not to be able to be present, but we heartily congratulate our brother upon the burning of the mortgage, and pray for him and Mrs. Becker, his splendid co-worker, a future of increased blessing, and a rich harvest for the Master. Mr. Becker was once a drunkard on the streets of the city where he is now a respected citizen, and a faithful minister. It is always a pleasure to see his happy face and hear his earnest testimony when he visits New York.

* * *

It was our privilege to visit the Open-Door Mission in Jersey City a short time ago. This Mission is splendidly situated for a great work amongst the neglected and outcast men and women. The superintendent and his wife are doing a blessed work and we pray that God will raise up friends to stand with him that they may meet this opportunity.

* * *

The extremely cold weather of the past few weeks has meant great distress to the poor of our neighborhood. Through the generosity of friends we were able to provide coal for over forty families and nourishing food for many more. We are grateful to the friends who have sent clothing, but just now we are in desperate need of warm underclothes, especially for men.

Men come into the meeting with no underclothing at all and often their shoes so bad that their bare feet are on the ground. Look in your closets and send us any clothing you do not absolutely need, and please do it now.

* * *

Mr. Ormsby, of Augusta, Georgia, is one of the many business men from other cities who, instead of going to the theatre as soon as they reach the town, come to the Eighth Avenue Mission. "I want to take back to Georgia the inspiration I have received at the Mission. I have determined to present my body a living sacrifice to God to live absolutely for him," was the testimony our brother left behind.

Amongst the recent conversions in the Mission has been a whole family. First the mother received the Lord Jesus and then the daughter. The daughter's husband was the next to come to the Mission and receive the Lord Jesus. "I am so glad I came. I never knew one could be so happy in this world," he declared with shining face. A week afterward the father came. The family has opened their home for Prayer Meetings and is anxious about the salvation of the neighbors.

"I have never been inside of church for over ten years and I do not know what brought me here tonight, but I thank God I came," so testified a man that sin and drink had brought very low two or three weeks ago. What a different man it is that testifies night after night of the great joy that has come—no desire for drink or the old haunts, just a desire to please God and help others. Slowly but surely the marks of the old life are vanishing. "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

* * *

Miss Beale, one of our missionaries, was called home to minister to her dear father, who was suddenly taken ill. At one time it seemed as if God was to restore him to health, but there was a relapse and God took His faithful servant home to be with Himself. Our earnest prayers and loving sympathy are for Miss Beale at this time. May the "God of all comfort," comfort her and in His own time bring her back to us.

* * *

The plans are under way to organize a Men's Bible Class to be held in the Mission every Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10:30. This will give the men an opportunity to attend their own church and will meet a great need in the neighborhood. Full announcements will be made of this in due time. All our own men are earnestly asked to cooperate in this important forward movement.

* * *

What are you doing to increase the circulation of "Mission Tidings?" Will you not try to obtain at least *one* new subscriber? We are encouraged by those who have already responded and by the many kind words about the little paper.

* * *

The following letter received a short time ago, is an illustration of how we may interest our friends: "Dear Miss Wray:—Just a little donation I wish to make toward your work, a little sum promised towards some Christian work, and know of no better one than yours. I have never been to the Mission, but have heard a lot about the good accomplished."

Only A Little

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall,
And taking root, grew bravely up
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through life like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit—a hundred fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door." —*Selected*

Sunday School News

THE Superintendent of the Sunday School and the teachers are very happy over the big increase in attendance. This is attributed to the blessing of God on the house-to-house visitation which some of the workers have been so faithfully doing.

Two earnest consecrated men have been added to the teachers' list, Mr. Natino and Mr. Farley. Both these brothers have a God-given passion for souls and no sacrifice is too great for them to make that they may help others, either grown up people or children, to find Jesus. We are expecting God to do great things in and through the Sunday School.

Although Miss Melby plays at the

services held in Bellevue Hospital every Sunday afternoon, she finds time to play for the Sunday School and wonderfully helps with the music. How true it is that the busiest people will find time for something more, while those who have so little to do can find no time for anything else.

We regret that Miss Marshall, the faithful and efficient Treasurer has resigned her position in the Sunday School. We are grateful for her loving service and trust the way may open some time for her to take it up again.

The two adult Bible classes of the Sunday School will be glad to welcome any man or woman who desires to study the Word. No one is too old to join one of these classes.

Anniversaries

Many friends of Mr. Dorman came to wish him God-speed at his fourth anniversary, January twenty-fourth, not only from our own Mission but from the National Bible Institute where Mr. Dorman is a student of the Word.

It strengthens one's faith to hear Mr. Dorman's earnest testimony, for it was in answer to the prayers of a devoted sister that the Spirit of God took hold of him, and when he yielded himself unconditionally to His will, changed him from a man of the world to one who purposes by the grace of God to devote time and talents to the winning of souls for the Lord Jesus Christ.

Solos were sung by Miss Mary Evans and two young ladies from the National Bible Institute, while beautiful flowers and hearty congratulations went to make a happy birthday occasion long to be remembered.

Miss Hunt, one of our sweet gospel singers, came January thirty-first to celebrate her third anniversary in the Christian life. Simply and effectively she told of the Saviour's love in drawing her to Himself, and of giving her the victory over the results of early indulgence, willfulness and a temper which in the old days so often had struggled to assert itself. Friends listened to her glowing testimony with radiant faces which bespoke sincere wishes that Miss Hunt might have many more victorious years with her Lord, if He tarry. Even the flowers—brought in her honor—seemed to be silent witnesses of the pure life of the Master revealed in her.

Thoughts

If we are not responsible for the thoughts that pass our doors, we are at least responsible for those which we admit and entertain.

—Charles B. Newcomb.

I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath and wings
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results, or ill.

That which we call our secret thought,
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes,
Like tracks behind it, where it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known
And yet made comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes like fevered death.

And after you have quite forgot
Of all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven it will come.

Then let your secret thought be [illegible].
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and moulding fate
God's system is so intricate.

—Selected.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

THE Gospel meeting took place as usual, the first Wednesday of the month. As is our custom on this occasion, the sewing was laid aside and attention given to the Gospel message and testimony alone. Mrs. William Borden comes regularly and with much blessing each Wednesday to give the Gospel message to the mothers who listen most attentively to her simple interpretation of the Word of God—always taking with them some portion of the scripture to be read and studied at home. The mothers appreciate this splendid opportunity of studying God's word under so efficient a leader.

The death of the father of our dear Miss Beale came to us as a shock, as we had understood he was on the road to recovery. Miss Beale was at the Mission since her bereavement and although at the present writing has not returned to her post of duty at the Mission, we are expecting her back in the near future. A hearty welcome awaits her.

The class teachers are enthusiastic this season over the results of the Bible teaching. The mothers show a keen interest in this part of the weekly meeting and come with creditable regularity. In the general assembly—after the sewing hour—they recite in unison the text they have learned in the class, not only being themselves blessed, but bringing a blessing to all who hear the precious word.

Our little ones who come each Wednesday are the joy and surprise of all who visit us. They are so orderly and respond to the discipline loving as it is—that must be maintained when the Gospel meeting is held in the same room. During the message not a sound is heard and they are either quietly playing or busy at some occupation kept expressly for this period.

Mrs. Thompson, Miss Mason, Miss Dixon, our Missionary workers, have been cheerfully busy the past month canvassing the neighborhood in the interests of the Billy Sunday campaign. Many of our own dear mothers hold themselves and their homes in readiness for the weekly prayer meetings to be held twice a week until the arrival of the great evangelist. Our superintendent is chairman of the district from Sixth to Eighth Avenue and from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth streets, and no effort is being spared to reach if possible every home registered in this particular locality.

Since the Christmas holidays we have welcomed our young friend Sadie Blakebourough to our mothers' meeting as a helper with children or better still with the tiny babies. The mothers are delighted with her and her really efficient and loving asistance. We can see this young girl growing in the work —making herself not only personally useful to the superintendent but to the different branches of activities of the Mission, just as the Lord leads her.

At the evening meeting the congregation delights in singing a chorus of which they are rightly proud, so with just a little change it has been arranged to be sung at the mothers' meeting also. We submit it here for our mothers to memorize:

Eighth Avenue Mission
This is Mothers' day,
Eighth Avenue Mission
Helps us on our way.
Loves the little children
Points us to the light
God bless the Mission,
Morning, noon and night.

So many mothers at this time of the year are making little flannel garments for their children during the sewing hour! The arrival of some welcome infants in our midst suggested the idea of allowing the mother of these new babies to make them a regular outfit of dainty flannel for which this special goods was contributed. A royal welcome is extended to every new arrival, and our pretty cribs made ready each week to receive them and rest the weary, if patient, arms of the mothers.

It has been decided by those in charge of the sewing material to instruct each teacher to return the work of any mother who has not been present for four weeks or who has not accounted for her absence. This is done from motives of thrift so that at the end of the season no unfinished garments are left in the bags. Therefore, it would be well for our mothers to notify us if for some good reason they can not be present at the meeting so we can care for their garment.

A number of our sweet Gospel singers have found time to come and sing to us at the Wednesday meeting. It is always a joy and privilige for the mothers to hear them. Miss Mason, with her usual thoughtfulness, endeavors as often as possible to bring the Hepzibah friends with a helpful spiritual program of song, although we regret these dear students cannot give us this year a regular service as has been done in the past.

Across the Seas

From far-away Ceylon comes this interesting word from our friend, Mr. Paynter:

"Thank you warmly, in the Master's name for your further gift toward the support of the little girl, who I am thankful to say, is getting on very nicely indeed. She is a good girl and will, I trust, grow up to be a soul-winner among her own people.

"Our dear people have had a time of very heavy trial of late. Cholera has been raging in epidemic form, and a number of our Chistians have passed away, including a pastor's wife and a young man, who had just come in for training. Besides this, there have been very severe floods, which have ruined a large portion of their crops. Remember these dear folk in prayer, please.

"We have, however, very much to praise the Lord for. Recently from three villages, twenty-five converts from heathenism confessed Christ in baptism.

"With warm greetings in Christ to you and your fellow-workers, trusting you are seeing much blessing in your good work, yours in the Master's glad service, *A. S. Paynter.*"

The Master Face

No pictured likeness of my Lord have I!
He carved no record of his ministry
On wood or stone.
He left no sculptured tomb nor parchment dim
But trusted for all memory of Him
Men's hearts alone.

Sometimes I long to see Him as of old
Judea saw, and my gaze to hold
His face enshrined;
Often, amid the world's tumultous strife,
Some slight memorial of His earlier life
I long to find.

Who sees the face but sees in part; who reads
The spirit which it hides sees all; he needs
No more. Thy grace
Thy life in my life; Lord, give thou to me;
And then, in truth, I may forever see
My Master's face.

—*Selected.*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

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Volume 9. Number 4

Mission Tidings

April, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Bishop Huntington—

We are born, that we may be born again. We live that we may have life everlasting.

❖

Our best wisdom is not gained from what is behind us, but from what is above.

❖

To keep out of sin, we must keep out of the road that leads to sin.

❖

A man's disposition towards righteousness can be judged by the distance which he puts between himself and wickedness.

❖

Vice gets its victims, for the most part, on the border-land.

❖

Strong characters, like great generals, show their strength by taking strong positions.

❖

Salvation is only another name for safety.

❖

It is only idlers, too frivolous to think, who conceive of their life as without a plan.

❖

To vow is the act of an instant. To pay our vows may be the grand labor of a lifetime.

❖

We are in a world made for work. Our life, then, is not only an obligation and a trust, it is a service.

❖

An intermittent, periodic, occasional piety fades, dries up, and withers away. Plants in your garden that are seldom watered, perish.

❖

The very root and essence of Christianity is self-forgetfulness, even to self-sacrifice.

Christianity is not a discovery of ours, but a revelation from Him.

❖

What a plight some of us would find ourselves in if some of the supplications that run most glibly from our lips should suddenly be granted.

❖

God is not honored by reluctant or frigid offerings.

❖

They only are Christ's followers who follow Him.

❖

Every one who has a heart can put his heart into his religion.

❖

When Christ, Son of man and Son of God, puts man's will and God's will at one, that is the atonement.

❖

Use your will. Like the character which it creates, it is meant to be never a stationary, but always a growing thing.

❖

Christ constantly appeals to what is best in men.

❖

The Son of man reached after whatever bit of manhood or womanhood nature had given and threw on it the strength of His love.

❖

When you go about your work be conscious of His presence.

❖

Then the day's work will not be drudgery. You may be a servant, but never a slave.

❖

His voice has not ceased speaking, if childlike trust listens.

❖

If we assent to evil, the assent weakens us, and lets us down; if we resist, the conflict strengthens, and lifts us up.

❖

What touches the soul leaves its mark.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, APRIL, 1917 No. 4

A Personal Testimony

IT may sound like a truism when I say that I was surrounded with religious things almost from my birth, like thousands of other men and women, and the habit of looking for and depending on ceremonial forms became a sort of second nature.

My dear mother passed away when I was a little over a year old, and my poor father not being worldly wise, soon after married a woman whom he met in a casual way,—he knew nothing of her habits or ways—and she turned out to be a drunkard.

He was steadily employed as foreman in a livery stable, was fond of horses, liked his occasional glass of beer, sought genial company, and soon became enslaved by drink. Quarrels and uproar, sin and superstitious darkness were evenly mingled in the hearts of the members of our household.

On one occasion when he had sobered up after being warned by his employer, he dressed my older brother and me in our Sunday best, and took us on a long trip uptown in the horse cars, until we reached a walled-in, dreary-looking place, which he called an Orphan Asylum for boys.

There in those formative years of childhood (I was five and my brother a litle over six), we were fated to spend eight years away from all affectionate influences, beyond the reach even of sympathy, while our tender little hearts were clamoring for love and kindness.

If you brutalize a child by your unnatural conduct you make them worldly wise, and whenever I had been unjustly beaten by a bullying monitor, I developed bitterness in my soul, and came even to hate the sweet-looking Sister who presided over my destiny. She knew of the beatings the boys received, and gave them her sanction.

At last the day came when father very proudly showed the Head Sister at the conclusion of his visit, a paper which meant for us two boys, *freedom*, and a share in some of the good things of life.

Years pass. I went to the old 13th St. Public School for two terms and in that time I discarded the husks of learning, upon which I had been feeding for years, and developed the habit of reaching out for the meat and kernels of knowledge as they came my way.

My father had never learned to read because when he was a boy, schools were not so plentiful in Ireland as they are to-day, and so he kept telling me to read and study and pray to God, and I would be sure to make a success of life. His subsequent death nearly overwhelmed me with grief.

Because of intense application to work my health broke down; the doctor ordered an ocean voyage, and I took a trip on the Baltic to visit distant cousins in Ireland.

Upon my return my health seemed no better, so I found several positions one after the other, in country places, hoping

that the purer air and quiet surroundings of such a place might help me to regain my vigor and vitality.

While located in Poughkeepsie I became interested in the Men and Religion Forward Movement and attended many of the gospel meetings at the Y. M. C. A. I still kept up my interest in literary things, and was on a friendly footing with the editors of the principal papers in town. Though not a Christian at the time, I was writing essays and poems in praise of the Christian life, and as they were published in the various

JOHN F. FARLEY

papers, they attracted my employer's attention, and he did what any ungodly man would do—he fired me.

After five weeks of unavailing effort to find employment in such a limited field, I wandered down through Main St., and turned up some street with which I was not very familiar—and so sorely distressed was I in heart and mind, that I was virtually at the end of my rope. I heard the strains of "Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me," coming from the open window of a little Methodist chapel (the Trinity M. E. Church) and I went in to try and pull myself together, and size up the situation. As I sat bowed in one of the seats, seeming helpless and utterly alone in the world, God showed me my sinful and lost condition, and pointed me to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

Then I humbled myself at the Cross, and prayed the penitent's prayer, asking the Heavenly Father to forgive all my countless sins and wash them from my heart with the precious blood, in the name of Jesus.

Did He turn me away? No, bless the Lord! He freely forgave me, and accepted me as His child.

The Lord brought me in touch with one of His consecrated servants and for three Sundays I attended the Bible Hour at the Trinity M. E. Church. Could I spend any more time in literary pursuits? No, here in this Book which reveals God's everlasting love and infinite wisdom, I found the theme that never fails—the knowledge that can save, remould, and regenerate a broken life.

I am the least of the Lord's ambassadors, but I love Him with all my heart!

JOHN F. FARLEY.

Not Ashamed of Their Ages

APPROPRIATE and well-founded was the felicity beaming from the countenance of Mr. S. F. Cooper as he came to the platform February fifteenth. He had come to celebrate his seventeenth birthday in the way of the Lord; and rapt was the attention of the audience as he related some of his blessed experiences.

God gave him such a saintly mother that it was his delight to sit at her feet as a boy, and to go with her to church and sing hymns; but one day she called him to her, and said, "I am going to leave you," and putting her arms about him she asked him to promise to give his heart to the Lord Jesus. Of course he promised, and meant to keep it; but when God took his dear mother to Himself, a great bitterness filled his soul—because He had taken all he loved, and for a time he felt he never wanted to be a Christian or go into a church. He tried to find some satisfaction in the things of the world; but

"all was vanity and vexation of spirit." At length he was attracted to a church because it was announced that a lawyer would conduct the service. A lawyer, mixed up with religion and truth seemed so contradictory that he determined to hear him. The result was that he was so deeply convicted of sin —for the lawyer was a man of God— that he went away, and on the street corner lifted his heart to God.

The supreme test came when walking home from work with three companions they visited a saloon for their customary drink. As Mr. Cooper lifted the glass the face of his Mother came to him with such vividness that he said to his companions, "I have taken my last drink." Praise God! his words were prophetic, and from that day to this his heart has been filled with peace and quietness; and he is willing to give his testimony and preach the Word, that he may help young Christians, especially, to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Harold Bater celebrated his first anniversary Sunday evening, March fourth, after being in the service of the King of Kings one year. No one could doubt it was a red-letter day in his life as they looked into his glowing face, and listened to his earnest words.

The day began with a floral tribute from his eldest sister, who also composed a poem for his encouragement; and ended with flowers from the Mission, also in honor of the happy event.

As a boy Harold was compelled to attend not only one Sunday School, but several in the same day, until he sometimes thought his father severe, and his Heavenly Father in the same category—for making Sunday the longest day in the week. When he was fifteen years old he made up his mind to take the reins into his own hands, and straightway ran away; but he could not go beyond the pale of prayer, and a year ago he returned to New York to see his mother and sisters. Ascertaining they were at the Eighth Avenue Mission he came, when lo, the Spirit of God spoke so definitely to his heart that he went forward for prayers, and it was beautiful to see his mother kneel beside him and point him to Jesus. Together now (mother, daughter and son) work enthusiastically in the Sunday School, in prayer meetings and house to house visitation, to lead others to the Master

---

Our faithful friend and brother Mr. Lissner celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of his conversion recently. His testimony, to the love of God, from the time that he, a Hebrew by birth, dropped into Cooper Union when Moody and Sankey were conducting services there until, after many struggles to do right, he came into the Mission, was intensely interesting. During his first meeting at the Mission a request was made for those who were Christians to give testimony by rising. Mr. Lissner rose because he did not have the courage to keep his seat. He was greatly troubled about this deception and determined to come once more to put the thing right. During that visit he decided to accept Jesus as His Saviour. To quote from his testimony: "What more need be said, 'A broken and a contrite heart O God thou wilt not despise.' I rose up to acknowledge Christ as my Saviour and to thank God Whose grace has reached even to me. I departed that night not sorrowful but realizing that I had passed from death unto life and I have gone on rejoicing in the exceeding riches of the grace of Him Who loved me even when I was dead in trespasses and sin."

Many testified to the blessing Mr. Lissner's life and faithfulness had been to them. God has blessed our brother and made him a blessing not only in the Mission but in the hospitals where he carries the message of God's redeeming love week after week. May

this new year be very full of fruitage for the Master.

We were sorry that our dear friend Rev. W. B. Rogers, Rector of Christ Church, Trenton, could not be with us to celebrate his eleventh anniversary. Our brother is the Rector of a large church with a growing parish and many responsibilities. God is very wonderfully blessing him in his ministry. Mr. Rogers, while a student in the Theological Seminary came into the Mission and there the Lord Jesus became a reality to him. In writing his testimony he says, "Jesus came to dwell in my heart that night and I gave over my life to Him. He came to the neediest one of all that night and the years of darkness and unrest and sin and hopelessness were ended, swallowed up in His joy and light and love. The Mission is a dear place to me. Its picture is in my study. Its work is mine through prayer. I found Jesus there and life and victory and peace and joy."

Mr. Rogers has not forgotten the Mission. He is one with us in prayer and interest.

A Stirring Conference

THE New York District of The International Union of Gospel Missions held its regular monthly conference at the Eighth Avenue Mission Tuesday, March 20th. Mr. John Wolf presided at the opening session, and Rev. Charles Cederholm lead the song-service. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. George Simmons, Miss H. H. Lemmel sang a simple hymn most effectively. Miss M. J. Bolton lead the devotional service, when all hearts could specifically wait upon God for his unction, his enabling and his benediction.

In the absence of Mr. G. I. Cooper, Mrs. Whittemore was invited to present a plan for concentrated and consecrated work for women in issuing cards of invitation to the Sunday Evangelistic Meetings. These were to be given to young girls who are subjected to peculiar temptation. This movement was also abetted by such women as Mrs. Wm. Borden. A call for volunteer service, met with a hearty response at the six o'clock intermission from those who would gladly give loving, tactful service along this line.

The first topic of the afternoon, "Keeping converts of many years standing interested in Mission work," was ably presented by Mr. John Wyburn, the superintendent of the Water Street Mission. "Keep them actively working in the Master's service and they will not get tired," was the solution of the problem.

The next topic, "The man who will not work," was cleverly handled by Mr. H. J. E. De Laney. He could not see how he could be expected to solve in fifteen minutes a problem that had baffled mission superintendents and courts; but he cited several droll incidents in which he rid himself of some difficult cases, in one instance introducing a dog upon the scene, when the lazy fellow decamped; and in another by suggesting heroic treatment for a husky fellow who clung to his bed and pleaded indisposition. When Mr. De Laney went for hot bath and mustard plaster, the fellow left, just as was expected, dressing as best he could on his way to safety. But the sane conclusion of the whole matter was that "the man who was truly converted would be glad to work."

Mr. Wm. McQuere, superintendent of the Cremorne Mission, was particularly qualified to speak upon "The man who cannot work." His optimism was contagious, and his attitude brave, indomitable and courageous. He believed a man, no matter how handicapped, could do something, and it behooved those who were well and strong not to be weary in well doing, but to find suitable work for those who were hampered by physical defects.

"Do ministers make good leaders in Mission services?"—the closing question of the afternoon, was cleverly presented by Rev. T. B. Ironside and Mr. T. J. Noonan. There was a diversity of opinion during the interesting discussion that followed; but the consensus of opinion seemed to be that anyone, clergyman or layman, who would preach salvation by believing of the Lord Jesus Christ, would make good Mission leaders.

At 5:30 there was a business meeting and reading of the minutes of the last meeting, after which there were words of cordial greeting from Miss Wray, the superintendent of the Eighth Avenue Mission, who invited everyone to stay and partake of the collation which would speedily be served, and to tarry for the evening service.

Rev. T. C. Roberts Horsfield presided at the evening service, and Miss Wray led the praise and prayer service. Miss May C. Wolcott was the soloist of the evening, and rendered two selections with marked ability.

In the absence of Mr. W. A. Blackley, Mr. Taylor opened the subject for discussion by saying he preferred to work in Missions, first because he was converted in a Mission; second because there was great need for workers; third because of the lack for formality —everyone on an equal footing; fourth because of the warm bond fellowship which existed; and last, but by no means least, because in a Mission he was taught to love the Word of God.

Mr. Dan Husband was the next speaker, and won all hearts by his straight-forward testimony. He had been wonderfully redeemed from a life of sin; and God had speedily rewarded him by giving him peace and joy, and then in due time by giving him a real home, a loving wife and a incomparable baby girl just one day old.

Miss Ruth Angel, in her bright, sweet way, told of one day's work for Jesus, full of trial, hardships and persecution, but blessed by the presence of the Master and ultimate victory.

The principle address of the evening was given by Dr. Don O. Shelton, who quoted Acts 1:8 and Eph. 3:20. He spoke eloquently, to the end that "if we want God to do great things for us, we must permit Him to do great things in us."

There were enthusiastic participants in the discussions throughout the day and evening, among them Rev. Mr Simpson of Bridgeport, Conn., Rev. Mr. Avery of Mt. Vernon, Mrs. Wyburn, Mrs. Ryason, Mrs. Prentice, Mrs. Woodruff, "Sophia" and "Sister Cora."

William A. Sunday

Like knight of old, rushing full-panoplied,
With leveled lance upon a dastard foe,
He comes, Truth's fearless champion, to battle
With the monster Sin! With giant strength
And body framed of steel, with spirit flaming
With a holy fire, the last tense fiber
Of his mighty self pledged to a holy cause,
He comes, to nail to sin its curse
And face its author with his crimes!

And yet with loving gentleness he comes,
To sound redeeming love—a Saviour's call;
To lead the sinner in the sun-lit "trail"
The joyous path that cometh to the Father's house!

Then hail, great leader apostolic! World prophet
Of these pregnant days! Champion of truth and right!
Thy bow abide in strength! thy spirit mighty
With the conquering omnipotence of God! —*F. H. Thatcher.*

MISSION TIDINGS

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- - - FRANK H. MANN

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VOL. IX APRIL, 1917 No. 4

Mission Items

A BOX of beautiful Jonquils came to us recently with the interesting message enclosed, "For Miss Wray of The Eighth Avenue Mission. If in good condition on Monday may part of them be carried to the blind woman whose story was told in the last number of MISSION TIDINGS. A Friend." The beautiful flowers brightened the Mission Hall, Saturday and Sunday, and our Missionary carried them to the blind woman on Monday morning. Our blind sister was delighted with the loving thought of the sender and the fragrance filled the humble little room. Thank you, "Friend."

Our beloved brother, and Vice President Mr. Sleeth has been compelled to go South for his health, but we pray that very soon God will restore him and bring him back to us and the work he loves so much. Mr. Sleeth and his dear wife have the work of The Eighth Avenue Mission very much on their heart and nothing is too much for them to do to further its usefulness. Mr. Sleeth is leader of the Thursday night meeting and we shall miss Him.

Whatever the weather may be, says he,
Whatever the weather may be;
It's the songs you sing and the smiles ye wear
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere. —*Selected.*

Special Easter Offering

For a number of years Easter has been set apart as a time for a special self-denial offering for our Building Fund.

There is a mortgage of $23,000. An Easter offering of $5,000 with $3,000 already in the bank will reduce the mortgage to $15,000.

Will our friends stand with us in this effort to lighten the burden and send or bring their gifts to lay at the feet of our Risen Lord on Easter Day? All offerings will be promptly acknowledged and may be sent to—

S. WRAY, *Treasurer,*
290 Eighth Avenue,
New York City.

Gleaning from the Mail

"I am enclosing a mite for your work in memory of my sister who passed away a few months ago. She was always much interested in you and your work. May the Eighth Avenue Mission and its workers be abundantly blessed in the years to come."

"Dear Miss Wray: Please accept the enclosed toward the work done in the Mission. Interested."

"My dear Miss Wray: I received your very kind and welcome letter and was so very happy to hear about my dear boy. I have had three letters from him since he gave his heart to God in the Mission. God has answered my prayers at last. You have been so

kind to him and I thank you, my dear friend."

"Dear Miss Wray: I am here in Rochester with a good job and a good boarding house, and by the grace of God a new start. I mean in His name to make good. If I had not given my heart to Jesus that night in the Mission I think I should have been lost forever."

A Distinguished Company

THE Eighth Avenue Mission had a distinguished guest the evening of March 18th, when Miss Victoria Booth-Clibborn, the grand-daughter of General Booth (the founder of the Salvation Army) came to give us a message from God's Word.

The capacity of the Mission was taxed to the utmost. The platform overflowed with a delegation of young people from the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, while here and there an eminent personage was seen comfortably seated in the auditorium, where were enmassed people from many walks of life, some standing along the side of the building to gain footing.

The very atmosphere seemed charged with happy anticipation, which was rewarded when Miss Clibborn, so girlish, so unassuming, entered and quickly stepped to the platform where she knelt in silent prayer.

Mr. Winant, one of the Directors of the Mission, invoked God's blessing upon the song-service, which was animated and spirit-filled, under the direction of the Superintendent of the Mission.

Dr. Palmer led in prayer, after which Miss Clibborn was introduced by Mr. Frank H. Mann, another Director of the Mission. Mr. Mann spoke in warmest terms of both General Booth, and Mrs. Clibborn (Miss Clibborn's mother, who founded the Salvation Army in France, and could preach the Gospel in four languages.)

Although Miss Clibborn has come to this country to conduct drawing-room meetings in the homes of the elite, and is accustomed to addressing college girls, and those who have had every advantage of birth and position, her first words savored of divine love, for she said, "I am quite as much at home in Rescue Mission work as in society, and believe souls are souls everywhere."

She read the story of the prodigal son, as recorded in the 15th Chapter of Luke, saying, "I want to call it the story of the two prodigal sons, for both were prodigiously selfish."

With dramatic power and earnestness she gave a heart-searching message which brought saved and unsaved to their feet; the former to signify their intention by the grace of God to give no place to sin or selfishness, the latter to receive Jesus as their personal Saviour.

One of the converts was a young man who had at one time cruelly beaten a fellow companion. Imagine his surprise when this companion knelt beside him, and said, "I am glad you are going to get right with God for I did the same thing only a few months ago, and it pays." Three days later the new convert returned to the Mission to give thanks that although he was once a prodigal, he had come home to his Father's house. He also said in the noon prayer-meeting, "I was surprised to see young M. here the other night. Once I beat him terribly, and when I had finished others commenced on him. I was arrested for it, and would have been sentenced for two years if young M. had appeared; but do you know he was man enough not to come and witness against me. O how glad I was not only to get right with God the other night, but to ask young M. to forgive me."

We believe this convert is one more star in the crown that Miss Clibborn will so gladly cast at the Master's feet.

Farewell Missionary Meeting

A FAREWELL meeting for the party of missionaries about to leave for Africa under the Africa Inland Mission was held at the Mission, Monday, March 5th. These farewell missionary meetings are amongst the most helpful and inspiring held in our midst. Bright, enthusiastic, and burning with love and zeal were the simple and direct messages these men and women brought to us. No mention was made of sacrifice or self-denial, but rather a glad exulting in the fact that they had been chosen to carry the glorious Gospel to the regions beyond.

Mr. Frank Mann, the new Chairman of the New York Council, presided. Mr. Mann showed on the map just where the stations were located and what was the hope of the Africa Inland Mission. Mr. Howard B. Dinwiddie, the newly appointed Deputy General Director of the Mission, was also present and spoke most encouragingly of the unusual opportunities and privileges given the Africa Inland Mission at this time. Mr. Hague, affectionately termed "Uncle John" by the missionaries, also brought a helpful greeting. We believe that through this service young men and women heard the call, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" and we trust the response will come speedily, "Here am I Lord, send me." God bless these outgoing missionaries and give them a safe and happy voyage.

Amongst those going to Africa were Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. These friends could not be with us at the farewell meeting because of another engagement, but they came to us the night following. Mrs. Johnson was converted in the Mission twelve years ago. Mrs. Johnson then only a girl visited New York with her aunt. One night going up Eighth Avenue on a street car she saw the open-air service and determined in her heart at her first opportunity to see what the meeting was about. This she did and listened to the Word of God. She saw her need of a Saviour and very soon accepted the Lord Jesus. After a brief stay in the City during which she testified of God's love and grace she went back to Chicago. So eager was she to make Christ known to others that although only sixteen years old she went to the Moody Institute and asked to be received as a student that she might be prepared for service. She was rejected, however, because of her youth, and very much disappointed our sister resolved to train as a nurse, hoping that would fit her for greater usefulness in her missionary work in the years to come. This she did, graduating as a trained nurse and then entering the Moody Institute. It was while a student there that God spoke to her about the needs of Africa and she felt that was His call to this needy field.

Mr. Johnson, who afterwards became her husband, was also a student in the Moody School and with Africa upon his heart. These two lives were brought together and it was a great joy to have them with us at the Mission before leaving for their appointed field.

Mrs. Johnson told us of God's wonderful leading since she first yielded her heart to Him. It was a beautiful story of God's love and the trusting heart. Mr. Johnson's testimony was equally helpful and interesting.

We feel God is greatly honoring the Mission when He takes one of its children to make known the glorious truths of His Gospel.

We are following these missionaries constantly with our prayers.

News and Notes

WHAT could be more gracious than the coming of Dr. Henry Frost to speak to our tired, over-burdened mothers one Wednesday afternoon? It was a picture long to be remembered. In the background babies slept peace-

fully in their white cribs, and toddlers played quietly with their wonderful toys, while in the foreground the upturned faces of the mothers looked eagerly at Dr. Frost who told them of the "life more abundant." Tense were their features as he spoke of the disappointment some of them, perhaps, had found in their married lives; but the relaxation was beautiful to behold as they realized that the abundant life of Jesus Christ could even now crown their humble homes with radiant, unselfish love. Striking was the response when they signified by uplifted hand their purpose to begin at once to live this life.

Dr. Erdman of Korea started pacan's of praise to God in the hearts of many one Sunday evening as he told of the work of his brother-in-law amongst the lepers; and of the power of the Bible to comfort sad hearts. One man so afflicted by leprosy that his fingers and toes were falling off, found peace by believing The Book, and triumphing over circumstances, said, "I read God's Word and it comforts me."

Director S. R. Boggs seems to radiate sunshine wherever he goes, and his presence scintillates joy. At a recent visit he read the fifteenth chapter of John that we also might discover in the eleventh verse the source of joy.

Simultaneously appeared Miss Ellen Stone, formerly a missionary in Salonica, Turkey, who referred briefly to her experience of being stolen by the brigands. It was a terrible ordeal, surrounded by wicked men; swallowed up in dark nights, having only the companionship of a sick Mohammedan woman and infant; but—God—our Heavenly Father saved them, and to Him she gave the glory.

Dr. Lusk of Newark and his talented daughters will not soon be forgotten; they gave us such a spiritual feast one Thursday evening. The Misses Lusk sang the gospel very sweetly, playing their own accompaniment. Dr. Lusk spoke eloquently from Titus 2: 11, giving the American version "For the grace of God hath appeared bringing salvation."

Mr. Henry E. Prentice, who recently resigned the Superintendency of the Open Door Mission, and Mrs. Prentice, are most welcome visitors to our Mission. Their very presence seems to help us, though they say not a word; but Mr. Prentice has a testimony, and a thrilling one. It was in 1891 that he entered the Mc Auley Mission and was saved from a life of drunkenness, and so wondrously saved that he has been kept for twenty-five years. One sad thing, however, is the fact that before his conversion he wandered from city to city and no one spoke to him about his soul or a Saviour. One Sunday night in Philadelphia he stood outside a church listening to the singing, and a great longing came into his heart to go in (for in his boyhood he had been a choir-boy in an Episcopal church) but no one invited him, and he went across the street for more whiskey. Let us, then, be "instant in season and out of season" that no one may say of us "you never told me of Jesus." Mr. Prentice has just accepted the Superintendency of the James Slip Gospel Mission, and we wish both Mr. and Mrs. Prentice God-speed in their blessed work for the Master.

"Hale and hearty and over seventy" was a man's testimony one night not long ago. Then he tenderly spoke of his little grand-daughter twelve years old who had insisted upon his attending church with her, and the result was God spoke to him in the service and he was converted.

Mr. Eva, Superintendent of the Home for Homeless Boys, was a recent visitor. He told us of a trip he made to the Grand Central Station to find he was too late for his train, which was the only one that day. The gate was locked, and no frantic effort could induce the gate-keeper to open it. He used this incident to vividly portray the necessity of seeking God while he may be found.

Mr. Sidersky of Baltimore was called

to the platform March fourth, and his brief address was a source of helpfulness and encouragement.

There is never a stilted service at the Eighth Avenue Mission for it is not unusual for someone to walk down the aisle in the midst of the service, overwhelmed by a deep conviction of sin and his cheeks bathed in tears of repentance. One night one of our converts arose and said, "I am here because God wants me to be," and simultaneously a man started from his seat and said "I'm here," and, poor fellow, he hardly knew why, but he was met by the Superintendent, who graciously said "this is the business of the hour to point souls to Jesus, and in response to her invitation four other men came and knelt at the altar, and all five were brought to Jesus by faithful workers. When the peace of God had come into their hearts, a chorus was sung, and another brother testified that he "used to love to go to theatres and the hippodrome, but even the desires of his heart had been changed since the Saviour had come to abide, and now he would be happy to live and die in the Mission." No wonder there was an audible "Amen!" for more than one of us felt that way.

Mr. Cranston and Mr. Stanley were honored visitors March thirteenth, and the same evening Mrs. Whittemore was gladly welcomed. She emphasized the adjectives of the Bible, and lead up to a tender appeal for those of us who were Christians to be true and loyal in inviting people to accept Jesus as their personal Saviour; and for the unsaved to give their hearts to Him NOW. She told of a little granddaughter, eight years of age, who was so anxious to lead souls to Jesus that she asked if she might speak to a man on the train going to Providence, as she was travelling with Mrs. Whittemore. It was the Spirit of God who gave the little one the tact to win the man's heart by talking first of the beautiful hills, and the weather, of course, and then with earnest face she asked him if he was a Christian. He replied, "no" but the little one did not leave her work unfinished, but passed him some leaflets which he was still reading as they reached their destination. Undoubtedly God will honor the faith of the child by bringing that man to the feet of Jesus.

His Lamp Am I

His lamp am I,
To shine where He shall say;
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
Nor for the light of day.
But for dark places of the earth,
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth,
Or where the light of faith grows dim
And souls are groping after Him.
And as sometimes a flame we find,
Clear-shining through the night,
So bright we do not see the lamp,
But only see the light,
So may I shine—His life the flame—
That men may glorify His name.
—*The Alliance Intermediate Scholar.*

Unique Prayer Meeting

Mrs. W. R. Stewart, who is home on furlough from China, tells of an interesting prayer meeting which was held in her home in Nanking, China. A company of eighty earnest Chinese men and women, who had recently been converted to the Christian faith, wanted to hold a prayer meeting and as their homes were not available, asked permission to hold it in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. These missionaries were only too glad that these friends felt free to come with such requests and threw open their home. They had a splendid time together. It was a novel sight to see these men and women sitting in the same room and singing out of the same hymn books, for in China the men and women do not sit in the same room, the men occupy one

room and the women another. When they started to pray, every one of the group of eighty wanted to pray aloud. But there was not time and then one of these newly converted Christians said: "Since we do not pray to one another but to God, what is to prevent us all praying aloud at the same time." And they did. Mrs. Stewart says it was indeed a unique prayer service and one from which we might well take a lesson. To hear eighty earnest Christian men and women all pouring out their hearts to God in prayer as if there were no others present.

A Single Stitch

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been;
One small stitch which could scarce be seen,
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak place grew in the fabric stout;
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may or strive how it can
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in and endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flood and ebb!
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant. —*Susan Coolidge.*

Pulpit Points

"If your religion interferes with your business the chances are it needs to."

Average humanity considers itself virtuous for not doing what it doesn't want to do.

The best arguments for the truth of the Christian religion are not found in libraries, but in lives.

There is no way to get on the heights with God, unless you also get on the level with your fellow men.

If you are not getting much out of the Christian life, it may be because you haven't very much invested in it.

Don't ever fall into the error of supposing you have acquired capital enough in religion to retire from active business.

The fault of the church today is not so much hypocrisy, as unduly prolonged spiritual infancy. Get out of the primary class.

How much easier it is to sing of casting golden crowns at His feet in glory than it is to cast golden coins into His treasury on earth.

If you have a religion which leads you to base confidence upon anything else save Jesus Christ, and him crucified, your religion is a delusion.

—*Selected.*

Strength of Conviction

Wait not 'till you are backed by numbers. Wait not until you are sure of an echo from a crowd.

The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own. —*Channing.*

His Touch

Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it!
Whatever the tempest, His voice can still!
There is only joy as we seek His pleasure;
There is only rest as we choose His will!
And some day after life's fitful fever,
I think we shall say, in the home on high:
"If the hands that He touched but did His bidding
How little it matters what else went by!" —*Edith Gilling Cherry.*

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain Thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved. Ps. 55 : 22.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At His touch our burdens fall.

O those who so lovingly give their service each week to the spiritual part of the mothers' meeting there is nothing that encourages them so as the definite, earnest way the mothers turn to the Lord when trouble overtakes them in their daily life. Just "trusting and obeying"—the gospel in a nutshell—the superintendent so often tells us. That this lesson has been well learned is manifested in the testimony meeting when without any coaxing almost every mother rises to her feet with a word of thanksgiving or praise and our hearts always echo these testimonies with the chorus:

"What a wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Jesus,
What a wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Lord."

* * *

In walking along Eighth Avenue we met one of our dear mothers, one who has been with us since the beginning. We had missed her lately and when we inquired the cause found that her little boy had been sick and needed her entire attention. Of course she could not leave him alone, and besides, she had been obliged to give up a great deal of her outside work, keeping only such work that could be done at home, thus reducing her income, already barely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. This mother is a widow, her oldest son a partial invalid and unable to help her, the second son is a schoolboy, the third a mere child, all dependent upon her one pair of hands. The point of this incident is that with all these troubles this dear mother uttered not one word of complaint but smiled cheerfully at parting, while with a bright upward look she said in answer to our words of sympathy, "No, I don't worry, God is able. He has proved it." Do you wonder our hearts are comforted when we realize we are privileged to "bring tidings of great joy which shall be to all people?

* * *

Our hearts were made very heavy when we heard of the death of the husband of Mrs. Gertrude Childs, a mother whose faithfulness to the Mission has been most edifying. We think she is on record as having missed only one meeting in five years. Mr. Childs had been suffering with a distressing cold for some time, but was not considered ill enough to go to a hospital, so that when he finally went it was too late. Pneumonia had gripped him for its own. Mrs. Childs is left with the support of five small children, but her faith in God is beautiful to witness, she smiles through her tears and has committed herself and little family to God who never yet has failed the trusting widow and orphan. Dear Mrs. Childs has the prayers, love and sympathy of all her Mission friends.

"Just beyond the river Jordan,
Just across its chilling tide,
There's a land of life eternal,
Through its vales sweet waters glide.
By the crystal river flowing
Grows the tree of life so fair,
Many loved ones wait our coming,
In the upper garden there."

After an absence of two months, owing to the death of her father, our dear Miss Beale is back with us again ready to do anything the Lord has ready for her to do. We have missed our dear sister and her surrendered service to the mothers of the neighborhood. Miss Beale is connected also with the Hepzibah House, in fact, is a graduate of that training school, and divides her time between the two. The Mission is, however, very dear to her heart, and her loyal service to it and to the Superintendent can always be counted on.

* * *

Our good friend, Mrs. Thompson, who has been visiting in the interests of the Billy Sunday Campaign, is bringing in some splendid reports of work done in a very quiet but extremely efficient manner. The work of Mrs. Thompson has been in the colored section. In one home a friend gave her heart to the Lord. Surely, there is joy among the angels when a soul takes a stand for Christ. Think what it would mean to this neighborhood if every friend connected with the Mission could actually know that through his or her ministry one single person would decide for Christ.

* * *

We do congratulate ourselves that where it was at all possible every mother held herself ready to give up her home for one of these very blessed prayer meetings. Those who come from the outside to attend these meetings are truly blessed, but we feel assured that God has a very special blessing for those who open their doors for these prayer meetings.

* * *

The children were made very happy the Wednesday preceding Washington's Birthday by receiving a beautiful fancy box of candy emblematic of the occasion. The box was round in shape, daintily covered, and standing in relief was a group of tempting cherries and a tiny hatchet. It was a pretty sight to see the little ones trotting down the avenue holding on to their gift. We do thank the thoughtful friend who remembered our children who have not very much after all to brighten their too often cheerless lives.

* * *

We think perhaps this is a good time to ask for children's clothing. Spring is at hand and friends are thinking of replenishing the wardrobes of their own children, so just think twice before you pack clothing away for another year. We have noticed so often how poorly clad our little ones appear when they come to us Wednesdays, and it is just as the mothers tell us, that those children who go to school must be cared for first or they will not be admitted, at least without an embarrassing investigation; naturally the smaller ones who come to us must suffer. Therefore we make a very specific request to remember us when you take stock of your own children's wardrobes.

* * *

It is doing us all good to see so many of our mothers returning to us Wednesday afternoons. It does seem that when a mother has been absent for a while she hesitates to return without a special invitation; they seem to be overcome with a very natural shyness. This visiting is just the very work the Mission aims to do, and day after day faithful workers are in and out the streets, up and down tenement steps, to the roof or cellar, as the case may be, weather never counting, until all the sheep are in the fold and our hearts are at rest. We do want every mother to feel that a welcome always awaits her when she is ready to return to us however long she may have been absent.

* * *

There is at Hartsdale, a town adjacent to White Plains, a home called Carolina Home for sick children with their mothers. Of course no case of contagious disease is admitted, but a broken down or convalescent mother will be taken there for a certain time and given the tenderest care. Nothing is withheld that is for the good of the invalids. We do want our mothers to have the benefit of this home when needed, so please put yourself in touch with our Missionary, Miss Dixon, who has charge of this part of the work.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 9. Number 5

Mission Tidings

May, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Billy Sunday—

When you quit living like the devil, I will quit preaching that way.

❖

No man has any business to be in a bad business.

❖

Whiskey is all right in its place—but its place is in hell.

❖

Take the miracles out of the life of Christ and the historical fabrics will fall to pieces.

❖

It's everybody's business how you live.

❖

Theology bears the same relation to Christianity that botany does to flowers.

❖

Morality isn't the light; it is only the polish on the candlestick.

❖

If you live wrong, youn can't die right.

❖

Home is the place we love best and where we grumble the most.

❖

The man who lives for himself alone will be the sole mourner at his own funeral.

❖

To make seeking God the first business of life, is to begin right.

❖

In the sight of God there is no difference between being wrong and doing wrong.

❖

If good preaching could save the world, it would have been done long ago.

❖

The man who sneers at true religion turns up his nose at one of the best things on earth.

❖

Riches have never yet given anybody either peace or rest.

❖

If you depend on your emotions for motive power, you will come to a good many places where the wires won't work.

❖

Don't stop with telling your boy to do right. Show him how.

❖

You never hear of a man marrying a woman to reform her.

❖

There never was a doubt in the world that didn't come straight from the devil.

❖

No hypocrite in the Church, or out of it, is going to get into heaven.

❖

Don't throw any mud at the plan of salvation until you try it and find out that it won't work.

❖

If you are strangers to prayer you are strangers to power.

❖

The world needs the best you can give it.

❖

What you have given the world it never possessed before you came.

❖

Temptation is not sin—yielding is.

❖

All the service that weighs an ounce in the sight of God is that which is prompted by love.

❖

What God needs, and the world needs, is men who are solid mahogany all the way through.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, MAY, 1917 No. 5

A Personal Testimony

IN the spring of 1912, at the age of seventeen, I left my Christian home and a loving, praying mother in Troy, N. Y., with high resolutions and high hopes in my ability to "make my own way." I had already been having my own way for a couple of years and Satan had already begun to fasten his grip upon me. When only fifteen I had learned to drink and indulge in many forms of vice. But I thought when I left home that I could shake off all these things and firmly made up my mind to live a clean, moral life. But I didn't know the power of Satan.

Before two years had passed by I had known what it was to be carried to bed, too drunk to walk or help myself in any way, every single night for over a month. I knew what it was to wake up with a fierce craving for a high-ball every morning.

The devil tried to ruin me with money. "Easy money," not honest money. I acquired many expensive and vicious tastes and habits. I became selfish, indolent and lazy.

After three years of this I was brought down very low. In following a fondness for reading, during these years of dissipation, I became ensnared by New Thought. I tried applying its teachings to my life. I had been reading a good deal of "modern, advanced thought," and New Thought looked like the solution of all my problems, spiritual, temporal and physical. So I tried it. I would "think happiness, and look happiness, and thus attract happiness," I would "look health, think health, and attract health," I would "think prosperity, and attract prosperity." But it didn't work. I thought prosperity with all my mind but instead of attracting it, I began to attract such things as lumber piles and park benches as places to sleep, and had to attract my meals from free lunch counters.

I thought happiness so hard that there was a reaction. I started to worry. I worried and worried until I could no longer work. I quit my job and drinking simultaneously. For two weeks I walked the streets and sat about in the beautiful parks of Washington, D. C. Their fresh spring beauty was lost upon me for I had lost interest in everything. I didn't eat, nor care to eat, I slept wherever and whenever sleep overtook me and awoke when the police woke me up. My body and brain, both seemed to be in a state of paralysis. I would sit for whole days at a time in one spot seeing nothing and thinking nothing.

Then toward the end of a hot day in early June, as I sat in Dupont Circle, a fresh breeze sprang up and as it came to me through the low-hanging branches of the trees it filled me with a longing to leave the city and get out into the country, the woods and fields where things and men were cleaner. So I got up and started out Connecticut

Avenue and darkness found me in Kensington, Maryland, a little town eleven miles from Washington. And in Kensington I stopped and stayed. I got work, made many friends, started going to church and reformed in many ways. But it was reform only. I was still a sinner and was still walking in darkness.

When I had been in Kensington about ten months my mind began turning to the question of eternity. What did it mean for me? I had been taught that there was a heaven and a hell. Perhaps there was. Who knew? And though I had been living a clean moral life for nearly a year, what assurance had I that I would go to heaven? And if not heaven would I go to hell? The thought of hell for eternity filled my mind with horror and my heart with fear.

Tracy B. Lobdell

On the Sunday morning after Easter, communion services were held in the Methodist Church I was attending. I was the only one in the church who did not go forward and receive it. I couldn't have explained why, but I couldn't. And one dear child of God, a young lady who knew and loved her Master dearly, saw that I didn't leave my seat and she knew, better than I, the reason why.

That night at Epworth League she asked me if I would call at her home the following Thursday and attend prayer meeting with her. I suspected that she wanted me to "join the church" and the devil within me revolted against that. But I promised to do as she asked and did. To my surprise she didn't say a thing about "joining the church" but all the way to prayer meeting and all the way back to her home she told me the old, sweet story of Jesus and His love for me. It had little if any effect upon me, however, for the "natural mind does not receive the things of the spirit." But God's servant was persistant. I thank Him for that. The following Sunday morning she got in another word for her Master and got from me a promise to attend prayer meeting with her again the next Thursday night.

When Thursday night came I kept my promise and listened intently to all that she said, for although I had been telling myself that I was a Christian, I was as good as lots of church members, etc. I had begun to see that I wasn't "all right" after all. And when this child of God asked me to go home and pray, I promised her I would and meant it.

We were standing under the trees in front of her home by the side of a country road. I had promised her I would go home and ask Jesus to forgive me and save me. We had shaken hands and I was turning to leave when an intensely bright light in the form of a great, luminous cloud passed through the trees above us and shone down on and about us, its light covering a radius of about twenty feet. We both saw it and both heard a voice which spoke saying, "Tracy, the light of God passes over you."

I fell to my knees, and as I knelt

there God showed me my sinfulness and I asked Him for His forgiveness. And I got up from my knees, redeemed by the blood of Christ, a new creation in Him! Hallelujah!

It is useless for me to say how sweet the name of Jesus has become to me during this one year of life. To tell of His goodness and mercy, His keeping power, His companionship, the victories He has given me, and of my poor, finite love for Him would take all the space in Mission Tidings. But oh, how I love Him and how I love the precious Word of God. The Holy Spirit is showing me new beauties and new truths almost daily but the truth I love the most is this:—

"But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."—Tracy B. Lobdell.

The Heaviest Cross

By Annie Johnson Flint

It is not His cross that is heavy;
  It is those that our hands have made
That hinder us on our journey,
  On our aching shoulders laid;
There is strength for the load He gives us,
  And balm for the thorn He sends,
But none for the needless burdens
  And none for our selfish ends.

We bear a burden of sorrow;
  We carry a weight of gold;
We cling to some treasured idol,
  And will not loose our hold;
We bend 'neath our troubles and worries;
  We drag the load of a wrong;
And we cry that the cross is heavy.
  And sigh that the way is long.

Let us drop the sin that besets us:
  Let us cast aside our fears;
Let us give our griefs to Jesus
  And break our pitcher of tears;
Let us learn of the Meek and Lowly
  Who giveth the weary rest;
Let us take His yoke upon us,
  And walk with Him abreast;

For His yoke is easy to carry,
  And His burden is light in weight;
He will do His share of the labor,
  For He is a true yoke-mate.
Are we weary and heavy-laden?
  Are we anxious and full of care?
That is not the cross of His giving,
  But the one that we make and bear.

Anniversaries

ONE of the anniversaries of the past month was that of our faithful sister Miss Rahsskopff. Fourteen years ago she was invited to the Mission by a friend, and the Holy Spirit convicted her of sin. Although a member of a church for many years, priding herself upon her respectability, she was shown that all her self-righteousness was but filthiness in the sight of God, and after a struggle our sister gave her heart and life to the Lord Jesus. God very graciously made all things new, and the theatre and dance and other worldly pleasures were swept away, even her desire for them, and a love for God's house and His service have taken their place. Faithfully through the fourteen years our sister has stood with us in the work of the Mission, and we pray that the blessing of God may be upon her continually and use her yet more and more for His glory. It was a happy service and the story of her conversion will surely bear fruit.

Our sister Mrs. Havens also had an anniversary, but was unable to be present. God has kept her through the years and every Wednesday afternoon finds her ministering to the tiny children while their mothers are enjoying the Gospel meeting.

Another of the anniversaries was that of our dear sister Mrs. Neubeck. Eight

years ago the Lord Jesus was revealed to her as her Saviour from sin, and the hungry heart gladly responded and since then our sister's joy has been in the service of the Master. In the mothers' meeting, the Sunday School, and the homes of the neighborhood Mrs. Neubeck's devotion to her Master is seen and we pray that the New Year of service into which she has just entered may be even more greatly blessed than the preceding years.

Our dear sister Mrs. McAllister is a veteran in the Master's service. Twenty-four years ago the Good Shepherd took her little son to be with Himself. While the mother's heart was breaking because of the separation, "sorrowing without hope," she thought of the words of loving invitation to receive the Lord Jesus that had come to her from the lips of a faithful Christian worker; and in her sorrow she turned to the Lord Jesus, "The Lamb of God," "The Man of Sorrow and acquainted with grief." From that moment a new life was hers and a faith that could only be God-given. Through all the years filled with severe testings God has enabled her to triumph and she has had the joy of seeing her husband for whom she had prayed long at last become a new creation in Christ Jesus. Living a long distance from the Mission our sister is found at her post night after night as well as in the Sunday School and Mothers' Meeting, and her faithful consistent life and service is a constant blessing and encouragement to us. At her anniversary service many thanked God for the blessing she had been to them.

Wait and See

"When my boy with eager questions,
  Asking how, and where, and when,
Taxes all my store of wisdom,
  Asking o'er and o'er again
Questions oft to which the answers
  Give to others still the key,
I have said, to teach him patience,
  'Wait, my little boy, and see.'

"And the words I taught my darling,
  Taught to me a lesson sweet;
Once when all the world seemed darkness,
  And the storm about me beat,
In the 'children's room' I heard him,
  With a child's sweet mimicry,
To the baby brother's questions,
  Saying wisely, 'Wait and see.'

"Like an angel's tender chiding,
  Came the darling's words to me,
Though my Father's ways were hidden
  Bidding me still wait and see.
What are we but restless children,
  Ever asking what shall be?
And the Father, in His wisdom,
  Gently bids us 'wait and see.'"

—*Selected.*

A Word from Paris

I WOULD have loved to have written for you to get my letter on your birthday but it has not been possible. Although my wishes may not reach you in time I think of you, pray for you and your blessed work and wish you God's richest blessings upon that new year of your life, and another year of service to Him. I truly wish I could speak to you in these days that remind me more especially of the dear Mission and of its dear people. I have the anniversary meetings particularly on my heart and I know God will give you great many blessings and a harvest of souls. I have thought also of the Convention days at the Tabernacle, all those are blessed remembrances which I hold as the most blessed times of my life. Certainly, as I have said often and as I shall always say, America has contributed the most to my Christian life. Although I had given my heart to the Lord many years before, it was there at the dear Mission that I fully realized the greatness of the Christian's

privilege and also of its responsibility. How could I forget the vision which I got the very first night; how could I cease to love a land which by the grace of God meant so much for me; but most of all how could I forget the dear friends with whom God has so richly surrounded me? Oftentimes when I am discouraged and heavy-laden it refreshes my mind and heart to think of the blessed past in America. There is certainly much joy in blessed relationship and true friendship and we wait for its being perfected in the happy land where sorrow shall cease and where there shall be no more tears.

November brings back happy memories, the beginnings of a wonderful work which God has wonderfully prospered in sorrowing Europe. The 1st of November is "All Saint's Day" and the second the day of the dead and since the war has been raging those days are fraught with pain, with sorrow of the cruelest kind. It is impossible to describe the sights that meet one's eyes at the multitude of mourners in the different cemeteries of the capital. How our hearts ached last Thursday as we went with our little ones to put a wreath on the soldiers' tombs—how the people listened attentively and respectfully to the Word of God; how eagerly the tracts and the Gospels were accepted, but what is that handful of seed to hungry thousands. There is room for so many more workers. Dear friends pray, pray, pray for us; our hearts are aching for the end of this terrible conflict. As we are facing a third winter campaign our hearts bleed to think of our soldiers in the trenches. We think of the many sacrifices that must still be made until we have peace, we fear and tremble but still we are trusting God.

There are many difficulties in the work and physical hindrances oftentimes, but God gives me daily the strength I need. I would have failed long before under the strain if it had not been for His sustaining power. It was the 1st of November that I observed the first anniverary of my work in Paris. There was a great contrast between last year and this year and that was a very sad one. How the numbers of soldiers fallen has multiplied since 1915! And the question rises to my mind: how many were ready? And that is the saddest of all. Great efforts are made for the evangelization in France and we have great hopes for a rich harvest in the near future. God grant that it may be so.

I am always very much encouraged when I hear from you and I thank you very much for your loving prayers and sympathy and for your continual love. They are very precious and much appreciated and thank you also for the MISSION TIDINGS which bring great joy to my heart.

This day has been an American day to me, I could say. I woke up with the thoughts of the Mission's Anniversary and I deepened my remembrance by looking over some of the lovely songs of the dear place I love so well, and I sang them to myself as I dressed, and later played them. I would love to have a glimpse of you all and hear those cheery songs, and I have taken this special night to write you because I am just overflowing with gratefulness, with praise and very much in thought and prayer with you in these days.

May the Lord continue to bless you in His blessed work, prepare you for a blessed Christinastide and give you the privilege to minister to many poor and needy sufferers.

May he prosper you in physical health as well as in spiritual power, and give you many souls.

Dearest Miss Wray—kindly give my best love to all our dear friends and especially transfer my loving sympathy to dear Mrs. MacAllister, who is so sick, so I have heard, and kindly accept my deepest and very grateful love.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

E. CABURET.

MISSION TIDINGS

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By the year One Dollar in advance.

10 cents per copy.

Editors - - - - - SARA WRAY
- - - FRANK H. MANN

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VOL. IX MAY, 1917 No. 5

Thank You

WE wish to take this public way to thank our many friends for their generous response to our plea for a special Easter offering for the purpose of reducing the mortgage on our Mission building from $23,000 to $15,000. We have in the bank the Easter gifts of the past three years amounting to $3,000. Our special Easter offering this year is $1353.30, a splendidly generous one. A devoted friend of the work has added $1,500 to this, making a total of $5,853.30. There still remains a little more than $2,000 to complete the $8,000 needed when the mortgage must be renewed.

The spirit in which these Easter gifts have been made has filled our hearts with joy and gratitude to God for His goodness. Nearly every gift was accompanied by some word of loving appreciation for the work of the Mission and the pleasure it gave to have a part in the Easter offering. A telegram was received from a business man in Texas, who in his business trips to New York has come in touch with the Mission. The telegram read, "Have sent by mail my check for $100 toward your Easter offering. May your Easter season be one of joy, power and blessedness." God graciously bless each gift and its giver.

Inspiration

My neighbor met me on the street,
She dropped a word of greeting gay;
Her look so bright, her tone so sweet,
I stepped to music all that day.

The cares that tugged at heart and brain,
The work too heavy for my hand,
The ceaseless underbeat of pain,
The tasks I could not understand,

Grew lighter as I walked along,
With air and step of liberty,
Freed by the sudden lilt of song
That filled the world with cheer for me.

Yet that was all. A woman wise,
Her life enriched by many a year,
Had faced me with her brave, true eyes,
Passed on, and said, "Good morning, dear!" —*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Painless Generosity

My dear Miss Wray:—Your letter has just been received and I am answering it at once to tell you about the bank account started for the Lord and which I will turn over to the Eighth Avenue Mission the last of this year. Many years ago, when I was studying music in New York, and lived within twenty-three blocks of the studio, I conceived the idea of walking to and from my lessons, and thus saving the ten cent car fare, and I was amazed to

find how quickly I saved ten dollars, and so the first of this year when I was given four bright new ten cent pieces as change from a dollar, the impulse came to me to save all my dimes this year for the Lord, and you can't imagine how fascinating it is, or how much real good I get out of it. In the first place it keeps the need of the Mission constantly before me, I never see a ten cent piece that I don't think of it, and I am so disappointed if among my change there isn't at least one dime, and then the saving is so gradual that one doesn't notice it, unless it happens as it did when brother had occasion to pay me $1.50 or $1.70, I've forgotten which, but he paid it all in ten cent pieces, and into the bank they went.

Saving in this way is so easy and pleasant and my regret is that I didn't think of it before. The friends of the Mission that haven't tried it, would be surprised to know what a tidy little sum they can turn over to the Lord by the saving of just all their pennies. May the dear Lord touch our hearts with the desire to serve Him in every way possible to us. Both Mr. Cleveland and I miss the sweet influence of the Eighth Avenue Mission more and more as the days go by. The place is inexpressibly dear to us, and our constant prayers follow you always.

All doors and windows are wide open here and everyone going about without wraps.

With greetings to all the dear friends in the Mission and dear love to you,

Most sincerely,

LOUISE S. CLEVELAND.

The Gift

An angel stood by a cradle side
Where lay a child in the flush of sleeping,
And softly the watchful angel sighed
"What gift shall I give to this young life's keeping?

"The gift of gold? It will drag him down
Perchance to the world and its lower level.
The gift of pleasure? A soulless clown
Is he who knows but the feast and revel.

"The gift of fame? It is passing bright
And o'er the pathway of youth it flashes.
But the flame dies out ere the hush of night,
And leaves but a handful of whitening ashes.

"Ah, child," and the angel, smiling, spoke,
"That thou mayest taste of the joy of living,
One single blessing I dare invoke;
God grant thou shalt cherish the gift of giving." —*Jessie Brown Pounds.*

Thanksgiving

For the way that Thou hast led us,
For the bread with which Thou'st fed us,
We thank Thee, O God.

For the peace of sins forgiven,
For our earnest hope of heaven,
We thank Thee, O God.

For the lessons we are learning,
For the purging and the burning,
We thank Thee, O God.

For our faith in deep distresses,
For the wells in wildernesses,
We thank Thee, O God.

For the talents Thou hast lent us,
For the Saviour Thou hast sent us,
We thank Thee, O God.

For the vision that is nearing
For the hope of His appearing,
We thank Thee, O God.

—Lillian Hoverter Grimes

Mission Items

MR. RICHARD STARR of the African Inland Mission was one of the speakers at the Mission recently. Mr. Starr has been in Africa ten years and knows something of the problems of the natives as well as some of the victories of the Cross amongst this needy people. Our hearts were stirred as we heard of the degradation and darkness and the power of the Gospel to change these conditions, and we pray that God will thrust out laborers into this needy field for the harvest truly is great and the laborers few.

We are all intensely interested in the Men's Bible Class, which meets every Sunday morning at 9:30. On Easter Sunday there were sixty-one men present, and we are praying before very long to have a hundred. The Bible Class lasts an hour, giving everyone an opportunity to attend their own church service afterward. Many of the men work late and have rested Sunday morning until time for church, and it has meant a bit of self-denial to come to the Bible Class, but we have heard only expressions of gratitude that they were able to spend this hour in Bible study. Our brothers are very enthusiastic and are personally visiting any delinquents. On Easter Sunday they had the joy of seeing three of the men accept Christ as their Saviour. Let us all help the men by praying for this Bible Class.

The first open-air meeting of the season in Madison Square was held on Easter Sunday. It was a rather chilly afternoon, but there was a good crowd of workers eager to tell the old, old story. Very soon the crowd gathered around and for an hour listened attentively to the testimonies and the singing. At the close some raised their hands for prayer, and fifty copies of John's Gospel were given to men eager to read more of the old story. We are looking forward to a season of great opportunity in these Madison Square meetings. Men who will not go to church or even to the Mission have been won to Christ by these outdoor services and many of our excellent workers were brought to God in this way.

The Easter exercises of the Mission Sunday School were very beautiful. The hall was filled with children and their parents and those interested in the work. The music by the school was especially good. The songs and scripture and recitations from the children were surely all that could be desired. One could see behind it all the earnest, patient and conscientious work of the faithful men and women engaged in this splendid ministry. Miss Bater presided and Miss Mason spoke a few earnest words. Many of our Sunday School children are "children of disadvantage." They are being taught to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. We have not a Sunday School teacher who is unable to show her children the way of salvation. The Sunday School is a very hopeful and encouraging part of the work of the Mission.

We had a beautiful Easter service in the Mission hall in the evening of Easter Day. A loving and helpful friend had sent six pots of beautiful Easter lilies, which adorned the platform. The special Easter songs with their glorious Easter message were beautifully sung by the chorus. Mr. Winant brought the message from God's Word with his usual power and helpfulness. This was followed by personal testimonies. One after another praised God for their salvation, for Calvary and for the glorious resurrection morning. Two and three were on their feet at once eager to praise God for His unspeakable gift. At the close men and women were kneeling at the mercy seat giving themselves to Him "Who emptied Himself

for them." "What a beautiful day we have had," exclaimed one and another as they said good-night.

We were all glad to see our old friend Mr. James D. Husted, of Denver, Colorado, at one of the Mission services recently. We had hoped he could be with us to celebrate his anniversary March 31st. Mr. Husted found this impossible being in Boston on that date. We were delighted, however, to receive the following telegram from him: "Boston, Mass. Miss Sara Wray:— Am very sorry not to be with you to celebrate my birthday tomorrow but shall remember you and can readily recall the faces of the friends I have made at the Mission and pray for God's blessing upon you all and shall see you as early as possible." Mr. Husted has a warm place in our heart and we pray that as he enters into another year of the Christian life it may be filled with God's blessing and precious service for the Master.

Amongst the many and generous gifts of our own dear people to the Mission at Easter there was none that moved us more deeply than the loving gift of the school children of Commerce, Ga. The Principal of the school is our old friend Mr. Byrne, who while a soldier in the U. S. Army at Fort Slocum came into the Mission one Christmas night and was truly converted. For a number of years he and Mrs. Byrne, who is his valuable co-worker, have been ministering to the people in this Southern City. The children of the school having heard of the poor children in New York who could not get fresh eggs and good milk as they, decided to send an Easter gift to the poor children of the Mission. On the appointed day each child brought an egg. These were all well packed and reached us safely, 160 of them. It didn't take long for our missionaries to carry them to homes where there were little children and sick people, many of whom do not know the taste of a "strictly fresh egg." God bless these little ones and their devoted principal and his wife and may the joy their loving thought brought to these homes come back to them in blessing.

We are desperately in need of clothing of all kinds. Men and women and children's garments (especially children's shoes) sent to us will meet a pressing need and we shall be grateful to receive and acknowledge any packages sent to us. Address: The Eighth Avenue Mission, 290 8th Ave, New York.

One night a well-groomed man came forward to the altar, and afterwards stated that gripped by testimonies at the 24th Street open air service, he had been drawn into the hall, and now he was glad to put into the basket the money which otherwise would have gone for whiskey. There were glad hearts amongst those who had faithfully witnessed for Jesus out under the stars that night.

Prof. Henry Sherin was on the platform in April. He is not only a hymn writer, but a composer of music; and still the greatest thing we can say of him is that he is an earnest Christian. Not long ago he was out West and heard a young man enthusiastically preaching the gospel out in the open. In conversation with him after the service he learned that he was a convert of the Eighth Avenue Mission in New York City, which was another blessed bond of fellowship between them. Coming home on a train from Chicago, Prof. Sherin entered into conversation with a gentleman whom he found was an earnest and devoted Christian. Prof. Sherin asked the gentleman if he had ever heard of the Eighth Avenue Mission. "Heard of it," he joyfully exclaimed, "Why my boy was converted there. He was very wayward and a prodigal indeed, but God found him in The Eighth Avenue Mis-

sion." We were all encouraged by this gracious evidence of God's saving grace in our midst. Scores of men come in and confess Jesus as their Saviour and pass on their way. We often wonder what becomes of them, but now and again we hear from distant cities, sometimes countries, of one and another, telling us that the step taken in the Mission was just the beginning of the new and wonderful life they are now living through the power of God. Miss Hunt was present at this service, and sang one of Mr. Sherin's beautiful songs with marked expression and ability.

Mr. Burton of Jersey City, said a trite but true thing one night not long ago, and it was this: "God's salvation is only good for the one who is no good."

Two Christian policemen were welcome visitors a few weeks ago, and their testimonies encouraged our hearts. One was Detective Smith, and the other Mr. McGlaughlin. Both are members of the Fifth Avenue Bible class, and are also intensely interested in the work of the Mission.

We have been greatly blessed by having with us at recent services, not only Mr. Stephens of the China Inland Mission, who gave us a stirring message on the Power of the Spirit, but also Mr. Cunningham of South China, and Mr. Christie of the Thibetan border.

Mr. Cunningham took the gospel to those who had never heard it before. Out of superstition and opposition, God has brought 1,000 converts, and the end is not yet.

God has equally blessed Mr. Christie in his work, for where sin abounded, grace does much more abound. By the power of the Gospel murderers have been changed to Christian gentlemen; and where God was not known are now thirteen preaching stations and eight organized churches.

The Mission is taking its part in the great Sunday Campaign, some of its workers singing in the great choir, others serving as ushers, and yet others as personal workers. The Mission was one of the first eighty-five churches to be called upon to do personal work in the Tabernacle, being given a section for which it is responsible. The regular work of the Mission must not be neglected because we are praying and believing for a harvest time on Eighth Avenue, as well as in the upper part of the City.

What God Did for Mike

"My husband prays for Miss Wray and the Eighth Avenue Mission every day," said a sweet-faced woman on Fifteenth street.

Although God does wonderful things right along for those who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, anew our hearts bounded with joy over the conversion of this man, once far away from the Saviour.

At the age of seventeen years "Mike" became affiliated with bad companions, and paid dear for his choice, being sent to prison for ten years.

Incarceration only meant a finished education in evil, for men old in crime taught him how to make a living by stealing.

When he was liberated, however, he had an intense desire to be a man, and earn an honest living; but because of his prison record, no one would give him an opportunity to make good, so that he naturally became a professional pick-pocket, continuing in the service of the adversary for twenty-five years. Altogether the devil's reward was nineteen and one-half years behind the bars. Under the influence of drink "Mike's" work was bungled and trouble with the authorities ensued.

When he came from prison to New York City the last time he began to drink more than usual; but one day he let God have a chance, and there was rejoicing in heaven and on earth.

For twenty years he had not been inside a church; but he went into a mission to see an old pal; incidentally listened to the testimonies of redeemed men, and then, wondering if God could also take sin out of his life, he went down on his knees and asked HIM to be merciful to another sinner. Immediately his prayer was answered; by faith he was born again, and for more than four years has worked as enthusiastically in the Master's vineyard as he used to work for self and Satan.

God has rewarded him already with peace, joy, a Christian wife, and a precious little son.

Ask and Ye Shall Receive

Prayer can obtain everything; it can open the windows of heaven and shut the gates of hell; it can put a holy restraint upon God and detain an angel till he leave a blessing; it can open the treasures of rain and soften the iron ribs of rocks till they melt into tears and a flowing river; prayer can unclasp the girdles of the North, saying to a mountain of ice, "Be thou removed thence and cast into the bottom of the sea." It can arrest the sun in the midst of its course and send the swift-winged winds upon our errand; and all those strange things, and secret decrees and unrevealed transactions which are above the clouds and far beyond the regions of the stars, shall combine in ministry and advantages for the praying man. —*Jeremy Taylor.*

Rules for Daily Life

Begin the day with God,
Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode
And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God
And read a portion there
That it may hallow all thy thought
And sweeten all thy care.

Go thro' the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God,
Thy spirit heavenward raise,
Acknowledge every good bestowed
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God,
Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives His servants sleep,
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

—*Selected*

The Larger Prayer

At first I prayed for Light:
Could I but see the way,
How grandly, swiftly, would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength,
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heavens' serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live unfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love,
Deep love to God and man:
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere;
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

—*Edna Dean Cheney*

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

OUR dear friend and worker Mrs. Thompson has broken up her home in the city and is arranging to go early in May to her country place in Old Chatham, N. Y. Ever since the accident that befell Mr. Thompson last summer he has failed in health, and the noise and confusion of the city has been too much for him. Mrs. Thompson herself has not been strong and they both felt that God had definitely called them away to rest and recuperate. Mrs. Thompson gave a loving, tender, closing message that touched us all and eyes were filled with tears as workers and mothers gathered around her for a word of farewell and good wishes. We shall miss our friend.

* * *

During the absence of Mrs. Thompson, the sewing will be under the supervision of Mrs. Ross who has been such a faithful attendant at the services for many years. Mrs. Ross is experienced in this kind of work and is well fitted to hold this position. As the spiritual responsibility will be under personal supervision of Miss Wray who appoints the leaders, Mrs. Ross can give a very personal attention to the sewing and for this reason the mothers can have more selection in their choice of garments. Mrs. Ross is a most earnest Christian and has a splendid influence throughout this neighborhood as well as in the Mission where she is an example to all.

* * *

Mrs. Wm. Borden came to us Easter week after a short absence with a glorious message of love, hope and resurrection. Our hearts were thrilled as we listened to her and all felt a great desire to have a closer walk with God even in the humblest work of our daily life. The message Mrs. Borden brings to our dear mothers is always one of great restfulness, a reaching out to these mothers to lead them to bring all their perplexities and problems to the feet of the Saviour who is their burden bearer and friend. The following incident is interesting. One of the workers was visiting in a home where a mother was lying ill alone with two very young children who were making the house lively with almost unbearable noise to the suffering mother. In a moment of inspiration the mother called the little ones to her, then with great effort and very sweetly and softly she sang them the lullaby that Mrs. Borden had taught them. The children listened entranced and in a short time were sound asleep in their mother's arms and peace reigned.

* * *

So many mothers have asked us for the words of this lullaby we print it for their benefit.

Sleep baby sleep, sleep baby sleep,
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother rocks the dream-land tree.
And down fall a little dream upon thee,
Sleep baby sleep.

Sleep baby sleep, sleep baby sleep,
The Saviour loves His sheep.
He is the lamb of God on high
Who for His sheep came down to die.
Sleep baby sleep.

* * *

At the Easter week services of the Mothers' Meeting there were an unusual number of children as it was vacation week and this is one time we welcome the school children of our mothers' meetings. A good friend had sent instructions to see that the children were all to be provided with a chicken and an Easter egg. You should have seen the delight of the little ones when a big yellow basket all tied up

with ribbons and filled with the biggest Easter egg you could imagine made out of chocolate and filled with cocoanut cream, the best and freshest that could be bought. With every egg went a chicken and as our little friend Sadie stood at the door with a worker distributing them you never saw a happier brood of tiny tots in your life. As they trotted homeward down the avenue every blessed one of these babies was munching an Easter egg although we had instructed them to wait until they reached home.

* * *

We were all rejoiced to see our dear friend Mrs. McLaughlin of Elmhurst, back at her post in the playroom with the babies. Mrs. McLaughlin had been visiting her parents in Pennsylvania for a while but when she is not with us we miss her. The mothers miss her, the workers miss her, but what is most important is that the babies miss her because this dear friend has a way with babies all her own. Relieving a mother's arms for nearly two hours of a heavy baby so that she may rest a bit and sew is a service surely as pleasing to God as any sacrifice or service a heart of love could offer. Therefore come if you have pledged yourself to come and don't imagine you are not needed.

* * *

At the last meeting so many mothers asked what the sign meant that read "one hundred men wanted." Most of them thought there was some kind of work to be given out. The sign meant just what it said. The Mission wants a hundred men and over for that matter to join the Sunday morning Bible class that is held in the Mission every Sunday at 9:30 under a very efficient leader. This is just the very time dear mothers to influence the men of your families to join this class and become acquainted with the most wonderful book ever written the Bible. It is the duty of each and every one to use their influence to draw men to the Mission and to the Lord through this gathering that has already proved it is blessed by God. These are troublous times and every advantage should be taken of the privileges being offered by the Mission standing as a lighthouse in our midst.

* * *

There are those who are working very industriously to develop plans to make this summer a pleasant one for the mothers and children. The picture of last summer when the little ones simply panted for breath all summer in the congested homes and streets rises before us and spurs us on to give all a chance to get at least one or two whole days out of town. It does mean everything to a tired mother and fretful baby to sit an entire day in the open with folded hands and relaxed minds and it is just this kind of an outing we hope to give our mothers and babies if our plans carry successfully.

* * *

A baby carriage is needed and very badly needed by one of our very faithful mothers. This dear mother has three babies, you might say, anyway two not able to walk, one two months old only, and for this reason she is not able to attend the mothers' meetings or really to take her children outdoors. If you have a carriage or if you know someone who has one not in use please send it along for the comfort of this dear mother whose husband has been out of work and with every worthy effort is just able to keep hunger out of the home. Let us hear from you please.

* * *

There was a pleasant gathering in the home of Miss Mason, Easter week in honor of the birthday of her mother, Mrs. Julia Mason. Miss Wray and all her workers were present to greet dear Mrs. Mason who as hostess received the gifts and flowers offered her with a real old-fashioned grace. Ice cream and cake were served and Miss Wray offered a beautiful prayer to close this very precious hour of fellowship. Mrs. Mason has been a bit homesick and intends visiting her old home in New Hampshire but we know she is coming back to us because as she says, she can't live without the meetings.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 9. Number 6

Mission Tidings

June, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Billy Sunday—

What a college commencement is to education, a revival is to religion.

❖

I believe the Bible is the Word of God from cover to cover.

❖

Let the preachers stop fighting theological sham battles and go after the devil.

❖

God almighty may use any means, methods or individuals that he pleases.

❖

If you itch for fame, you'll have to keep scratching.

❖

Education is knowing what you want, knowing where to get it, and knowing what to do with it after you get it.

❖

Aim high. It's no harder on your gun to aim at an eagle than to shoot a skunk.

❖

Don't think you're the whistle when you're only a cog in the machinery.

❖

We get what we look for in this orld. That is why the bee gets honey and the spider only poison.

❖

I'd rather be a guide post than a tombstone.

❖

Get acquainted with your neighbor. You might like him.

❖

If you live an uncompromising life for Christ you will have enemies.

❖

The higher you climb the plainer you are seen.

❖

The nearer you get to Jesus, the more elbow room you will have and the less the crowd.

❖

When I'm preaching to get the American people to accept Jesus Christ, I'm preaching to make a better nation.

❖

It is good to dress well, but it is better to wear patches than togs that are not paid for.

❖

A man who is not living for God is as dead as an Egyptian mummy is to the first call for dinner in the dining car.

❖

I would rather have standing room in heaven than a seat in hell.

❖

You are big or little, not according to avoirdupois, but according to where you are.

❖

Not to grow up, not to get bigger is to bring on yourself the contempt of those who do grow.

❖

There are not enough men in the world willing to take off their coats and fight for Christ.

❖

Study your capabilities; find out what you are going to do.

❖

Success depends upon the mind, not the muscle.

❖

The engineer is bigger than the engine he runs; the captain is bigger than the ship.

❖

You can measure a rose in size, that's easy, but fragrance, that's an impossibility.

❖

Apparent size is one thing; real size is another.

❖

Do your best, and you will never wear out shoe leather looking for a job.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, JUNE, 1917 No. 6

A Personal Testimony

ONLY a sinner saved by Grace." I am thanking God that His only begotten Son Jesus Christ came into the world to seek and save that which was lost, and I want to tell you, dear friends, that I was surely lost!

I was raised in a Christian home. I lost my beloved mother when about eight years old, but a Christian stepmother always tried to teach me what was right. I was sent to Sunday School and church, but after a time I drifted away from home. Out in the world, shifting for myself, I found evil companions. I learned to dance and smoke cigarettes, and these led eventually to drinking and gambling.

Still I continued to go to Church and Sunday school when the chance presented itself, but as I grew older the opportunities for this became fewer, for I worked a great deal on Sundays. Finally, while in Liverpool, England, I strayed into a mission there and heard the old Gospel preached in the old-fashioned way, and it set me thinking. But after I landed back in New York the bright lights of Broadway shone into my eyes and blinded my spiritual mind, as it were.

One evening in November, I came along Eighth Avenue, and here is where my spiritual regeneration began. I heard someone playing a hymn on a cornet, and being a lover of music, I followed the sound. It led me to the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth street, where God's people were testifying to the saving and helping power of the same Jesus of whom I had first learned many years past at my mother's knee. They were preaching the Old Time Religion, and they invited everyone to come on up to the mission hall and listen to more of it.

I went. I listened to more of the testimonies of people whom the Christ had found and saved, and I wondered if He could do anything for me. But I could not seem to grasp the fact that this everlasting life was free, and that salvation was mine for the simple taking. But I thank and praise God that when Miss Wray asked if anyone wanted to be remembered in prayer, my hand went up. I don't know how it got there, for my mind rebelled at "making a show of myself," as I was thinking of it. But thank God it went up, and when the invitation came to accept Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, I simply could not sit still. I kept telling myself I was alright as I was, but nevertheless I went to the Mercy Seat.

Friends, I had gone all over this world seeking pleasure and contentment, but never found them until then. Now I have the peace and joy in my heart that passeth all understanding, and am happy in living. The old things have passed away, and a new growth is upspringing in my heart. My craving for the worldly things went with the old life, and now I am trying to be about my Master's business.

With the help of God, I am going to Africa to preach in my humble way the same old Gospel which answered my mother's prayers that had followed me from the grave. The Lord has graciously opened the way for me to enter Y. M. C. A. work among our own soldiers where the opportunities

J. C. Maurer

for Christian work are unlimited. I feel this will be most excellent preparation for my lifework to come. I am standing on God's promise in Philipians 4:19; "My God shall supply all my needs according to His riches in Glory." Praise His Holy Name, He is supplying them many times over.

After having lived out in the world and then getting into the family of Christ, I feel the great glory of the change. It is wonderfully worth while. The old life was empty, the new one is full. Hope, joy, and contentment are mine. "I know in Whom I believe, and am persuaded He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

I had nothing to bring Him but a young body grown old through sin, but with His help and guidance I am going to live the rest of my stay on earth for Him, and in doing His bidding, Glory to His Name. I thank God I can say I have surrendered my all and am ready to follow Him anywhere He leads, for anywhere with Him is Heaven itself. Praise His Name.

J. C. Maurer.

Dear Companie

"Is the way long? Methinks not so,
No way is long where friends do go,
In converse low and sweet and deep,
And all the way I have with me
My Lord's dear companie.

Is the way hard? But surely nay!
For 'Lean on Me,' His voice doth say;
And scarce I know the path grows steep,
So wondrously it heartens me,
The Lord's dear companie."

—*Selected.*

Taking the Gospel to the Homes

"PRAY for us little Mother" was a missionary's plea, and suiting the action to the request a grey-haired lady knelt and reverently asked God to bless the two missionaries, and make them a blessing, as they called upon the poor and needy that afternoon.

"First of all I must order a bag of coal to be sent to a destitute mother," said Miss D., and when that commission was despatched, and a word of encouragement spoken to the aged man in charge, they went to call upon another family only to learn they had "moved way up town."

Nothing daunted, they entered another desolate tenement house, where the halls were dark, and the stairs narrow and steep. On the top landing

they found a young woman with her hair falling loosely about her face. "Excuse my appearance," she said naively, "I have been washing my hair." Invited to enter, it was refreshing to sit down in a clean room, with fresh air stealing in at the top of the window.

One could hardly believe this young woman was a wife, much less a mother, but this was the case, for a pretty little girl soon entered, greeted her mother, and although a bit shy before the big stranger lady, ran quickly to Miss D., and caressed her, proving she had been there before and they were right good friends.

Another young woman, living on the same floor, was in the room with her infant, and it was good to see not only these two mothers, but still another, with several children, present at the next Mother's Meeting as a result of this call.

Down stairs to a basement in another house they went next, receiving at first no response to their gentle knock; but Miss D. had been there before and knew a sick woman could not respond, and if the husband was intoxicated, as was his habit, it would take time for him to get to the door, if at all; so she waited discreetly, and lo, a noise was heard from the interior, and presently a man appeared, and gave them a cordial welcome. It certainly was a relief to find him sober; but indescribable was the appearance of the double basement rooms this man and his wife, with several children, occupied. It would seem that only a drunkard's home could look like that! There was a bed, devoid of clean linen or warm coverings; dust; dirt; broken chairs; soiled floor; broken dishes, and a smoking lamp, all in hopeless confusion.

The wife, sick, and unable to work, sat on something that was once an upholstered chair. Seats in different stages of dilapidation were tendered the guests, while the man rescued another from the debris, and sitting himself thereon entered into conversation. The trend of his remarks revealed that he was of another faith than that of his visitors; but he knelt with them as prayer was offered. His wife was comforted by the ministry received, and the missionaries went away feeling they had sown the seed in Word and Tract, and must trust God for the increase.

The afternoon was filled with varied experiences: here a sick mother in tears, there a patient woman nobly trying to make both ends meet out of a meagre salary, and against great odds; here a home with the presence of Jesus, with cozy, though unpretentious furnishings; there one which sin had wrecked, with fireless grate and foodless closet.

The twilight deepened and weary feet lagged. "I am almost in, but I am going to make one more call," said Miss D. bravely. Out on Tenth Avenue they went, and up more stairs to the home of a little mother—who would remind one of the old woman in the shoe, for she, too, had so many children she did not know what to do—until she heard of Jesus in our Mother's Meeting, and O how it had changed her heart and home. It was a delightful surprise to one who had not seen her for almost two years, for instead of looking tired and discouraged her face shone with the light of heaven, and her conversation was in the heavenlies also, for, would you believe it? —she was asking a doctrinal question. —Her circumstances were also changed, for instead of living in the rear of the house, where the darkness could almost be felt, she had front rooms where the sunlight brightened the carpet, couch and other simple, but harmonious decorations, which gave the place such a home-like appearance.

But, best of all was the happy experience of leading a precious soul to Christ before the day's work was ended. A child was sent to the top floor to invite another mother to meet the missionaries, and leaving her washing, she wiped her hands and came down. She entered with wonder and

interrogation in her face, and as Miss D. graciously engaged her in conversation, adroitly, yet naturally speaking of the Lord Jesus Christ, the wonder increased, but as the way of life was made plain, her features relaxed, and finally she knelt and definitely asked Jesus to be her Friend and Saviour.

Mission Items

THE open-air meetings in Madison Square each Sunday afternoon at four o'clock are being abundantly blessed. The eagerness of the people to receive a copy of John's Gospel is unusually manifest and very encouraging.

One of the many incidents showing the power of the Gospel is that of a prosperous looking man attracted by the singing, drawing near and being convicted by the Holy Spirit of his sin and need and with quivering lips asking for prayer. In a distant city he had betrayed the trust committed to him and was a fugitive from justice. That same night found him on his way back to acknowledge his wrong doing, suffer the penalty, and by the grace and power of God begin life all over again.

Pray for these meetings.

* * *

Our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Becker, Superintendents of a Rescue Mission in Allentown, Pa., are in the midst of a campaign to raise thirty thousand dollars for an up-to-date Mission building, which is greatly needed. It was our privilege to spend a Sunday with them speaking in two of the churches in the interest of Mission work. We feel sure the campaign will be a success and that our friends will have the desire of their heart. Mr. Becker many years ago was a drunkard on the streets of that same city, but the Lord Jesus found him and now he is not only a highly esteemed citizen but an ordained minister of the Gospel and loved by all who know him.

* * *

Mr. Al. Saunders, known as Billy Sunday's most famous convert, was with us again recently. This is the third time our friend has come to us and always with a message that thrilled even those who are accustomed to hearing the Gospel.

* * *

Mr. Benjamin, who also "Hit the trail" in Scranton when Mr. Sunday was there, gave his testimony. He, like so many in the Mission, had wandered very far away. Drink had enslaved him, but hope and salvation came as he listened to Mr. Sunday and believed on the Son of God.

* * *

The Men's Bible Class had a special reservation at the Sunday Tabernacle twice during the month and are most enthusiastic about the work of the Bible Class.

Mr. Alwyn Ball, Jr., is teacher of the Men's Bible Class and the men declare that they could not have a better.

All men are invited to this Bible Class held every Sunday morning from half past nine to half past ten.

* * *

On the Mothers' page of the May number of "Mission Tidings" there was an appeal for a baby carriage for one of our "mothers" who needed one greatly. A dear friend after reading the appeal immediately wrote the Superintendent saying "I do so much enjoy the 'Mission Tidings,' and, as a rule, read it from cover to cover at one sitting. In this month's Tidings I saw an appeal for a baby carriage and as I read it God showed me one way in which I could help a little. I have no carriage to send, but am enclosing a check for a new carriage in case you do not receive one which has been used. If you should receive a carriage use the enclosed to buy a few pairs of shoes for some of the 'tiny tots' whose shoes wear out so quickly."

We thank our friend most sincerely and the tired mother will be rejoicing in a brand new baby carriage e'er this goes to press.

* * *

Expressions of appreciation of our monthly publication, "Mission Tidings," are most encouraging. From Philadelphia comes this kind word. "I am in receipt of 'Mission Tidings' this morning and as always I am amazed at the wealth of good matter you can crowd within the covers. There is always something that I can find that is adaptable for use in our little periodical 'The Purity Advocate'."

* * *

Our dear brother Mr. John C. Maurer has accepted the position of Assistant to the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Fort Slocum. He writes us that he is very happy in the work and the wonderful opportunity given him to talk with the boys about the things of God.

* * *

The Fourth Convention of the International Union of Gospel Missions was held at Syracuse from May 19th to the 24th. Mr. E. I. Goodwin and his committee have been working hard and long to make the Convention a success. We hope to have more to say about it in our next issue.

* * *

We are grateful to the friends who have so kindly sent us clothing during the past month. The need is still very great and we trust that any of our readers having clothing of any kind they cannot use will pack it up and send it directly to us that we may distribute it to those needing it sorely. Parcels may be addressed, S. Wray, Superintendent, who will gratefully acknowledge them.

* * *

The Thankful Person

THANKFULNESS is an unfailing spring of happiness. A thankful person is never habitually grumpy. Only ungrateful people are incorrigibly sullen. Even in a somber mood one can dissipate the gloom by thinking of his mercies. If you think you can say "I thank you," with a wry face, try it. The act of pronouncing those words pulls the face into a smile. Many of us could increase the measure of our happiness by deepening our capacity for gratitude. If we said, "Thank you," oftener, both to God and man, the road would grow smoother and the burdens would seem lighter.—*Charles E. Jefferson.*

Lend to the Lord

Lend me thy boat, the Master kindly said
To Simon, wearied with unfruitful toil;
He lent it gladly, asking but the smile
Of Him Who had not where to lay His head.

But Jesus knows our need of daily bread,
And will be no man's debtor. If awhile
He uses Simon's boat, in kindly style
He will repay—a hundred-fold instead.

And Peter's Lord, as yesterday the same,
Walking, though now unseen, among His own,
Still condescends to ask from each a loan.
O humble toiler, when He calls thy name,
Lend Him thy all, the Master ne'er forgets
Discouraged fisherman or empty nets.

—*Selected.*

Ambition

"I'd rather be a Could-be
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could-be is a May-be,
With a chance of being Par.

"I'd rather be a Has-been
Than a Might-have-been, by far,
For a Might-have-been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are."

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Fear Not

Don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.
Don't you look for trouble;
Let trouble look for you.

Don't you borrow sorrow
You'll surely have your share;
He who dreams of sorrow
Will find that sorrow's there.

Don't you hurry worry
By worrying lest it come.
To flurry is to worry,
'Twill miss you if you're mum.

Who feareth hath forsaken
The Heavenly Father's side;
What He hath undertaken
He surely will provide.

The very birds reprove thee
With all their happy song;
The very flowers teach thee
That fretting is a wrong.

"Cheer up" the sparrow chirpeth,
"Thy Father feedeth me;
Think how much more He careth
O lonely child, for thee!"

"Fear not," the flowers whisper
Since thus He hath arrayed
The buttercup and daisy,
How canst thou be afraid?"

Then don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you;
You'll only double trouble,
And trouble others too.

—*Selected.*

Heroic Life

I AM profoundly convinced that we have lost enormously by diluting our Christian appeals, by relaxing their rigor, by moderating their terms, and by softening the imperial call until the martial bugle has become the shepherd's lute, and until the blood-red flag of the Lord has become a washed-out symbol for a weak and nerveless host! What I mean is this: we shall gain more recruits by a stern and rugged challenge than by sweet and weak constraints. There is something awakening and bracing in stiff and masculine demands. There is an element imbedded in the very nature of man that thrills to the trumpet-call of a valorous task, something that rises refreshed at a menace, and when hostilities abound "puts on strength and victory like a robe!" The great and conquering fellowships in history have been born of the kindling touch of chivalrous and exacting demands. When Garibaldi started on the wildest and most romantic of all his marches he issued this proclamation:—"I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions. I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, and death. Let him who loves his coun-

try in his heart, and not with his lips only, follow me!" Is there any man in this congregation whose blood is not stirred by the challenge, and who does not feel the splendid allurement of that bare and ragged crusade? It is the tremendous demand which creates enthusiasm, it is the impossible task which makes men. Belittle your appeals and you will breed dwarfs; stiffen your challenge and you will rear a race of giants! "The Son of God goes forth to war," war against all that is fleshly, and crooked and oppressive, and unfair, and mean. He does not promise His soldiers ease; He does not promise them exalted station; He does not promise them wealth. What then? He promises them mighty adversaries, hand-to-hand fighting; death's grip again and again; but He also promises them the health that springs from chivalrous warfare; He promises them the spiritual satisfaction which is the very marrow of life's choicest feasts. He promises them the benedictions of those whom they help to emancipate; He promises them the glory of the final triumph, and above all, and everything, He promises them Himself!—*J. H. Jowett.*

"A Congo Chattel"

LELO, a poor black girl, is torn from her mother's loving care when a little child to be bound by the degradation and misery of barbaric slavery.

The story of this winning, plucky sister of ours in the far-away jungle is so vividly told that all its strange, unfamiliar pictures live before the reader's eyes. We see life amidst the wonder of the gorgeous, tropical surroundings, not from the explorers or even the missionaries outlook, but from Lelo's own viewpoint; and herein lies the book's unique fascination. Incidentally, we learn that a ready sense of humor plays a conspicuous part in the Congo native's make up.

Thrilling adventures succeed one another in rapid succession. There is much of the deplorable tragedies of heathenism, but Lelo is finally rescued through the labors of two faithful missionaries.

One closes the book with a surprising sense of having really made Congo jungle friends and of having really been in the little village of straw huts in a tiny clearing of the vast forest. And if you are a Christian you simply cannot help adding a fervent—"Thank God for the missionaries."

—*Florence Rogers.*

A CONGO CHATTEL *by Rev. Henry D. Campbell. Published by the Christian Alliance Publishing Company, 692 Eighth Avenue, New York City.*

Who Wrote the Bible?

THE REV. CHARLES A. BLANCHARD, President of Wheaton College, has recently published through the Christian Alliance Press a refreshing little book entitled "Visions and Voices" or "Who Wrote the Bible?"

Dr. Blanchard has set forth in a simple and very attractive way the things "which are most surely believed among us" and we can heartily recommend this little book, as containing helpful teaching and testimony.

Dark Threads

Not till the loom is silent,
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why
The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.

—*Selected.*

Wonderful Salvation

OUR dear Brother, Mr. Sleeth, has been much missed during his enforced absence on account of illness; but Dr. Allen of Newark graciously came to adress us one Thursday evening, and the lesson he brought about Philip and the Ethiopian will not soon be forgotten. He began in such childlike simplicity, saying "I asked God to tell me what to speak about" and ended with such power and effectiveness that it thrilled one with the consciousness of God's presence. It was a message rich with prophecy fulfilled; replete with tender admonitions to preach Jesus as the Saviour of those who would believe, and the finale was such an earnest appeal for individuals to be prepared by God for service that when Dr. Allen's voice ceased, Superintendent and people reverently repeated the first six verses of the 53rd Chapter of Isaiah, to which Dr. Allen had referred in his discourse, saying "the greatest scholars in the world teach us in the Hebrew that this chapter is a great sob: God sobbing over the sins of the world."

* * *

Rev. E. Sterling Boyer, the assistant pastor of Calvary M. E. Church, delivered a special address one Wednesday evening from the text "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Miss Hunt was the soloist.

* * *

A trio of young men: E. L. Hill, W. E. Tebbetts and J. A. Connelly took charge of the meeting another memorable Thursday evening. Mr. Hill was honored by God in bringing Mr. Connelly to the Lord Jesus Christ some months ago. He also had the honor of reading the Scripture lesson for the evening.

Mr. Tebbetts surely had had his ups and downs for he had stepped from the gutter-most to be saved to the uttermost; from a human derelict (pan handler) he had come to be a preacher of the Gospel. When he was sixteen it was planned that he should study to be a lawyer; but at seventeen years of age he commenced to drink, and when twenty-two he found himself disinherited and friendless. For years he dwelt in the underworld of Philadelphia, and when he came to himself satan had robbed him of everything but a russet shoe on one foot, a black one on the other and a pair of trousers pinned together with a safety pin. Hungry, cold and in this sorry plight he staggered into a Mission, and no wonder he said "Thank God for the Missions!" for God put it into the heart of a grey-haired lady to go to that Mission that Sunday morning, and tell those boys the story of Jesus and His love. In spite of the thraldom of satan, Mr. Tebbetts lifted his hand for prayer in that meeting. God saw the hand and He grasped it firmly, and has been tenderly leading him ever since. His sins were forgiven by believing the Word of God; he was delivered from all his evil habits in answer to prayer, and today is studying for the ministry in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Ill.

Intensely thrilling was the testimony of Mr. Connelly, who was a professional pick-pocket, but is now a man of prominence in the Newark Y. M. C. A. When only fifteen years of age he commenced his education in a saloon, and received instruction, and pay for picking pockets, from the man in charge. When he was graduated he was able to go into the business for himself, and keep himself drunk on his gains. But the profits (one time amounting to one thousand dollars) always ended in loss, and he was soon penniless as he was relieved of his money in his favorite haunts. Once in Boston he "pulled off a second story job" as he expressed it, robbing the house, unmoved by two dear children asleep in a bed, upon who for a moment gleamed his flash-light. But the devil over-worked him that night, for going into the chamber of the man of

the house, his foot hit the bed just as he was going out of the window he had entered, when, quicker than thought he was stunned by a terrific blow that landed him helpless in the yard below, and kept him seven weeks in a hospital. It was the home of a Methodist minister he had attempted to rob, and it was the hand of love that had given him the knock-out blow, for the minister visited him and prayed with him every day; and when he professed conversion, he did all he could to have him delivered from the penalty of his crime. Feigning a desire to do right, he accepted the new suit and twenty dollars the minister gave him, but was no sooner released and on board the Fall River line for New York with this godly man's benediction in his ears than he entered people's state-rooms and relieved them of two watches and $33.00. These he took straight to a gin-mill when he reached New York, and again he was soon relieved of all his possessions, while, as he said "he was drunk to the ears." Jan. 2, 1916, found him drunk and broke in Newark. Desiring to quench his insatiable thirst he went to the saloon keeper and asked him for a drink; and O, how his blood boiled when this man, who had taught him his nefarious business, and had made him what he was, refused him the drink, saying coldly, "if you want a drink go out and pan-handle the price." He went out and saw a ticket on the sidewalk which he picked up. It was an invitation to a men's meeting. He wished he could go and slink out of sight somewhere for he was barefooted, and a pair of overalls was his one possession. Suiting the action to the word, he went, and the result was that God spoke to his heart, and he cried out in his distress "Take me, O God, and make a man of me," and the Heavenly Father with infinite love took him just as he was "lousy and dirty" and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus. Now the Mother (whom he had formerly cursed and hunted, threatening to burn down the house if she did not obey his voice), has heart's ease growing around her door, for her boy is saved; he has also had the privilege of training at the M. B. I. of Chicago, and is holding a trustworthy position in the Y. M. C. A. at Newark. Besides, he tenderly calls her "sweetheart" and has none other. One could almost hear the angels sing

"O where is her boy tonight?
Her heart oer-flows;
God loves him she knows:
He's in His service tonight."

* * *

"The death sentence is upon every soul who has not accepted Jesus Christ said Billy Eastman (No. 1789) a convict who has been out of prison 6½ years. Dressed in the uniform of a felon (grey with black stripes) with the weapons of a professional thief (hammer, saw and gimlet) he vividly portrayed the miseries of the convicted thief who feels that every man's hand is against him; and who also suffers physical torture as a punishment for his disobedience. He had served under eight different wardens and knew whereof he spoke; but, thank God, he had found peace by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and joy in service. The straight-jacket was demonstrated so that one could readily see how very uncomfortable it could make its victim. Mr. Eastman also produced a heavy strap, used in the South as a punishment. He saw one man whipped twice in one day and he died that night as a result. As we listened did not our hearts cry out "Help the tempted and tried to see that 'the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

* * *

The Course of Habit

A CERTAIN tyrant sent for one of his subjects and said to him, "What is your employment?" He said, "I am a blacksmith." "Go home and make

me a chain of such length." He went home; it occupied him several months and he had no wages all the time he was making the chain. Then he brought it to the monarch who said, "Go and make it twice as long." He brought it up again and the monarch said: "Go and make it still longer." Each time he brought it there was nothing but the command to make it longer still; when he brought it up at last the monarch said: "Take it and bind him hand and foot with it and cast him into a furnace of fire." These were the wages of making the chain. Here is a meditation for those who serve the devil. The devil, their master, is saying "Go and make a chain." Some have been fifty years welding the links of the chain and he says, "Make it still longer." A dishonest act will add another link and then a fit of drunkenness and so they keep on making fresh links, and after years have passed the devil will say "More links on still!" Then, at last, it will be: "Take him and bind him hand and foot and cast him in a furnace of fire." "For the wages of sin is death."

—*Spurgeon.*

Thirty Thousand

Thirty thousand promises—
Made to sinful men,
Each one "Yea" in Jesus Christ,
And in Him "Amen."

Thirty thousand promises—
Every human need,
God has made provision for,
By His act and deed.

Thirty thousand promises—
Love has underlined
What exactly meets your case—
Seek and you shall find.

Thirty thousand promises—
Only unbelief
Entertains a doubt that God
Will withhold relief.

Thirty thousand promises—
Like a bank wherein
Faith can draw upon the funds
God Himself pays in.

Thirty thousand promises—
Pillows in your pain,
Comfort in your weariness,
Hope when hope seems vain.

Thirty thousand promises—
Claim them as you should;
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
But God's Word holds good.

—*F. W. Pitt.*

Testimonies With "Pep"

The testimonies of the men have been so tinged with originality the past month that they seemed of unusual interest.

* * *

Two young men may be summoned soon to fight in the trenches; but with indomitable courage one of them said, "We can serve God just as well in the trenches as here in the Mission."

* * *

Twelve men and one woman came forward one Sunday evening and yielded their hearts to the Master. One said, "I have volunteered for the navy, and tonight I have volunteered for the service of Jesus Christ."

* * *

"What could be tougher than a drunken Roman Catholic?" said another; "but God saved me, and if he could save me he could save anybody."

* * *

"I have taken Jesus into my heart," said a sweet-faced girl of refinement; and with such a Companion we know her life will be exceptionally fruitful."

* * *

"The greatest thing anyone can do is to bring a soul to Jesus Christ," said Mrs. McCloud.

"It's a long time between drinks!" exclaimed a dear Brother whom Jesus has wonderfully saved, "for I have been nine years and seven months without a drink." This proves God's power to keep as well as to save one addicted to the drink habit.

* * *

One man came forward, and with trembling lip, said, "I am glad I came in here for I heard that man's testimony and I thought perhaps there was a chance for me". He cried, "God help me" and found Him able and willing to save.

* * *

A Brother was seeking employment during the month, and interviewed a gentleman who had a position to offer. After conversation regarding the necessary qualifications, the gentleman remarked, "Everybody is entitled to a bottle of booze who takes this position." "Nothing doing," replied our Brother, "I used to sleep in a hole in the wall for that very reason." "The job is yours," exclaimed the gentleman, congratulating himself on securing a sober man. Then he offered our Brother a cigar; but he said, "No, thank you, I do not smoke," whereupon the gentleman cried out, "The job is yours forever!" God wonderfully helps those who make no compromise.

The Wind That Blows, That Wind Is Best

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleet from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way;
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That ill is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark, will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail
Whatever breeze may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering Heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And, blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—*Caroline Atherton Mason*

What's That Crowd?

A passing stranger stood opposite the Mission recently as the mothers and children poured out when he found his way over to where we were closing the playroom. "Will you please tell me what this crowd means. It is the most wonderful sight I have seen for a long time." It is the Wednesday mothers' meeting of the Mission and these dear mothers come to sew and hear the Gospel because they cannot find time to go to church Sunday morning and this is the way the Mission meets the need. Then the stranger said, "I counted eight baby carriages at the door and I was interested." Many who pass the door, stop and are so interested in this meeting, knowing what it must mean to the mothers and children of this neighborhood. God has blessed it.

* * *

Happiness is not given exclusively to any one period of life; it may be enjoyed by all. It is to be seen in the repose of the old cat as well as in the gambols of the young kitten; in the arm chair of old age as well as in the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase.—*Paley.*

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

"These were the potters, and those that dwelt among plants and hedges: there they dwelt with the King for His work."—1 Chron. Iv. 23.

ANYWHERE and everywhere we may dwell "with the king for His work," and truly with hearts full of gratitude we are thanking God for giving us for the coming summer such a beautiful vacation home, not only for our mothers and little ones but also for any young working girl who needs a rest. The house is the gift of a dear friend, and a group of other friends are furnishing the financial backing for its support for four months. We hope to meet a great need and take only those who are not eligible for other philanthropic institutions of this great generous city. Our groups of children must be small as the children we take must have care and supervision every moment of the time. The house is such a delightful farm house with all the modern improvements and enormous grounds, part of which is to be equipped as a playground for the children. We are planning to give the mothers who need this change the best and most restful time of their lives. Three crippled children are to be cared for during the entire summer if necessary and mothers with delicate babies are also to remain as long as needed. The house is but a short distance from the city, forty minutes from the Pennsylvania Station to Lynbrook then from there a short walk, every step a delight, to the farm house. All the trips will be arranged for through the Superintendent's office so that the most needy will be served first. The Missionary will then visit in the home giving all necessary information to the mother. It will be all simply and systematically arranged with the object that all may have a chance to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. We trust that throughout the summer the mothers will keep in close touch with the Wednesday meeting thus facilitating the visiting during the extreme heat of those in charge of that part of the work.

* * *

THE SEWING will be continued throughout the month of May so that all who have commenced a garment will have the opportunity of finishing it and taking it home. At this season it happens that many of our mothers get an opportunity to secure extra work at spring house-cleaning so they are apt to be a bit irregular in attendance. This fact must of course be taken in consideration and if our mothers will notify us their sewing will be put aside for them. The first Wednesday in June the Gospel services for the summer will commence. The leaders of this part of the work will be appointed by Miss Wray.

* * *

AT THE CLOSE of one of our recent meetings a mother with bowed head and a most despondent air whispered to a worker as she passed out with her two little children: "Please pray for me." The worker held her hand and answered: "Stay behind with me and we will pray with you, then you must pray for yourself." Just a few of the consecrated workers then formed a little circle and earnestly prayed for this dear mother who while on bended knees gave her heart to God and since then has been coming to the meetings with her face wreathed in smiles. The best part of this little incident is that this dear friend was one of our own mothers who had not been to the meetings for two years, and through the

visit of one of our missionaries, who was hunting up and seeking out those who had wandered away, she returned to us happy, so happy, to feel she was welcome.

* * *

There are many of our mothers who have, much to their regret, found it impossible to go and hear Billy Sunday even in the afternoon, because if there is one thing Mr. Sunday tells you he will not speak against it is a crying baby. Can you blame him? We therefore think it will be interesting to quote a few passages from his sermon on Mothers. Mr. Sunday takes his text from Exodus 2:9, "Take this child and nurse it for me and I will give thee thy wages." In the sermon the word "nurse" is changed to "raise" and this is the crux of the message to mothers.

Raise it "for me." Not for pleasure. "For me." Not for the world. "For me." Not for society. "For me." not for business. "For me." Not for politics. Not for the saloon. Not for infidelity. "For me," that is what the Lord says. Are you doing that? If not; then promise you will begin now. Mr. Sunday then tells the following beautiful story:

Once an angel stole out of Heaven one bright sunshiny day; roamed through the field, the forest, city and hamlet, and as the sun went down plumed his wings for the return flight. The angel said: "Now my visit is over, before I return I must gather some mementoes of my trip." He looked at the beautiful flowers in the garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant," and plucked the rarest roses, made a bouquet and added, "I see nothing more beautiful and fragrant than these flowers." The angel looked further and saw a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked child, and said, "That baby is prettier than the flowers; I will take that too," and looking beyond to the cradle he saw a mother's love pouring out over her babe like a gushing spring and the angel said, "the mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen, I will take that too." And with these three treasures the heavenly messenger winged his flight to the pearly gates saying, "Before I go in I must examine the mementoes of my trip to the earth." He looked at the flowers; they had withered. He looked at the baby's smile and it had faded. He looked at the mother's love and it shone in all its pristine beauty. Then he threw away the withered flowers, cast aside the faded smile, and with the mother's love pressed to his breast swept through the gates into the city, shouting that the only thing he had found that would retain its fragrance from earth to heaven is a mother's love.

* * *

Now as the closing of the sewing circle it at hand and the children's playroom also, we feel that a word of thanks and appreciation is due the workers who pledged themselves to be responsible for that part of the mothers' meeting. It is not easy for those unaccustomed to intelligently handle a large group of very small little ones to go into their midst and entertain them through a religious service of two hours length, yet those who have come have been so wonderfully faithful in spite of any obstacle. Week after week found them all in their places coming even from out of town, some never having missed a single Wednesday. To work side by side with such Christians is a privilege and one could always feel the presence, nay the blessing, of God in that little improvised playroom at the foot of the Mission platform where so many kneel night after night and accept the Savior. It is a hallowed spot. We trust in the Fall to welcome these dear workers back again.

* * *

So long as people have to live, so long as people have to have strength, so long as people have to die we have to have the Bible. O, blessed Book.—*Bishop Quay.*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

ISS

JUL 6 1917

Volume 9. Number 7

Mission Tidings

July, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Handley C. G. Moule—

To surrender at discretion to Jesus Christ, is to gravitate at last upon your centre, and to be in gear.

❖

The more of His presence and dominion, the less of fret and friction..

❖

Self-surrender to Jesus Christ, so far from being the prison of life, is its paradise.

❖

He alone shall fill our heart, which the world has agitated and intoxicated, but could never fill.

❖

The Christian man is called upon to be up and waking, not to consciousness only, but to action and to battle.

❖

The Lord Jesus Christ is Himself a fact. The Christ of Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles, is.

❖

To swim against a stream betokens stronger and freer limbs than to swim with it.

❖

Without inner peace there is no liberty of the true self.

❖

Every restless toss and turn of conscience under known and permitted wrong is the tug of a captive at his chain.

❖

There is no bondage like that of the uneasy conscience.

❖

Make sure of Him. He is the absolute necessity of your mind, and of your heart, whether you are aware of it or not.

❖

We walk by faith. And such a life is the one life fully worth the living.

❖

The justified Christian who is self-indulgent, who takes not heed to himself, is an anomaly on Gospel principles.

❖

Heaven itself is a smaller gift than Thou, Lord Jesus Christ. He who gave Thee to the sinner will not refuse the City.

❖

When we leave home in the body and get home to the Lord, we walk by sight, and not by faith.

❖

Not only in the hour of resurrection, but in the moment after death, we shall see.

❖

If we are His, we are on our way to all the greatness and all the capacities of life eternal.

❖

Heavenly bliss is no arbitrary beginning of existence over again. It is a joyful harvest reaped in the sunlight of an eternal summer.

❖

In heaven itself there is no emancipation from the bonds of God.

❖

Be willing not only to respect Christianity, but to know and to obey Jesus Christ.

❖

There is no independence upon earth so strong, as that of a Christian who wills wholly to be Christ's servant.

❖

There is such a thing as the genuine Christian found quite unready, because found out of communion with Christ.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, JULY, 1917 No. 7

A Personal Testimony

OUT of a full heart I praise God for saving me 25 years ago!

April 3, 1876, at Treviso (17 miles from Venice—that world-renowned City built on the sea) I first saw the light of day.

My parents were Protestants, having been led out of Romanism when in their 'teens by English Baptist Missionaries. Becoming members of the Baptist church their children accompanied them to these services until they emigrated to this country when I was six years of age.

Eventful was our journey to the U. S., even to New York City where we resided until I was twelve years old.

All too soon I formed the acquaintance of older boys who instigated presumptuous pranks which resulted in my expulsion from school on several occasions. Finally my dear mother interviewed the principal, entreating that I be reinstated, and I was permitted to return, only to again experience defeat, and learning that I was soon to be requested to leave, took the initiative, left school of my own accord, and secured a position (although only 11 years of age) as errand boy for a dressmaker.

The following year my parents moved to Boston; but again I was a source of anxiety for I had cultivated an insatiable thirst for worldly pleasures, particularly the theatre, resorting to unscrupulous methods to raise the money to gratify my desire.

Insisting upon having my own way did not improve my temper, and after an altercation with my sister when I was but thirteen years of age, I ran away when she threatened to tell my father that I had struck her, knowing that retribution at my father's hand would be more impressive than elegant. With all speed I hastened to the New England freight-yards, jumped freights for three days, and landed in New York City where I received the "glad hand" from my former companions. But the excitement of adventure soon wore away, leaving such a sense of home-sickness that with all my heart I longed to return home; but how was this to be accomplished when I had not the money for my car-fare? Satan is hard after every one who wants their own way, and he was not slow to suggest relieving someone else of their money in such a way that they would not be aware of their loss until I had taken my flight. "Pulling off" a few misdeeds without being apprehended increased my boldness until caution, fear, and a keen sense of guilt gave place to almost utter indifference, reminding one of the significance of these words:

"Vice is a monster of such awful mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft,—familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Arriving in Boston it was not easy to resist the captivating power of the

sins that had fastened themselves upon me; and I was even thoughtless regarding my mother's solicitude and of the sorrow and disgrace I was bringing upon those who loved me best, going from bad to worse; until, learning that my brother frequented the Bethany Mission I concluded to look him up, not

E. A. NATINO

realizing the Spirit of God was leading me, and His infinite love longed to deliver me from the fetters with which Satan had bound me.

Going to the Mission I enquired for my brother, and when they informed me that he was not there, and enquired my name, I gave them a fictitious one, pretending that I was a friend who worked where he did, (adding still another sin to the category). Hoping, however, to see him, I remained to the service, and was treated so cordially that I again visited the place, being intensely interested in the testimonies given by those who had experienced the joy of sins forgiven. Their bright, joyous faces confirmed their testimony, while simultaneously I was deeply convicted of sin, melted to tears, and brokenhearted, responded to the invitation to go forward and yield myself to God.

The sweet consciousness of sins forgiven words cannot express! It was simply wonderful to receive immediately the assurance that I was accepted of God and my name was written in the Lamb's Book of Life. I could now say, "Be gone vain world thou hast no charm for me," and at once an intense desire possessed me to tell the world of this wonderful Saviour who gives "beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Being forgiven much I loved much, and was correspondingly zealous, which brought from my father the admonition to "desist being fanatical," although, as he expressed it he "had no objection to my being a Christian, but I could be one in a quiet way, attend church and behave myself in a sedate manner instead of frequenting missions." Perhaps his departure from Romanism to Protestantism had been a head instead of a heart knowledge, for it was not long after that he was converted, even being brought closer to God at an open-air service (the very means he had despised), until he became much more zealous than his boy, and for twenty-four years, together with my mother, has devoted his life, after business hours, to preaching the Gospel to our countrymen; enjoying an unbroken record of triumphant activity.

Time and space prevent the citation of the wonderful results of the work which has been systematically organized for fifteen years: the converts who have returned to Italy to preach the Gospel; the nurseries and other benevolent institutions organized; the remarkable conversions, even saloon keepers turning their places of busines into Mission halls, and would-be murderers following the Lord Jesus Christ instead of carrying out the evil purposes suggested by the adversary; but much will have been accomplished if through this testimony young boys will turn to Jesus instead of following their own way, and readers will purpose by the grace of God to fulfil our Lord's command, "follow me and I will make you fishers of men."

E. A. NATINO.

If We Were Never Weak

If it were easy to be good
And easy to be great,
If every mortal living could
Be master of his fate,
If man could reach perfection here
And pick and choose his lot,
Then all the fine could rightly sneer
At brothers who were not.

If it were possible to be
Without a single flaw,
From blemish absolutely free,
Then at the faults we saw
We might in justice loudly raise
A harsh, complaining voice
And say that men in error's ways
Were victims of their choice.

If we could rid ourselves of blame,
If we were never weak,
Then of another's bit of shame
We might, in fairness, speak.
If we were as we'd like to be,
Without a fault to mar,
We might condemn the wrecks we see
For being as they are.

But since we seldom master fate
And faults with us remain,
I'm sure we all should hesitate
To mark another's stain.
We should his faults in kindness scan,
And all his virtues see,
For no one ever is the man
He'd really like to be.

—Detroit Free Press.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb

"And they sang the song of Moses and the Lamb."

AND what is the significance of these two names which are the themes of this wonderful song? Surely it is this: Moses signifies emancipation from social bondage; the Lamb signifies emancipation from spiritual bondage. Moses stands for deliverance from wrong; the Lamb stands for deliverance from sin. Moses delivers from the wrong which man may suffer from his brother; the Lamb delivers from the wrong which man may suffer from himself. Moses delivers from the Pharaoh outside man; the Lamb delivers from the devil within man. Moses delivers from the gall of oppression and pain; the Lamb delivers from the gall of guilt and sin. This is the song the singers sing, the "Song of Moses and the Lamb."

Let me still further emphasize the distinction which is here made. The song of Moses described a deliverance from the Egyptian house of bandage. It narrated an Exodus from oppression and servitude. The deliverance was the destruction of a galling yoke imposed by man on man. It was the overthrow of tyranny. And that deliverance is sung as a great and marvellous work of God. But when we have lifted a man out of Egypt we may yet leave him in sin. And let it be remembered that a man may remain in the bondage of Egypt, and yet be in heaven. There is many a servant living today in severe and unattractive social servitude who is yet in fellowship with a heaven their master or mistress has never known. Slaves sang their songs in the early Christian Church while they were still in their servitude, and we catch snatches of the music today. Yes, all that is true; the prison house has been bright with the splendors of heaven. And this, too, I say, is true; that a man may gain a certain liberty and yet may enter into a deeper servitude. A man may be redeemed from Egypt and may become a more ignoble slave. The shackles may have been struck from his limbs, but they are still on his soul. One tyrant is gone, but the greater tyrant remains. What, then, do we need? Moses can destroy the lesser tyranny, but he cannot touch the greater. We need another and a mightier exodus; we need another and a mightier Moses. The one can work the wonders of the Red Sea and smite

and cleave the intercepting flood; we need One who can command and subdue the waters of passion and make its turbid water clear and clean as the crystal sea. And so to the "Song of Moses" it is imperative that we add the "Song of the Lamb." We shall find at Calvary what can never be found at the Red Sea.—*Dr. Jowett.*

A Familiar Locality

My friend, have you heard of the town of Nogood,
On the banks of the river Slow;
Where the Sometime-or-other fills the air
And the soft Go-easys grow?
It lies in the valley of What's-th-use,
In the province of Let-her-slide;
It's the home of the reckless I-don't-care,
Where the Give-it-ups abide.
The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the light of years;
It is wrapped in the fog of the idler's dreams;
Its streets are all paved with discarded schemes
And are sprinkled with useless tears.

—*Selected.*

Among Our Friends

Mr. George Thomson, an aged veteran who has passed the 90th milestone, has been seriously ill with pneumonia. "His age is against him," said the sweet faced nurse (none other than his own grand-daughter who had left a case to come and nurse him.) For days "the valley of the shadow" seemed very near; but even then the name of Jesus, prayer and softly singing "everlasting life is free" brought the light of intelligence into his eyes. It really seemed miraculous that he should recover, and we attribute it to answered prayer, a skilled physician's knowledge, and careful nursing that he is again about the house and on the road to complete recovery. He has been missed, and we shall be glad to welcome him again to the Mission.

* * *

A smile rippled over countenances as a stalwart man introduced himself one evening by saying his name was Obadiah, and he often wondered when he was a young man why his father gave him that name to carry around; but when he came to know its meaning, ("worshipper of Jehovah") and was himself a saved man, he rejoiced in the good old Bible name. He rejoiced also in the privilege of going into the highways and inviting people to come and hear the Word of God at the Star Gospel Mission, Charleston, S. C., of which Mission he is the honored Superintendent. Mrs. Obadiah Dugan, (his wife) also gave a word of testimony, and our earnest prayers follow these earnest servants of God.

* * *

Our dear brother, Mr. Davies, matched Mr. Dugan's testimony by saying his father had an inspiration also for he named him Ebenezer, and its meaning ("hitherto hath the Lord helped us") had been made real in his life. Redeemed from a life of inebriety Mr. Davies' testimony is truly wonderful, and his sincerity is always helpful and uplifting.

* * *

The last of May we listened spellbound to the message brought by Mrs. Ashur of the Sunday party. Clear-cut was every word as she read the first two verses of the fortieth Psalm. The beautiful picture of the sinner waiting patiently for the Lord, who inclines His head and heart of love, bringing the guilty one out of the horrible pit of sin, came with vividness and fresh comfort.

A soul bound hand and foot by sin was strikingly portrayed; and her quotation "the wages of sin is death" fell upon hearts with convicting and con-

vincing power. But when God's gift was mentioned, even eternal life, we caught a blimpse of the glory of heaven in the words "infinite love made provision that we might be saved."

A life bound by sinful habits was forcibly illustrated by the story of the boy who was bound with twine, and proudly and defiantly broke the fetters; but when it was wound around and around encasing him from head to foot he was powerless to move; and so it was in forming a habit, at first, perhaps, the cigarette or drink can be left alone or taken at will; but all too soon the habit fastens itself upon the victim until only the grace of God can set him free.

It was a heart-stirring message from start to finish, and when, before her departure she sang "Have you forgotten God?" and "Almost Persuaded," saying at the close, "Girl, young man, decide for Jesus" there was a response in uplifted hands as here and there one and another asked God to lift them from the pit of sin.

* * *

We feel that we are to be congratulated when Capt. Williams and Detective Smith give us a night out of their busy lives for the personality of each breathes of the sweet fellowship of heaven.

We only wish every young man and woman tempted to raise the intoxicating cup could have heard Capt. Williams tell why he never drank.

It was a thrilling story, fragrant with a mother's prayers, yet tinged with sorrow for he had brothers who drank. He had witnessed his mother's anguish as she knelt and wrestled with God in their behalf, and his childhood's purpose was to never give that dear mother one moment's pain. He was the youngest of the family, and would often creep in when his mother was praying and hear her plead with God that her baby might be kept from the accursed cup.

"I would sacrifice my right hand before I would begin it," said the Captain.

Best of all his mother is living today, is 87 years of age, and is his sweetheart and home maker.

Detective Smith added his earnest word of testimony; and one dear brother, who at one time was wanted in eleven states and thirty-two cities for outbreaking misdemeanors, told how the Lord had wonderfully saved and delivered him, voicing the sentiment of all hearts as he praised God for Christian policemen.

Prayer

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness if there be no light.

Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

Fearest sometimes that thy
Father Hath forgot?
Tho' the clouds around
Thee gather—Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath the comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

MISSION TIDINGS

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VOL. IX JULY, 1917 No. 7

An Unusual Scene

THE OPEN-AIR meetings at Madison Square, and 24th St. and 8th Avenue, are being wonderfully blessed, and we are seeing constantly definite results through this ministry. One of our men converted about five months ago,—and by the way, during that time his wife, mother-in-law, and father-in-law, had also been converted,—began to pray for the conversion of his mother. He had not seen her for over a year, did not know where she was, could find no trace of her. At once he began to pray that he might find her. A few Sundays ago amongst the many who raised their hands for prayer at Madison Square was a woman who showed by her appearance that she needed the Lord Jesus sorely. The brother, noticing the woman for the first time exclaimed, "There is my mother." He went over to her and told her what the Lord Jesus had done for him and how he had prayed that he might find her. Then he asked the Superintendent if he might tell the people about it, and although the meeting had closed he stood on the platform and in a simple, direct way told the crowd of this wonderful answer to prayer. We saw tears on the cheeks of big strong men as they saw demonstrated before their very eyes this modern miracle. Mother and son were at the evening service, the mother kneeling at the mercy seat and confessing Christ as her Savior. There are many temptations to be overcome by this new convert, and we ask that all interested ones will earnestly pray for her.

The Intercessory Missionary

SOME YEARS ago my eyes fell on the record of a wonderful work of grace in connection with one of the stations of the China Inland Mission, where both the number and spiritual character of the converts had been far greater than at other stations, and yet the consecration of the missionaries at the latter had been just as great as at the more fruitful place. This rich harvest of souls remained a mystery until Mr. Hudson Taylor on a visit to England discovered the secret.

At the close of one of his addresses a gentleman from the audience came forward to make his acquaintance. In the conversation which followed, Mr. Taylor was surprised at the accurate knowledge the man possessed concerning this Inland China station. "But how is it," Mr. Taylor asked, "that you are so conversant with the conditions of that work?" "Oh," he replied, "the missionary there and I are old college mates, and for years we have regularly corresponded; he has sent me names of enquirers and converts, and these I have daily taken to God in prayer."

And at last the secret is found? A praying man at home, praying definitely, praying daily for specific cases amongst the heathen! That is the intercessory missionary idea; this man had become a real intercessory missionary.

How different the record of missionary service would be, if each missionary on the field had such an intercessory missionary to hold up his hands.

—*Selected.*

What a Minister Thinks of Us

JUST A WORD of encouragement from an outside source! A good ministerial friend of mine, who is always looking for helps to success in his work, writes:

"Acting upon your advice when you were here, I dressed in my business man's suit and went into your city last week and spent the day as follows: Noon hour at the John Street prayer meeting which was very good, then to the Sunday tabernacle in the afternoon where I heard Billy fire hot shot at the clergy and non-church workers for about fifty minutes, then to the 8th Ave. mission at night where I was surprised, delighted and profited. That is certainly a real lively company that would inspire any clergyman no matter how staid he might be. The experiences heard there would brush the disputed theologic cobwebs out of the top story of any higher critic. Those services did me good and resulted in the most successful services in my church Sunday that I have had for many months."

The above is a part of a private letter I received on my arrival home today and I thought you might like to tell your people that they are not only helping the poor sinner that is out of Christ, but they are inspiring the church worker who happens to visit their services.

HENRY SHERIN.

Hymn for the Men at the Front

Lord God of Hosts whose Mighty Hand
Dominion holds on sea and land.
In Peace and War Thy Will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.
Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

When Death flies swift on wave or field,
Be thou a sure defense and shield;
Console and succor those who fall,
And help and hearten each and all;
O hear a people's prayer for those
Who fearless face their country's foes.

For those who weak and broken lie,
In weariness and agony—
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come touch and make them whole again!
O hear a people's prayers and bless
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

For those who minster and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death.
And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
Thy Peace on earth 'till time shall end.

—*John Oxenham*

GOD DOES not ask for success, but for faithfulness. Success is attractive; nothing succeeds like it, but God looks deeper. He marks the effort and He does not ask the same of all, but the *best* that each can do. There is no competitive examination for Heaven. There are no words in the Gospel more full of encouragement for us than these: "She hath done what she could."

—*H. C. Frith.*

By Way of Contrast

IT was just the kind of a day to make one glad to live for the sun was radiating a friendly warmth while the air was fresh and balmy. Far above the tenement houses on West 20th Street the sky spread its canopy of blue, with here and there a fleecy cloud quietly floating toward the horizon.

It seemed pitiable that a tragedy should stand out in bold relief against such a picture; but the shrieks of a woman coming from one of the houses were indicative of something unusual, and in an incredibly short time brought a crowd of people around the door.

At the entrance to the kitchen on the ground floor stood a stout Irish woman howling piteously, and a diminutive infant in her arms added his accompaniment of frightened screams.

A petite and dainty woman came from a dark closet off this room, and nervously putting her finger on her lips tried to quiet the big Irish woman, but she continued to bellow, and said, "Don't let her die here; the house is haunted already; put her on the street!"

"Hush," the younger woman pleaded "do let her die in peace."

"Pardon me, can I help?" said a lady who appeared in the doorway and put her hand reassuringly on the shoulder of the younger woman, who was now trembling from head to foot from excitement, augmented by the appearance of the crowd outside the door.

With a slight shudder the younger woman drew the stranger into the dark closet, where on a miserable couch a woman lay unconscious, with the death rattle in her throat. "She came here two days ago," explained the dainty little woman who proved to be a roomer in the house. "She said she had been deserted by her husband; and, as she had but little money she was given this dark closet. She has been drinking heavily, and about half an hour ago I met her in the hall and she whispered, 'I've taken something out of a bottle—you know—with the sticks across it.' Our landlady is an ignorant Irish woman, and she wants her put on the street because she thinks if she dies here it will bring bad luck to the house."

"A policeman should be summoned, and he would perhaps get a doctor," was the suggestion of the lady who had come in from the street. Immediately the little woman started bare-headed for the station, but before she had reached the street the soul of the dying woman had entered eternity.

Quickly came two policemen, but even their formidable appearance did not quiet the Irish woman's vociferations. It would have been funny if it had not been so tragic for the foremost officer paused a moment and looked at the howling woman filling up the doorway, and then without a word proceeded to the business at hand. Gently he laid his finger on the pulse of the unconscious victim of drink, turned to his companion and said, "She is dead and we will send her to the morgue."

God's word came to the stranger lady, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God"—unless washed and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus—whispered the Spirit.

The room presented a ghastly picture, for already the body had turned black; and the sadness of this woman's entrance into a Christless and Godless eternity, with the absence of the love of kindred and the tender kiss of farewell lingered in the heart until the purpose was formed to continue in faithfulness, by the grace of God, and in proclaiming the Gospel to the unsaved.

At length the shades of evening fell upon the great City, seemingly in harmony with the shadows of the morgue, and yet with God's own peace to one dear old man 79 years of age, who loved to talk about the Lord Jesus, and was homesick for heaven, sometimes after a

day of toil, whispering, "O Lord take me."

Tonight he had read his favorite chapter in John's Gospel, and then retired, while his wife sat by the table in the kitchen. "It is Saturday night," she meditated, "and I do want to go to the Eighth Avenue Mission and hear Miss Wray's message." Softly she went to the bedroom door and said, "Are you in bed all right?" and the voice she loved replied, "Yes, I'm all right, you may go to the Mission."

Quietly she put on her simple apparel; took a farewell peek into the bedroom; surveyed their tiny rooms to see if all was well, and went out deeply thankful that God dwelt in their hearts even if they were poor and practically unknown.

If the music at the Mission that night was sweeter than usual, and God's message more real, she was unconscious that it was a special means of strengthening for what was to follow.

Returning to her home after the service she opened the door, and the dim light revealed coffee pot and contents spilled upon the floor. A fire was in the grate and her husband was sitting in the chair. Evidently he had come out to get a cup of coffee and had dropped the pot. This was unusual, but she did not shriek. Closing the door she turned up the light and saw her husband's head had fallen back. The truth forced its way into her heart and she knew his prayer had been answered, and that the Lord *had* taken him. Kisses and tears fell upon the face that had been so dear to her, as she whispered, "I would not have gone to the Mission if I had known, but you told me to go!"

But too sacred is this scene for the eyes of the outside world, and we throw upon it the mantle of God's infinite love, while we sing softly the words of John 11:26: "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die"; and exclaim with the prophet, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

—A. F. M.

Somewhere, Somewhere

Unanswered yet the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
It shall be answered sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known!
Though years have passed since then, do not despair
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your work is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done,"—sometime, somewhere.

—Ophelia G. Browning.

Anniversaries and Other Items

OUR dear brother Mr. Williams celebrated his fourth anniversary recently. Mr. Williams is one of many who have been brought into the Mission and then to Christ through the Street Service. The songs and testimonies so earnestly given at the street corner made him feel that the people there had the "real thing" and a longing came to his heart to have what they had.

To quote from his testimony: "After the street service I followed the crowd into the Mission Hall and during the closing moments of the meeting gave my heart to the Lord. I believed with all my heart that He would save me and He was faithful who promised 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' There at the foot of the Cross my burden of sin was taken away and my eyes were opened to see the beauty in spiritual things. At last I was free and happy and went home with the witness within that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus and that old things had passed away. I praise God for His goodness to me the past four years and for His wonderful saving and keeping power. The consciousness of His abiding presence has made a complete change in my life. The things of the world have no longer any attraction. My heart is fixed upon Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith, and I have proved that He is the only one who can give peace, joy and satisfaction in this world."

Many testified to the blessing Mr. Williams' life had been to them. Mr. Williams has just married an earnest, consecrated, young woman, and we pray that together they may be greatly used of God in helping others to find their savior.

* * *

ANOTHER anniversary was that of our dear brother Mr. Neubeck. Mr. Neubeck was not converted in the Mission, but for a number of years had been amongst our most faithful and devoted workers. Not only by testimony, but by helping to keep the building in good repair and in many other practical ways, he has ministered in the work and God has graciously blessed him.

It was a bright and happy Anniversary meeting as one and another thanked God first for their salvation and then for the fellowship in the new life they have had with Mr. Neubeck. Mrs. Neubeck, who was converted in the Mission and who always is ready to help in any way, testified to God's goodness and we pray for them both, if Jesus tarry, many years of blessed service for the Lord Jesus.

* * *

MR. FRAZER, Superintendent of Welcome Hall Mission, Montreal, was a very welcome visitor at the Mission recently. He brought us a blessed message from the Word and told us something of what the Lord had done for him. Once a drunkard, having fallen from unusual heights of honor, the Good Shepherd found him and restored to him all the Devil had taken from him. The Welcome Hall Mission is doing a wonderful work amongst all sorts and conditions of men. Our prayers and good wishes follow Mr. Frazer in his splendid work for the Master.

* * *

MR. KLINE, Superintendent of the Gospel Mission, Washington, D. C., was another welcome visitor. The work of the Gospel Mission has grown like magic. We saw its beginning and thank God for the wonderful way He has met the need, until now it is reaching out in every direction to win the poor and needy for Jesus Christ. The honored Superintendent was converted in a Mission in Washington when he was intoxicated and on the verge of suicide. No man could be in a worse condition than he when he received the Lord Jesus. In a moment the old things passed away, and from that time his life has been devoted to the work of

the Master. Mrs. Kline is her husband's faithful and efficient co-worker. God bless the Gospel Mission at Washington.

* * *

THE MEN'S BIBLE Class held Sunday morning at 9:30 is growing and we are very happy to see the intense interest in the Bible Study and the regularity with which many attend, some never being absent from the class. All men are earnestly invited. God has provided a wonderful teacher and the class closes in time to attend any church service.

* * *

WE ARE THANKING God that through the generosity of friends there has been opened on Long Island a house with spacious grounds where during the summer months our poor tired mothers may go for a week's holiday without one penny of expense to them. They may take their tiny children and have a lovely time together. There are accommodations for eight children and three or four mothers. We spent an afternoon with them recently and have been happy ever since at the thought of the comfort these dear women and children are to have at least for one week during the summer.

Some One

Some one I knew took discontent
And left it everywhere she went.
And so you know the reason why
We can't be friends, some one and I!

Some one I knew was thrilled with hate
And would no love reciprocate.
So hard his heart joy passed him by,
And so, all merrily, did I.

Some one I knew felt envy's grasp
And gave it back a loyal clasp;
So bitter was her every sigh
None kept her more aloof than I.

Just truth and brightness I must know
As on through this good life I go,
And so you know the reason why
We can't be friends, some one and I.

—Lurana Sheldon

God's Poem

THE GREAT apostle insists that each life is a poem. "We are God's workmanship"—in the original Greek, "We are God's poem." And when God Almighty conceived of your life, you were present to Him as a fair thought which He incarnated in your being and sent you forth to fulfil its purpose. He means you to translate His thought into the music of a holy life. He gives the poem, you contribute the music. You set His poem, His thought to music and your life, therefore, is intended to go on singing through the world. Each of us is distinct from everybody else. Do not, then, try to imitate another. Be yourself. Give to people the very best possible conception of that thought in God's mind which He embodied in your life and so sent forth.

—F. B. Meyer.

To and Fro

To and fro, to and fro,
The busy shuttles go.
One day a beautiful web is shown,
And the toiler's faithful service known,
As he blended colors rich and fine,
Following the pattern's choice design.

To and fro, to and fro,
Daily our shuttles go.
Till one day our loom will silent stand,
Mistakes made right by the Master's hand.
Then we need not fear to have it shown,
Life's unrolled web we now call our own.

A. A. A.

IF YOU want your neighbor to know what the Christ spirit will do for him, let him see what it has done for you.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

Our Wonderful Summer Home

WE know you are well interested to hear all about the wonderful summer home that through the loving thought of a mighty God has been given to the mothers and children of the Mission. When we tell you that it is an old time farm house, we mean that it is just that but it is equipped with every improvement. The telephone is at our hand, the electric light blesses us with its magic, running water all through the house, and a real old-fashioned pump in the garden gives us the purest well water. As for the grounds, there is no end to them, covered with shade trees and flowering shrubs, but back of that, bless your heart, there is a kitchen garden that we have planted ourselves, and we are already using the early vegetables for our own table.

You never saw such happy mothers and children in your life; the babies get fatter hour by hour, while the mothers' smile gets broader.

We were allowed two weeks to get the house in running order. We took

three days, working day and night, went to bed only when the birds twittered that it was time to get up, and before these songsters had finished their morning carol we were up again. Tired you ask? Not a bit of it, only too happy and privileged to be permitted to serve God in such a blessed work. Every effort that love can suggest has been made to make the few days that the mothers are with us as happy as possible.

There are no cut and dried regula-

tions but a happy co-operation among us to do all that can be done to simplify the work by helping one another. From morning until night the mothers and children are on the playground which is provided with swings, hammocks, rocking chairs, tables and best of all a sand pile and a croquet set; and the merry laughter of the children and the click, click of the balls are heard from morning until night.

We plan to give every mother and child belonging to the Mission an opportunity to come out for a week or two. Morning and evening we have a service, just a simple, Gospel service, that both children and mothers can understand and enjoy. We sing all the dear old Mission hymns, and it cheers our hearts to sing and brings to our remembrance all the dear friends there whom we know are thinking and praying for this work out in God's beautiful country.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S VISIT.

"There she comes! There she comes!" some one cried and sure enough down the sunlit road we spied our dear leader, Miss Wray, leisurely walking along, enjoying the air, the view, the blue sky and the singing birds. It was Decoration Day and the weather perfect. Miss Wray came not only to enjoy herself but to make everyone else happy. From the moment she arrived until she left she was at the service of the mothers and children. Miss Wray approved first of all the arrangements that had been made for the comfort of our mothers. As she went through the house from room to room she was enthusiastic over the really ideal conditions.

At the dinner table sixteen were seated and it was a good dinner too. After Miss Wray asked the blessing we all sang "Sweeter as the years go by"; then for a long afternoon of rest and relaxation. We took pictures with the usual insuppressible enthusiasm of the amateur and they proved a failure; but we were not a bit discouraged and keep on taking them every day. We visited the chicken yard, we had a visit with the old farm horse, we had a drink out of the well, we sat in the swings where Miss Wray entertained the children simply by being one of them; then we had some real old-fashioned Kindergarten games. Our hearts grew heavy when she told us it was train time, as it was Wednesday and her Bible class night, and her heart was reaching out to her evening service and her own dear people.

There is one room left in the vacation home that needs equipment. At present we are able to accommodate twenty mothers and this extra room can be fitted up to make it possible to keep another mother and two children. What we need is two pillows, a blanket, a comforter, a spread, two pair of sheets, four pillow slips, six towels, a bureau, your good wishes, your good will and a visit from you any time you want to come out either by trolley, train or automobile. If you are not able to send the whole donation send any part of it and make it a gift as unto the Lord and the blessing is yours. Address Mary A. Hamilton, 419 Atlantic Avenue, Lynbrook, Long Island. Telephone, 887 Lynbrook.

HOW TO REACH US MOST CONVENIENTLY

Go to the Long Island side of the Pennsylvania Station, buy a return ticket to either Lynbrook or South Lynbrook. If you go to Lynbrook, go along Atlantic Avenue which starts at the station and walk for fifteen minutes to our number, 419. If you prefer you can take a taxi at a cost of twenty-five cents. If you decide to go by South Lynbrook, the better way, our house is but a short three minutes and any passer-by will tell you where we are. They call it the Kindergarten house. Come and see us; it will do you good and us also. Our morning service is at nine thirty, our evening service is at seven thirty.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

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AUG 1 1917

Volume 9. Number 8

Mission Tidings

August, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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290 Eighth Avenue, New York

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—By Marcus Dods—

Sometimes the rivers that flow deep before us, and seem even to overflow their banks, open at our approach, and we pass over dryshod.

❖

No other person can make a man pure; he must, with God's grace, make himself pure.

❖

Knowledge cannot be acquired for you by the reading of another person: you cannot grow strong by the exercise which a friend takes.

❖

Neither can you acquire holiness except by your own steady application to the pursuit of holiness and gradual attainment therein.

❖

God will not drive out what we do not drive out.

❖

Every one can trace in his own life how one unconquered sin becomes a thorn in the side.

❖

If it is wrong to sin in the world to come, it is wrong to sin now.

❖

Sin, if hateful to God, must be as hateful now as ever it can be.

❖

If God is in earnest about delivering me from sin, He will deliver me now.

❖

Even when you lie stiff and unconscious on the field of battle, you may be of the winning party.

❖

You wait for God to do something, while He is waiting for you.

❖

The secret of success now is just what it was in Gideon's day, that God be with us.

❖

That man must have low aims indeed who never finds himself confronted by duty that he feels to be impossible.

❖

We can do nothing of ourselves: God does not expect that we should.

❖

But there is nothing we may not do, if the almighty inspiration of God takes us and carries us forward as its instrument.

❖

God takes men as he finds them, and through the blunders and vices of their present stage leads them on to something higher and better.

❖

That man will not prove a very efficient social reformer who refuses to help any but those who help themselves.

❖

You cannot measure the good a man does by the length of time he is about it, or the diligence he shows in it.

❖

One moment of true devotion effects more than a lifetime of labor.

❖

It is a good thing to be reduced to reliance, not on the weapon you use, but on the Spirit who uses you.

❖

Nothing that the Spirit does supersedes our own efforts.

❖

Unless you avail yourself of every means you think likely to maintain a healthy tone in you, you will sink exhausted.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1917 No. 8

A Personal Testimony*

OCTOBER 6th, 1906, Saturday afternoon, I stood in front of a bar, corner of Charles and Hudson streets, New York. I had just swallowed a glass of whiskey (my last). The glass was full. I had insisted on having it filled and was accommodated, as I had the money to pay. The barkeeper had to pour it out for me. I was such a nervous wreck and trembled so, that I could not, and I had to take both hands to get it to my lips.

Just then something happened. I did not realize it then but now I know it was the Spirit of God who came to me and gave me a vision of myself, and I believe that while I stood there, every event, everything that had helped to shape my life from childhood to that moment, passed through my mind. Memories of a Christian mother, her instructions in all that was good and true; then three years of service in the Union Army in the Civil War from 17 to 20, little more than a boy.

There the foundation was laid for the habits that wrecked my life, drinking and gambling. In early manhood chance after chance for business success thrown away. Seventeen years of married life, very happy at times, but often made wretched, always under the shadow of rum, growing worse each year till the end came, November 13, 1897, when my wife died. She was a Christian in the true sense of the word. Because of my drinking and neglect of business we had often been in sore financial straits, but never reached the state of abject poverty of a typical drunkard's home.

God in His love and mercy made those last days the happiest of our married life. I had not been drinking for some time and had work. The anniversary of our wedding was the 10th. We had been very much alone for several days and talking over our past life, speaking only of its joys, forgetting its sorrows.

I went to my work the morning of the 12th, but was called home about 10 o'clock. I found my wife cheerful and happy, protesting that she was only a little tired. I sent for the doctor and insisted on her going to bed. He prescribed for her, did not think it serious, but there was a fear at my heart. Against his protest I went downtown for her sister, leaving her in the chair of a neighbor. Before I returned she had gone into convulsions, never regaining consciousness and died the next morning.

It has been the one bright memory that has brought comfort to me in the dark days that have followed since then, that her last moments were filled with joy. "For so he giveth his beloved sleep." My home was soon broken up, I was separated from my children, keeping in touch with them, occasionally being able to help them a little, oftener a burden and a disgrace. Again God showed his loving kindness in giving them friends that stood by them in the darkest hours, took the place of father and mother. May God's richest blessings reward them! The rest is soon told. Fitful but vain efforts to reform and deliver myself from the powers that held me in bondage only to sink deeper till on that afternoon God called me back

*The testimony of our late friend and brother, J. P. Marran, reprinted by request

from the brink of the grave and hell. For three nights I had been afraid to stay in my room alone, sitting in that all-night saloon taking a drink whenever I felt myself giving away to delirium.

It was in that condition that the spirit led me to my room and kept me there the rest of that day and all night on my knees or pacing the floor. I could not leave. There was a power that held me there, although every object in the room seemed to take on life. It was a night of horror! I could see no light, but the conviction came to me that if I would be saved I must seek God's house and meet with his people, confess my sins publicly, confessing Him before men.

As the church bells were ringing that Sunday morning, I knelt and asked God to direct my steps to some place where He was worshipped in spirit and in truth, where I could get the help I needed. As I stepped on the sidewalk, I had no thought of any place to go. As distinctly as though I had heard someone speak, "Go to that Mission you saw on Eighth Avenue," it came to my mind that I had stepped in one or two Sunday afternoons just to sit down a while, not paying any attention to the service. I started, but before I had gone far the devil met me in the form of a man with an invitation to have a drink, at the same time displaying a hand full of money, assuring me that I could have all I wanted. Some may say that I was out of my head. I felt I was in the presence of the evil one and a great fear filled me. I lost sight of the man. I don't know how I left him. The next I knew I was standing by the fence in Abingdon Square just repeating the words, Jesus, Jesus. For a moment I was conscious of a divine presence and a thrill of joy

J. P. MARRAN

went through my whole being. I now believe it was the healing touch of the Lord Jesus. Health and strength have come to me. I am as free from the old craving for rum as though I had never touched it, and an assurance has come to my soul that has never allowed me to doubt my salvation for a moment.

The Eighth Avenue Mission has been a City of Refuge to my soul, where I found the help and instruction I needed. From the platform the pure word of God. From the regular attendants of the Mission, kindness and encouragement, the little touch of human love that softens the heart and prepares it for the incoming of the higher and holy.

J. P. MARRAN.

In Memoriam

Impressive and beautiful was the funeral of our beloved Brother, Mr. J. P. Marran, at Forest Hills, L. I., Thursday evening, July 19th.

Reposing in a casket, banked with choice flowers (expressive of the profound esteem of a host of friends), the form which once held the soul of one we loved, seemed life-like in its halo of rest and peace.

Dignified in its simplicity was the service conducted by Miss Wray.

Informally, with voices and spirits subdued, friends from the Mission sang "My Jesus, I love Thee," after which Pres. Sleeth led in prayer.

Hope ran through the duet which followed: Mr. Marran's favorite hymn, "Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven."

Unexpectedly plunged into one common bereavement, it was not easy for the Superintendent to utter words of consolation; but with mighty faith, and unswerving poise she directed our thoughts to Him, who said, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

In substance she said: We do not sorrow as those without hope; and, if our faith means anything, it means just this, that while we have assembled here to do honor to one deserving of highest esteem, and to deeply sympathize with the family whose loss is inexpressible, simultaneously and spontaneously our spirits rejoice because this is not a funeral, but Mr. Marran's coronation!

In the closing prayer she seemed to touch the Rock of Ages, leading us all to cling to it closely, while the beautiful committal service breathed of sacred exaltation and eternal triumph and safety.

Mr. Marran's illness came when he was seemingly in perfect health; and his subsequent death was a shock: like a bolt from a clear sky. Friday, July 13th, he was hurried to the Jamaica hospital, and submitted to an operation for appendicitis, from which he rallied, only to succumb to heart failure at 3 a.m. Wednesday morning.

Mr. Marran was a gentleman in every sense of the word; an honored veteran of the Civil War, and a Christian of the true and loyal type.

His last testimony will ever be a precious memory: "My record is clear, and if God takes me home to-night there is nothing to settle."

He leaves two daughters at Forest Hills, a son in California, and a sister, to mourn his loss, together with a host of friends at the Mission who will miss him more and more as the days go by; but we look forward to the time when the day shall break, and the shadows flee away.

If We Knew

If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness.
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

—*Selected.*

Anniversaries

ALTHOUGH FRAIL in body, Mr. William Gosselin's testimony June 17th was strong in the power of the Spirit. All through it one could hear the beautiful tribute to a Christian mother's love and prayers.

At the age of 16 Mr. Gosseling left his home in the North of Ireland to go to Dublin to college, the plan for his life being that of Professor of Medicine.

Thomas Barnado, who later did a wonderful work among the outcast children of London, was a contemporary at the college, and earnestly tried to lead Mr. Gosselin to Christ. In response, one night Mr. Gosselin, in his lodgings, asked God to forgive him his sins, and save him; but his joy and peace was soon swallowed up in disobedience. Yielding to restlessness, he sought adventure, which resulted in his downfall.

His wanderings brought him to New York City 36 years ago, where he went from bad to worse, and finally suffered a serious accident which nearly terminated his career.

Realizing that it was through drink he was lying on a hospital cot, sick at heart and wounded sore, he turned to God in his extremity, and according to His Word He did not cast him out. After many days a sainted mother's prayers were answered, and Mr. Gosselin was wonderfully saved!

From that day to this he has walked and talked with the King, seeking to bring others to Him.

Mrs. Gosselin shared the honors, for at the age of 17 she yielded to Mr. Gosselin the happiness of her life, and has been a true and loyal wife, helping to sustain the family altar, and prayerfully rearing her children for lives of noble activity. The only daughter was just graduated with honor as a trained nurse; the eldest son has gone to the Naval Training camp at Newport, R. I., and the youngest son is bravely facing the inevitable when he reaches the required age in October.

The prayers, best wishes and congratulations of the Mission family were, like beautiful silk threads in a perfect work of art, woven into this happy 33rd anniversary of a well-rounded, victorious life.

* * *

MR. CHARLES LEHMAN, almost blind, sat in Madison Square Park one Sunday afternoon seven years ago. Suddenly he heard singing, and groped his way nearer and nearer until he found himself in an open air service.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest," said the Master. Weary and heavy laden he took God at His word; picked his way to the Eighth Avenue Mission that night, and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his friend and Saviour. Since then God has done wonderful things for him in answer to prayer, giving him not only peace and joy, but eyesight as well.

Like the grateful leper, he returned June 30th to praise God for seven years of fellowship with Jesus; and to receive the loving congratulations of the Mission family.

* * *

MONDAY, JUNE the 11th, was Mrs. Kuhn's tenth Anniversary. Our dear sister Mrs. Kuhn always radiates happiness and good cheer, but on her anniversary occasion she was simply running over with joy and enthusiasm. Our dear sister found the Lord Jesus through an open-air service and she cannot say too much in favor of this way of seeking the lost. It was a very unhappy and desolate young woman that stood on the street corner listening to the old, old story. Life held nothing for her. So sick of it had she become, that more than once she had attempted to destroy herself. She was persuaded to enter the Mission, and in listening to the testimonies of others, hope came to her heart and she received Christ Jesus as her Saviour. Since then life has been abundantly worth while, although often the way has been unusually hard. It was a beautiful service. As our sister told us of the burning desire she had to take the Gospel to

the people in the Mountains of Virginia where she was born, we prayed that God would soon open the way for her. Many testified to the great help and blessing Mrs. Kuhn's faithful life had been to them. God bless our sister and give her the desire of her heart.

Lift a Little

Do something for somebody somewhere
While jogging along life's road;
Help some one to carry his burden,
And lighter will grow your load.

Do something for somebody gladly,
'Twill sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others,
Your own are less hard to bear.

Do something for somebody, striving
To help where the way seems long;
And the homeless hearts that languish,
Cheer up with a little song.

Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed—
There's nothing on earth can help you
So much as a kindly deed.

—J. S. CUTLER.

One of "Our Boys"

MY DEAR MISS WRAY:

How I enjoyed my last visit to New York! I thought it was a beautiful one. Wherever I go and whatever I do my only desire is, has been, and will ever be, to be used in my Saviour's hands as a holy instrument. When I was in New York I met many friends, some of them gave me great heart-ache and pain when I found out that they preferred to follow the world and the devil than the loving Lord. Two or three years ago some of these young men were good men (I can't say they were Christians), but when I found them in deep sin, oh, it bled my heart!

I visited some other friends and spoke to them the love and the great saving power of Jesus, and I knew that the seeds being sown He would water and help them grow by His grace.

Three days ago I received a letter from one of above mentioned friends. I would have enclosed the letter if you could read Armenian, but I will translate just a few sentences from it.

"After you left me the words that you spoke to me about Jesus impressed me greatly. I think the life that I am living is not worth living. When you were speaking to me about your past life (full of sin) and your present life which hates the sin and only delights of doing the things that are pleasing in God's sight, my heart was burning within me. I see you have been a light in the world. Why can't I be one? Hereafter I decided that I may be a Christian. I wonder who can save me from this sinful body. I wish you were near to me. My friends and comrades living such hopeless lives, as long as I live with them I shall go to hell."

"It seems to me the best way is to correspond with you in order that I may learn more about Jesus and that I may be saved. I beseech you, don't leave me. I am thirsty, give me water. My soul is smoking, needs a spark that it may be an everlasting burning fire for my God. Please write me about these things, because I want to be saved. Please don't forget to write to me over and over and over again till I may be saved."

I wrote to him. I am praying for him, and I told him in my letter to go to the Eighth Avenue Mission (my sweet, celestial home). He can talk and understand English pretty well.

Do you think you could send some one to him just to lead him to the Eighth Avenue Mission? I know he will find dear, loving friends there.

Please accept my extreme thanks for your kindness toward me and for that delightful supper. Remember me to all my brethren and sisters in Christ.

G. GREGORY.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Editors { SARA WRAY
FRANK H. MANN

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VOL. IX AUGUST, 1917 No. 8

God in All Things

THE FOLLOWING incident contained in the letter of a friend is worth passing on that others may be strengthened by it: "Sunday afternoon I spend an hour at Bellevue Hospital in a quiet way, taking the comfort of God, and fruit, and Saturday Evening Posts, and tracts to the boys. Well, a couple of weeks ago I saw a fine, strapping, handsome Irish boy only twenty-three years old, whose back they thought was broken. When I told him how sorry I was for him in his great misfortune, this is in substance what he said: 'I cannot look at this in the light of a misfortune. I love God and His Christ, and I know that all things work together for good to them that love God. I see but a little way down the road, but *He* sees to the very end, and I know that His wise plan for my life is being worked out, and that I am learning the lessons He intends me to learn, so I can thank Him for even this seeming terrible affliction.' My eyes filled with tears, as I thanked this dear boy for the lesson he had taught me, and I tell you the incident, dear Miss Wray, because you must see so much suffering and maybe the story of this Irish boy's faith in God will help others."

Our New Officers

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Board of Directors of the Eighth Avenue Mission was held June 28th. Mr. Roberts, who has been President since the Mission was incorporated, resigned because of his inability to take any active part in the work. Mr. Roberts is still on the Board of Trustees and assures us of his deep interest and his eagerness to get back in the work as soon as possible. Mr. George C. Sleeth, formerly Vice-President, was unanimously elected President. Mr. Frank H. Mann, one of the editors of MISSION TIDINGS, was elected Vice-President. These two splendid Christian men have shown by their self-sacrificing service their love for the work and their devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ.

Out to Africa

WE ARE GREATLY privileged from time to time to have outgoing missionaries of the Africa Inland Mission hold a farewell service at our Mission. These farewells have been quite frequent lately and are always seasons of great blessing. The last farewell service took place Monday, July the 2nd. Each member of this party was going out to the field for the first time and looking forward with great joy when they shall preach the glorious Gospel to those who have never heard. Our prayers follow them as they follow those who have preceded them to the field. God give

them a safe voyage. Mr. Frank H. Mann, who presided at this farewell meeting, is Chairman of the New York Council of the Africa Inland Mission.

Gospel Missions

THE JULY Monthly Conference of the New York District of the International Union of Gospel Missions was held at Asbury Park, July 10th. For the summer months the Rescue Mission transfers its quarters to a tent. This year the tent has been enlarged and made very comfortable, and Mr. A. M. Faye, the devoted Superintendent, with his faithful workers, is doing a wonderful work for the Master. The Conference, although held on a stormy day, was rich in blessing. Addresses were given by Mr. T. B. Ironside, of Morristown Mission, and Miss Wray, of the Eighth Avenue Mission, and Pastors of the various churches. Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, the President of the Union, had charge of the devotional service in the afternoon.

If any of our readers are looking for a splendid Gospel work during their vacation at Asbury Park, they will find it at the tent which can easily be seen from the railway station. Mr. Faye will be glad to welcome any friends and workers.

Don't Apply

If the saloons should all agree to advertise facts, this is what they would say:

WANTED:

One hundred boys for new customers. Most of our old customers are rapidly dropping out.

Ten committed suicide last month.

Twenty are in jail; eight are in the chain-gang.

Fifteen were sent to the poorhouse; one was hanged.

Three were sent to the insane asylum.

Most of the balance are not worth bothering with; they have no money.

We must have new customers—fresh, young blood. Or we will have to shut up shop. It doesn't make any difference whose boys you are. We need you. You will be welcome.

—From the *Record of Christian Work.*

Never Say Fail

Keep pushing—'tis better than sitting aside
And dreaming and sighing and waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle, they only prevail
Who daily march onward, and never say fail.

With an eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb,
You'll battle—and conquer, though thousands asail;
How strong and how mighty, who never say fail.

In life's rosy morning, in manhood's firm pride,
Let this be the motto your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine, whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer and never say fail.

—*Selected.*

I wish I could get you at least to agree
To take life as it is, and consider with me,
If it be not all smiles that it is not all sneers,
It admits honest laughter, and needs honest tears.
Do you think none have known but yourself, all the pain
Of hopes that retreat and regrets that remain?

—LORD LYTTON.

News and Notes

THE summer open-air work is at flood tide, and far-reaching are the results. At Madison Square, June 24th, we counted nearly fifty in the circle, all wonderfully saved by believing God, and a large crowd outside listened spell-bound from start to finish.

One testified that he used to have dice in his pockets, but now he carried a Testament, which he produced.

A bright-faced young woman, who had been ill, spoke of the blessing her enforced vacation had been to her the past week, as she counted on the friendship of Jesus.

The singing, although untrained, is marvellously sweet, the testimonies earnest and helpful, and the interest unabated.

Many hands have been raised for prayer; scores of Gospels given away, and the end is not yet.

* * *

LARGE CROWDS gather every night at the corner of 24th St. and 8th Ave., and listen to the consecrated workers, who prove beyond question that it pays, even in this world, to serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the service the throng is invited into the Mission, and many avail themselves of the privilege. Sunday evening, July 1, a stranger was seated not far from the front, and listened attentively to the music and address. When the invitation was given at the close of the service, his hand went up for prayer, he knelt at the front, and yielded himself to the Lord. "Did you accept Jesus as your Saviour?" enquired the Superintendent, as he arose from his knees. "I did," was the manly reply; then he continued, "I believe God would have me tell you all why I gave my heart to Him to-night. Yesterday I was talking to a friend, and three minutes later, as he crossed a railroad track, his body was cut in two by the train. God said, 'That might have been you!' I concluded it was high time for me to get ready for eternity, and I came to New York to-night hoping I would find some service that would help me. As I came up Eighth Avenue I halted at your open-air service, a gentleman invited me to come in here, and I know I shall never regret the step I have taken."

"Are you not glad you went to the street service to-night?" said the Superintendent to the workers, and a fervent "Amen" was the response.

* * *

IT WAS a red-letter night when Miss Gamlin of the Sunday party was the speaker. She emphasized the fact that when we live near to Jesus we have:

Peace of conscience,
Peace in the day of trouble,
Peace in the hour of death.

Said she: "In these days of grace God still waits to be gracious," and she gave one illustration that we will never forget:

"A poor music teacher, struggling to eke out an existence, and in desperate need, concluded to advertise her work by holding a recital in the City.

"Putting on a bold front, she took up her temporary abode at a first-class hotel; and then, tempted beyond endurance, advertised that she was herself a pupil of the famous Liszt (whom she had never seen).

"People flocked then for tickets, and her success seemed to be sweeping, when, lo, on the hotel register she saw the name of the world-renowned Liszt, and the startling fact was revealed that he was a guest at the same hotel, and consequently cognizant of her perfidy.

"Alas! She was ruined! and when she was just tasting the sweetness of success!

"Faint and heart-sick she concluded to seek this great man and throw herself upon his mercy.

"An interview was arranged, and unsparingly she told of her struggle, the temptation, and the result, tearfully imploring his forgiveness.

"Imagine her joy when this great man

said, 'My dear child, I freely forgive you,' and then instructed her to speedily spread the news that Liszt himself would be present at the recital and play the concluding number on the programme.

"Analogous is God's love for us," added Miss Gamlin. "Plunged into the depths of remorse He lifts us up; gives us the kiss of forgiveness, and dwells with us in the mountains of Peace."

* * *

Mr. Gregory came all the way from Boston to say thank you to Jesus for having saved him, a friendless Armenian young man, three years, five months and twenty-eight days ago."

His countenance was illuminated as he said, "There is no place on earth so precious as the Eighth Avenue Mission, because here I found Jesus."

When he was very young he was taught to gamble, and knew no better life, until one night, miserably unhappy, he came into the service, and with the faith of a little child believed the glorious story of redemption. Since then he has been rejoicing in the possibility of close fellowship with the Master.

* * *

After being in the hands of a skilled physician, and in the care of a trained nurse for weeks, our beloved Mr. Sleeth returned to us June 21st, and made glad the hearts of those who had been earnestly praying for him. The reverent thankfulness was deepened and intensified by the message he brought from God's Word: "God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." He said "God's love is the most valuable asset man can possess," and proved it by many interesting illustrations drawn from life.

* * *

The Brothers who attend the Men's Bible Class at 9.30 Sunday morning say they have "the best teacher in New York City."

The women congratulate them! But, to have the proverbial last word: great as is Billy Sunday, he "has nothing on our Wednesday night teacher!" "I come many miles, at great inconvenience," wrote one, "for the spiritual uplift of the Bible Chapter Study; indeed, I would not miss it for anything." So say we all!

* * *

Dr. Sproll, a friend of Mr. Sleeth, riveted the attention of the men one Thursday night as he valiantly exalted the Lord Jesus Christ, saying that although L.L.D. was attached to his name, the simple story of Jesus and His love had as completely taken possession of him, as it had those whose lives had closely touched out-breaking sin.

Such a Spirit-filled life must always be a blessing, and we trust it may be in God's plan to bring him to us again.

* * *

The blessing the fresh air work has been thus far has been incomparable. Tired women, literally starving, have been rested and fed. Little children have been properly nourished, and have cried when they had to leave God's country for the hot, dusty City, while the spiritual development has not been neglected, and the ethical culture has been unsurpassed.

* * *

Many distinguished guests have been with us the past month, among them Mrs. McAndlis, from the Pocket Testament League, who gave us a thrilling account of your sailors accepting Jesus as their Saviour and King before embarking for the war zone.

Prof. Sherin gave a helpful word one night in July, comparing the interesting meetings of the Mission to the small attendance at a prayer meeting recently attended.

A large delegation from the Calvary Methodist Church contributed much to the sweetness of the music the same night, and several gave glowing testimonies, among them the Superintendent of the Sunday-school. Their soloist, Miss Ethel McKay, sweetly rendered a hymn, accompanied by Miss Ethel Dyer at the piano. One young man who said he had been saved for some time, re-

quested prayer for his brother who had wandered far from God. Shall we not unitedly believe for his conversion?

Mr. Neidig, an iron-worker from the Calvary Methodist Church, once thought one of his trade could not be a Christian, but for 29 years he has proved the power of God to keep him under all circumstances.

Detective Smith followed, by saying, "If God can save an iron-worker and a policeman, he can save anybody." We wish there were more policemen like our dear Brother, working for the Master while always faithful to the duties of his calling.

No greater miracle could there be than an infidel reading and accepting the truth of God's Word, and that is what transpired when Mr. Lehman was converted.

A Perfect Day

THE teachers' outing to South Lynbrook, the children's summer home, was a red-letter day long to be remembered.

The smile of Providence seemed real when a perfect day was promised at dawn.

The ride on the train was suggestive of the joy to come as glimpses were gotten of quiet towns in picturesque settings; and yet when the Kindergarten house was reached one felt the half had not been told.

"What a beautiful and extensive lawn!" exclaimed one; "See this restful porch, all screened in," said another.

Were there ever such shrubs—not only luxuriant with abundant foliage—but radiant with American flags?

Wonderful shade trees and beautiful flowers gave rise to many a deep sigh of content; and yet there was more to follow for it was impossible to take in all the beauties of the place at a glance.

Most gracious was the royal welcome of Mrs. Hamilton, the trained kindergartner, into whose heart God breathed the possibilities of this ideal retreat.

Leaving excessive baggage (hats, gloves, etc.) in a cool, slumber-inviting chamber, one could roam at will through the house and grounds.

So homelike was the interior we would fain linger to carefully note the dainty draperies; the alluring chairs; the open piano and indications of refined taste on every hand; but God's pure air was pulling, and oh, the unalloyed happiness of the next hour was indescribable!

The dearest baby calf, in party dress, even a wide blue ribbon tied around his neck, pushed his nose into our hands, and gave the Superintendent special attention, seemingly knowing she was the guests of honor. The response to his greeting so delighted his heart that, like Mary's little lamb, he followed the party with his big brown eyes, and figured conspicuously in the frolics and pictures taken.

The most engaging places, however, were yet unexplored, for one must see the children's dormitories, and the dining room for their exclusive use, if they would enter into the happiness of the little ones who were privileged to live here days—perchance two weeks.

Homelike indeed were the upper rooms; inviting were the rows of beds so immaculate, suggestive of comfort, and bright with flowered counterpanes; but we could not linger for the little tots were marching in to dinner, and the happiness of this contingent, one could not afford to miss.

Could we believe our eyes? Chicken, potatoes, green peas, plenty of bread and butter and fruit jelly! Why, it is just what big folks like! What wonder if through a mist of joyful tears we saw these tenement reared children march to their places, sing their blessing, and enjoy this royal repast under the loving supervision and ideal training of the kindergartner.

At one o'clock, when appetites had been whetted by deep breaths of ozone, and healthful explorations, there came a summons to the dining room proper, which presented a scene unsurpassed in beauty and artistic arrangement.

Dainty cards designated the position of each guest; and as they quietly stood in their places the Superintendent, at the head of the table, reverently invoked God's blessing.

Now there was time to note the details: the floral decorations, the tempting cakes festive with tiny flags, the attractive garnishings; and last, but by no means least, the delectable menu, enjoyed all the more because the little tots had been served the same.

At the close was an impromptu feature, not on the programme, when each person was crowned with a garland of God's matchless flowers. Surely it suggested the crowning day when Jesus should welcome His own, for sitting together was the honored Superintendent, her co-workers, and the sweet-faced, refined woman whose trained hands from the first had made possible the gratifying cuisine. Heartfelt, therefore, was the accompaniment of veneration in the audible returning of thanks.

Like an engaging panorama passed the afternoon, the Superintendent leading in salutary games. Here a party enjoyed croquet, there a group gathered daisies, while the little children, with a penny, took their daily trip to the store for sweets, fondly guarded by a competent chaperone.

Then came the finale of delicious ice-cream, and the summons to prepare for home. "But we do not want to go home," chorused the teachers, at the same time, like good soldiers, obeying orders.

Before the train arrived there was just time for a farewell glance at God's green earth, a word of appreciation for the kindergartner, and a song of praise to God for a perfect day.

A HAPPY GROUP AT OUR SUMMER HOME.

Be not too ready to condemn
The wrong thy brothers may have done,
Ere ye too harshly censure them
For human faults ask: "Have I none?"

—*Selected.*

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

WE are made happy and encouraged every time we go into the city and attend a mothers' meeting; even though the days are sultry and the heat trying there is always a good attendance at the Wednesday meetings. There is but little offered these summer days to bring our mothers out of their homes where at least they are sheltered from the heat; but they will tell you in a confidential chat that they receive untold comfort from the song service and the simple Gospel message which they hear, to say nothing of the sweet Christian fellowship that is always so helpful in any of our Mission gatherings. The messages given by our dear friend, Mrs. McAllister, always find a most responsive echo in the heart of every mother, our dear sister seems to have a special gift in speaking right to a mother's heart.

* * *

How delighted we all were to hear a little word from our dear friend, Mrs. Cleveland. True, it was from far-away Texas, but her love for us seems bubbling up as fresh and as wholesome as ever. We thought her "painless generosity" plan a splendid one and a very intelligent little mother suggested that even if we were not able to save ten cents to help the Mission work along we could start on a penny basis. It is wonderful how even such an insignificant sum will amount to quite an important consideration as time passes, and be well worth while presenting to the Lord as your mite towards helping the good work along, or even if not the Mission work any Christian work that you feel an interest in. We want to thank Mrs. Cleveland for her happy suggestion. All the workers, mothers, children and babies of the Eighth Avenue Mission send their dearest love to our own dear Mrs. Cleveland, and ask God to bless the ministry of her beautiful voice.

* * *

The mothers and children's rest at Lynbrook is still being blessed most wonderfully by God. We would be not only blind but ungrateful not to feel that the hand of God has held our own from the very inception of the work. It has prospered beyond all our most sanguine hopes. Before three weeks had passed we had thirty registered as our guests, including mothers, infants, children and those who came out for an overnight visit. We are so glad to report that every one who has been with us has had a definite need of the country. One mother remained with us the trying two weeks when her baby was cutting his front teeth. After the first few days the tonic air did its good work and the baby was lulled to sleep by singing birds and we heard no more crying. Some tiny tots were sent to us by teachers who realized the children were physically unfit to study and at this writing they are rosy and strong and happy. So we are thanking God moment by moment for His tender, watchful care of a work that we feel He has made His own and is proving it to us day by day.

* * *

Probably in this number of MISSION TIDINGS there will be some photographs of our Lynbrook home. Miss Wray, our Superintendent, came out herself and spent an afternoon with the photographer finding out the most desirable views of the house and playground to publish so that all our friends could see just what a delightful spot we have

for our mothers and children whom we are so happy to make happy. Six different groups were taken, the children playing games, the children in the swings and hammocks, the children on the house steps, in fact, children doing what they are doing every day.

* * *

We want to say right here that the mothers who come to us for a visit are not asked to do a stroke of work of any kind. Even when they offer out of pure kindness we send them right out in the fresh air or in the swings under the trees or tell them to go to sleep in the hammocks or do any pleasant thing that will make them forget their own kitchens and washing dishes and the endless round of housework that has been their daily duty many of them for twenty years. Yes, our dear mothers need this rest, and is it not just wonderful to think we are able to give it to them?

* * *

We have at our summer home such a splendid morning and evening service, and when Miss Wray came out we were praising God that we had her in our midst. It rejoiced our hearts to hear her pray and commit us each one individually to God. This precious work needs just the beautiful spiritual touch our dear leader alone can give it and we pray the dear Lord that He in His tender mercy will send her to us from time to time. We hope it will help her. May God ever bless her and make her a blessing.

* * *

Right here we want to thank dear Miss Dixon for the untiring work she has done in her co-operation with us in visiting the mothers and helping them get ready for their week's outing. Miss Dixon is indefatigable in her neighborhood visiting, and this summer we not only see the results, but we feel them. It means something to walk through the congested streets and climb stairs day after day during the season of the great white heat, often to find mothers out. But Miss Dixon does it all in the spirit of love and consecration, and surely God has for her a special blessing and a special ministry that gives her the grace to do so much for so many without a murmur. May God bless and keep our dear Miss Dixon for His service, is our most earnest prayer.

* * *

Our dear young friend, Emma Jesser, who had such a distressing operation at the hospital, spent her three weeks of convalescence with us, and we were all edified with her very beautiful, exemplary Christian life. Imagine a girl full of good spirits, willing to spend her evenings studying her Bible and helping our gentle Danish maid to study with her. It was her delight to do this and sing all the beautiful Mission hymns. This young life has been largely influenced by the Mission where she has been connected with the Sunday-school for many years as a pupil of Mrs. MacAllister. The Mission can truly be proud of her. It was with regret we saw her leave, but rejoiced to know that she was so much benefited by her visit to us.

* * *

We have chosen for our house song a hymn that is very precious to us all, and even the children sing and understand it. The hymn is one dear to many Mission friends, and runs like this.

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His word,
Just to rest upon His promise,
Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song,
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live,"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight,
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was it you?

—*Selected.*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 9. Number 9

Mission Tidings

September, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By William E. Blackstone—

Christ's first coming did not mean death to the Jews, neither does His second coming mean death to Christians.

❖

It is entirely unscriptural to instruct the believer to look for death, as being synonomous with, or equivalent to, the Lord's coming.

❖

Nowhere in the Savior's teachings are we commanded to watch or prepare for death.

❖

We are commanded to watch and prepare for Christ's coming.

❖

The grandest fact in history is that Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, has been in this world.

❖

The most important fact of the present is, that He is now in Heaven making intercession for us.

❖

The greatest prophesied event of the future is, that He is coming again.

❖

He has given us "the Lord's supper," that we should take the bread and the cup in remembrance of Him, till He come.

❖

We are nowhere in the New Testament directed to look for the millennium before the coming of Christ.

❖

The millennial kingdom will be a literal reign of Christ on the earth.

❖

The dead in Christ that are His at His coming, will be raised out of the dead, and the rest of the dead will be left, until another and final resurrection.

Perhaps no better illustration could be given us of watching, than that of picket duty in the army.

❖

Our soldiers know that out on the skirmish line it is full of life and excitement, because they are watching for something immediately possible.

❖

It is immeasurably better to be ready than to be late.

❖

There is no prophesied event which has to be fulfilled before His coming in the air to receive the Church.

❖

The Rapture, or being caught away, at the coming of the Bridegroom, is full of the sweetest comfort for the believer.

❖

The Church is to be the Bride of Christ, which He is going to present unto Himself.

❖

When He comes it will be time to make known, in detail, the manner of the kingdom.

❖

It is just as consistent that we shall receive an addition to the revealed Word of God when He comes, as it was when He came before.

❖

While we are to preach the gospel everywhere, we are not to expect that all will receive it.

❖

Only God can judge when the witness to all nations is complete.

❖

He never went away spiritually, but He did go personally and visibly, and in like manner shall He return.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1917 No. 9

A Personal Testimony

"What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

GOD hath been so mindful of me that to-day my heart is filled with gratitude as I trace his goodness and mercy which hath followed me all the days of my life.

In a red-brick house on Amsterdam Avenue, New York City, I was born twenty-four years ago.

My father died when I was four years old; but I realized but vaguely the sorrow into which mother was plunged, and the responsibility which was hers of our support. I can assure you, however, that I began to sit up and take notice when three years later, without consulting me, my mother presented me with a step-father. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," I reasoned, so without consulting the "newlyweds" I left their bed and board, and at the age of seven years started out to earn my own living.

Immediately I went to work for my uncle, selling wood and driving a wagon, for which I received the munificent sum of one dollar per week, and a horse's privilege of sleeping in the stable. In addition my morning ablutions could be performed at will in the horse's pail; while all my training was gratuitously punctuated by my uncle's oaths.

One Christmas having passed without having even food for a celebration, I subsequently left my uncle's employ and went to work in a hardware store. Of course I was graduated from his training with similar accomplishments, doing with my might what my hands found to do; but off duty exhibited equal proficiency in the art of gambling with lads of my own age, and swearing "to beat the band," if I may be allowed the expression.

Unconsciously I had been serving Satan, and proving that "the way of transgressors is hard;" but when I was fourteen, God's mindfulness was manifested in sending my step-sister to me. She invited me to live with her, and encouraged me to study evenings. I could not let her lose anything by her thoughtfulness, so I kept on working for four dollars a week, gave her three-fifty to keep the home running, and for months studied assiduously.

Later I went to work as helper in the 14th St. store, receiving five dollars per week, and in six months was promoted to driver at $10.00 a week. Just one week later this was raised to $15.00 because of a strike.

I was always anxious and willing to work; but a spirit of dare-deviltry and friendliness decoyed me into unprincipled company, with disastrous results.

My first glass of liquor was taken at Coney Island when I was 17 years of age. "The Bunch," as they termed themserves, entered a saloon, saying "Come on and have a glass of soda." They ordered beer, and not realizing my danger, I said, "If you are going to have beer let me have the same." I tried beer and forgot who I was or where I lived. The Bunch said, "He is stewed to the

neck," and left me in a two-foot hole where men were digging for pipes on Eighth Avenue, in New York City.

Arrest for drunkenness was imminent, but again God was mindful and immediately sent along Mr. H (who also worked at the 14th St. store) with his wife. Mr. H. fished me out of the gutter, and took me to a boarding house for the night.

THOMAS F. WOOD

The following day he requested an interview, and told me if I would give up drinking I could live with him. With characteristic spontaneity I immediately took up my abode with this Christian gentleman and his wife, purposing to give up drinking, gambling and profanity.

Alas for good resolutions apart from the power of God! Many times I broke out afresh, losing positions, and taxing the loving patience of Mr. and Mrs. H. to the breaking point.

My bad habits also resulted more than once in a decrease of salary.

Beyond measure was God's mindfulness of me when one day I delivered a parcel at a cloak and suit house, although I did not realize at the time that he was going to give me the love of a pure, sweet girl.

I had been in Chinatown all night, and must have presented a sorry appearance, for the young girl who took the package said, "You seem to be in bad condition." My reply was more emphatic than euphonious for I said, "I feel rotten!"

As I had to deliver goods a this place every day, and was not always in working order, this smart young girl would make out my slips, and finally said to me, "Why don't you stop drinking?" This rap right from the shoulder made me speedily ejaculate, "I will," and for four years I kept my promise.

One night returning from the office of a dentist I met this bright-eyed girl coming from church, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to say, "May I see you next Sunday?"

"Yes," came the modest answer, and its sweetness could only be surpassed by the yes, enthroned in purity, uttered one year later when she promised to be my wife.

One month from that day a white-robed girl put her hand confidingly in mine, a white-robed bridesmaid and a best man were also in evidence, while Dr. Roach, Rector of St. Peter's Church, performed the ceremony. Then it rained rice for a brief season, some of it clinging to us as we went to our ideal little home so happily planned and furnished.

Perhaps we might have been "happy ever after" if we had taken God into our hearts and home; but the next year, hearing of a raffle of a turkey in a saloon, I stepped over the threshold, and commenced drinking again.

Plunged into grief my wife and mother-in-law wept and pleaded, but to no avail! Even the birth of baby Elsie, February 9, 1914, and William, August 19, 1915, did not stay my mad career.

But God was still mindful and guided the sorrowing ones to the Eighth Avenue Mission, where they accepted the

Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and found rest and peace.

They did not dare to tell me what they had done, for even my father-in-law was afraid of me; but they talked with God so much He talked to me, until things reached a climax one memorable Sunday. I heard God's voice saying, "Don't take out your motorcycle to-day, it is MY day!" As I hesitated, and confided my thoughts to a friend, he said, "All right, don't you ride it to-day, but let me try it." Suiting the action to the word, he mounted, started, ran into a tree, and the result made my knees knock together, while he had to submit to his head being sewed up.

Then I thought I would rather hear some one preach than go to the theatre, or the movies. "Why not go to the Eighth Avenue Mission?" said my wife. "What do I want up there? I'm not a pan-handler nor a grafter," was the retort. Nevertheless, I decided to go; and if this was a surprise, it was equally astonishing that I lifted my hand for prayer and responded to the call to go forward and kneel at the altar.

That was my part, and God did the rest, so that from that day to this I have had no desire to drink nor swear; and we have a happy home. My father-in-law is also converted; and we are mindful of God's Word, and pray—even the babies pray and sing the story of Jesus and His love, and what God has done for me He is willing to do for you, dear Reader.

THOMAS F. WOOD.

The Real Guide

You may bring to your office and put in a frame
A motto as fine as its paint,
But if you're a crook when you're playing the game,
That motto won't make you a saint.

You can stick up the placards all over the hall,
But here is the word I announce—
It isn't the motto that hangs on the wall,
But the motto you live, that counts.

If the motto says "Smile" and you carry a frown,
"Do It Now," and you linger and wait;
If the motto says "Help," and you trample men down;
If the motto says "Love," and you hate:

You won't get away with the mottoes you stall,
For truth will come forth with a bounce—
It isn't the motto that hangs on the wall,
But the motto you live, that counts.

—*Selected.*

I just heard that Elder Gray
Give his money all away;
Been a miser, clost and hard
Sence the big tree in our yard
Wuz a saplin';—never went
Nigh a soul nor give a cent.
Heer'd last night he'd give his wife
All he'd saved up all his life.
Sounds onreal,—but taint no lie—
I jest seen the hearse go by.

"Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,
And lay it safe away;
Hammer the cork in good and tight,
To keep for a rainy day."

When you pack your trunk, don't pack your worries; you can get them at any station as you go along.—*Mrs. Whitney.*

"Strength for to-day is all we need,
For we never will see to-morrow;
When it comes, the morrow will be a *to-day,*
With its measure of joy or sorrow."

There is No Difference

INVOLUNTARILY one sought the shade of the building, shrinking from the hot pavements.

Men were seated along the curbstone, women huddled in windows and doorways, seeking a breath of air, while children cried and dogs lolled.

Horses bathed in exudation seemed to drag themselves along the streets, and the only animate objects that looked comfortable and happy were the twittering birds, voracious flies and people privileged to ride in automobiles.

Surely it was an afternoon when contrasts stood out in bold relief; here a woman dashing by in her limousine, expensive plumes waving picturesquely behind her sheltered enclosure: there at the corner another woman with winter hat pulled down over her hair, a winter coat held together by a common pin, and lace shoes tied at intersecting intervals, many eyelets missed—perhaps that there might be sufficient string to tie around the top.

"There is no difference: For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," whispered the Spirit. This was the incentive to give loving thought to the poor woman, reduced to actual want through habits of inebriety.

She had seated herself upon an unoccupied stoop, and removing the battered velvet hat from her head, her light hair fell in scraggy bunches around her young, but cadaverous face.

To sit beside her and enter into conversation was not easy; but the still small voice whispered "inasmuch": a heart responded, "I can do anything for Jesus," and soon consecrated hands took hair-pins from her own hair and pinned up the unconfined locks of the lost girl, which improved her appearance a bit; but the blood-shot eyes; the filthy nose and mouth sent a qualm through the one who longed to have her know "the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

"Do you realize that Jesus loves you and died for you?" "Could anyone love me?" was the girl's reply. She smiled a weary smile, and added, "Will you come to my room and talk with me?"

The bootblack on the corner gazed curiously at the strange pair, while people who passed lingered upon the opposite walk. Curiosity was not abated when the staggering girl, steadied by her companion, led the way to a low doorway, the crowd following.

Improving the opportunity, while the girl hunted for her key, the visiting lady distributed tracts and cards of invitation to the Eighth Avenue Mission, silently claiming the promise "My word shall not return to me void."

Satisfied, the crowd dispersed, and the sin-stricken girl pulled herself up a narrow flight of stairs, and introduced her guest to a room unequalled in disorder and squalor.

The safest spot seemed to be the top of a trunk, and from this vantage ground the simple, but effective story of Jesus' love was told, with an accompaniment of unuttered prayer that it might penetrate the befogged brain.

We believe it did, for the poor girl seemed to be sobered at the solemn words, "No drunkard can enter the kingdom of God"; and a tear stole through the matted eye-lashes at the suggestion that by faith in the blood of Jesus she might be born anew, and live a clean life.

No longer could one stand aloof as the weeping girl sank to her knees and, in an agony of grief and remorse, asked God to forgive all her sin; nor could they doubt the power of God to save when she arose from her knees with the light of heaven shining from her eyes.

The sincerity of her purpose was evidenced by her desire to go at once to a home where she would have Christian influences.

Great was the contrast in the next

home visited! It was kept spotlessly clean by trained servants, while the paintings on the wall breathed of foreign travel. Piano, books and music suggested culture and refinement, while the sofa and great arm-chairs seemed to invite one to sink into their depths and rest.

Last, but by no means least, was the lady herself, whose personality was accentuated by the hair dresser; the faultlessly manicured nails, and a modish gown. With grace she could put her visitor at ease, and even courteously converse with a book agent; but for the King of Kings there was no place.

O yes, she believed with the head; but her heart was untouched, and she knew no need save that of occupying her pew in church; being conveyed thither in her automobile, and contributing generously to this church, or a Belgium baby, whichever first engaged her fancy. In fact, *self*-obliterated even the contrast of the glories of heaven to any that earth could give, and the voice of the Master, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life," was silenced by a careless platitude. A. F. M.

The Boy with the Barley Loaves

We do not know his name,
His lineage, or his age,
And yet he lives in deathless fame,
Upon the gospel page.

The people round the Master pressed,
The sick, the poor, the sad—
He stands distinct from all the rest,
A little fisher lad.

We cannot guess what prompts his thought
That those five loaves he brings;
Two fish he may himself have caught,
He carries on his strings.

He waits with patient, upraised head,
The hungry crowd he sees;
The fish are here, the barley bread,
And yet what use are these?

Still, all he has his Lord may take,
And then it must be well—
The Master took and blessed and brake
And wrought His miracle!

O glad child heart, so sure and swift
Thy perfect way to choose,
O happy hands that bore the gift
The Master deigned to use!

We lose the lad among the throng,
No more of him we know,
Nor if his life were short or long,
Nor what its joy or woe.

Only in one recorded place
The veil is backward cast,
To let that innocent boyish face
Smile on us from the past.

Thus to an age of noisy claims,
One lesson more is given;
The fair deeds live, the actors' names
Are only known in heaven!

—CHRISTIAN BURKE.

Destroyed

In 1839 the Sultan of Turkey decreed that not a representative of the Christian religion should remain in the empire. Learning of this, Dr. William Goodell, an American missionary to Turkey, went home to his friend and colleague, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the first President of Robert College, Constantinople, with the sad news. "It is all over with us; we have to leave. The American consul and the British ambassador say it is no use to meet this violent and vindictive monarch with antagonism." To this Dr. Hamlin replied: "The Sultan of the universe can, in answer to prayer, change the decree of the Sultan of Turkey." They gave themselves to prayer. The next day the Sultan died, and the decree was never executed.—*Bible Readings for the Home Circle.*"

MISSION TIDINGS

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Memorial Service

A MEMORIAL service was held for our late brother, Mr. J. P. Marran, July 22.

Acts 11:24 was the appropriate verse Director Winant took for his text. "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

Tender was the tribute tendered Mr. Marran as a man after God's own heart, filled with the Holy Spirit, and rich in faith. True it was that the corner where he sat would never seem the same again; and we could indeed say "Amen" to the assertion that Mr. Marran was an unanswerable argument for God's power and love, as well as so full of wisdom and regard for God's Word that he could appropriately be called "The dean of our Theological Seminary."

Miss Wray also referred to the big gap Mr. Marran's absence made in our midst, rejoicing simultaneously that we had told him how much we thought of him while he lived, and at least gave him flowers once a year at the anniversary of his conversion.

Dr. Carson, the pastor of the Misses Marran, was the next speaker, and voiced our sentiment as he spoke of the progress in the spiritual growth in Mr. Marran's life:

First. Vicarious: Trusting for his salvation through the justice of God in giving Jesus as a substitute.

Second. Virtue: Saved by the grace of God to virtue, as he worked righteousness into his life.

Third. Vision: A vision of Jesus that kept him serving.

Fourth. Venture: We do not trust enough to God. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us"; so Mr. Marran's faith was a venture upon God.

Fifth. Victory: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ"; and hath given victory to Mr. Marran.

Comforting, indeed, were Mr. Carson's closing words: "Mr. Marran knows now what victory means. His face is radiant! He had a beautiful face, calm and serene, and a responsive heart through all the ten years that he had known the power of God unto salvation. Then he not only rejoiced over his own salvation, but desired that others should come into the family of God. Mr. Marran was also kind, a consoler of those in trouble; and the simplicity of his faith was so childlike, yet triumphant, for he 'knew whom he had believed, and was persuaded that he would keep that which he had committed to Him against that day.' Even his children rise up to call him blessed!"

Reminded of the Bishop of Durham, he said that at one time, when a regiment of soldiers were going to battle next day, they were royally entertained by friends, with music, refreshments, and diversion, and at the close the bishop asked a young lieutenant to make a speech, thanking those who had so royally entertained them. With well chosen words, the lieutenant responded, and then made a searching appeal, say-

ing as he paused for a moment: Tomorrow we go to France, then into the trenches, and then most likely to certain death. Can anyone tell us how to die? Quietly a young woman, who had been one of the entertainers, stepped to the platform, and sweetly sang "O Rest in the Lord."

Mr. Marran knows tonight what it is to rest in the Lord. He lives tonight in his transition; he loves tonight; he remembers each one here, and his intercession will go on in sweetness and power. He is praying tonight for his children the same as he did when he was here. "He has gone, but only from us."

The testimonies given by converts of the Mission were tremulous and touching, for many had been led to the Lord Jesus through Brother Marran's wonderful and helpful testimony.

Mr. Frank H. Mann, who spoke the closing words, gave a tribute filled with pathos, for he also loved Mr. Marran. The crowning result of this beautiful memorial service was the reconsecration to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ of Christians who arose and reverently sang "My Jesus, I Love Thee; I Know Thou Art Mine." We are sure the benediction pronounced by Dr. Carson will be made real in these lives, brought nearer to God through an evening of sacred reminiscences, and of sitting together in heavenly places.

Rosewater or Straight Talk

The modern minister of the Gospel takes a few tablets of doctrine, dissolves them in a gallon or two of rosewater of sentimentality, puts a little in an atomizer, and sprays the congregation to an accompaniment of the sweetness of Christianity and the fragrance of a benevolent life. The New Testament tells but one story—that man is a sinner, that he has been redeemed, that the only way of salvation is through faith in Jesus Christ. Don't talk to me about "value judgments." You can't believe with all your heart what you have already rejected with all your head.—*Dr. Francis L. Patton.*

Get a Transfer

If you are on the gloomy line,
Get a transfer.
If you're inclined to fret and pine,
Get a transfer.
Get off the track of doubt and gloom,
Get on the Sunshine train, there's room,
Get a transfer.

If you are on the grouchy track,
Get a transfer.
Just take a happy special back,
Get a transfer.
Jump on the train and pull the rope,
That lands you at the station, Hope—
Get a transfer.

If you are on the worry train,
Get a transfer.
You must not stay there and complain,
Get a transfer.
The cheerful cars are passing through
And there is lots of room for you—
Get a transfer.

Words

Words can do more than all the money and all the swords in the universe; money and swords are only their servants. But what mischief can they do as well as good! How they can make neighborhoods miserable! Oh, what need we have to rule over our tongues, and make them the sources of health and not of pain!—*Selected.*

There are nettles everywhere, but smooth green grasses are more common still; the blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Our Soldier Boys

SIGNALLY impressive was the farewell service accorded our soldier boys July 21.

Sitting upon the platform in khaki uniform were Alexander McLeod, Harold Bater, Roy Anderson and Rowland Beattie, while deserving of honorable mention were those not able to be present: John Sievewright, at Governor's Island; Gloster Gosselin, in the U. S. Navy, and Mr. Williams, with the Canadian Army.

Touching was the prayer by Mr. Cooper, while the music was singularly appropriate.

Dr. Allen, of Newark, N. J., was introduced, and spoke eloquently, holding his audience spellbound, while murmurs of approval were heard intermittently. He said he felt like bowing profoundly to God, and to these young men who had pledged their lives for the civilization of the world, and for democracy against hypocrisy.

He was reminded of the fireman who scaled a dizzy height to rescue a woman from a burning building, only to pause at the top of the ladder and stagger as the intense heat burst through the open window. Some one below said, "Cheer him," whereupon cheer after cheer rent the air. With fresh courage the fireman leaped through the window, and reappeared bearing the unconscious form of the woman, amid the acclamations from below, which did not cease until he reached the ground. Dr. Allen, therefore, believed these brave young soldiers should be sent forth with a cheer which should enhearten them 'till the day of victory.. "In fact," said he, "all America, one hundred million strong, are cheering these men today."

"This is God's war," he added. "Jesus is on the Throne. Shall He lose His power? Never! His fingers are on the great organ which is playing 'Freedom,' while brave boys are dying and mothers and sisters are crying."

Turning to the beautiful flag (Mrs. Sleeth's gift to the Mission), Dr. Allen said: "In the Hebrew Temple appeared the red, white and blue. The blue came from the sky; red was the type of blood—reminding one of the sacrifice—while white was the emblem of purity."

The flags of America, England and France are also symbolical: the blue from the sky is representative of divine beneficence; the red is the type of God's wrath upon the sinner, and the white is indicative of His princely holiness.

Rising, the audience reverently sang "America," after which Miss Wray introduced the young soldiers.

Harold Bater's words must ever be an incentive to stronger manhood, as well as a comfort to loved ones left in this country, for it was triumphant in its note of praise for salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, while his manliness was apparent in the straightforward way he exclaimed "I love Him more and more, and thank God for the privilege of preaching Christ to the boys in the camp." To be sure, it was not always easy, especially when an officer was present, and another person had said "Bater is a fanatic," but others, who well knew they were facing danger, were thinking deeply of eternal things, and one young man had definitely accepted the Savior and was reading his Bible.

Mr. McLeod thanked God for a mother whose prayers had been answered in his behalf. He believed it was mothers who were making the supreme sacrifice at this time. He praised God for leading him to the Mission five months ago, and said he should always feel this sacred spot where God saved him in his home. Although he was to go to his home in Canada and fight for his country, he was glad that first of all he was a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Anderson, who came from Fort

Wadsworth with Mr. Bater—"our new brother," as Miss Wray called him, said: "It is a comforting thought that Jesus will go with us all the way." He also paid high tribute to the mothers on the home field, saying that to his mind "they were the greatest soldiers." Even when writing letters Mr. Anderson prays that God will dictate them for him, thinking, perhaps, it will be a last opportunity to lead a soul to Him. He felt confident God would see him through; and if he never returned to his earthly home, he knew he would have one in heaven.

The one regret of Mr. Beattie's seemed to be that he must leave the open-air services, and his cornet behind. Perhaps none will be more missed from our loved circle than Mr. Beattie, whose testimony has so often rung out and brightened the corner at Twenty-fourth street. These wayside ministries have been fraught with much blessing, and Mr. Beattie's place it will be hard to fill. Very unselfishly he congratulated Brothers Bater and Anderson for being in the Ambulance Corps; but he was glad to be in the firing line of the artillery, and should go away with greater joy because of this meeting. True to the Lord Jesus at all times, he had come out victor in a rough-house demonstration, when some fellows put him on the floor and took away his Testament, but he reciprocated by giving them each a Gospel of John, and was rewarded by seeing them put them in their pockets; and days after were still carrying them in their uniforms. Mr. Beattie took it as a special dispensation of Providence that he had recently heard from his brothers, who had been on the battlefield for three years, and were still unhurt.

Miss Wray asked for a display in upraised hands in pledge that we would remember these soldier boys in prayer; and surely we will include Mr. Beattie's in our intercession.

Everybody loves President Sleeth, and when the superintendent introduced him as "the biggest soldier," he responded very happily, saying that as he was twenty-one years too old to get into the war, he wanted to get into something, so he got into a khaki uniform and joined the Home Guards. He made honorable mention of many of our circle who are already on the field, among them Miss Emmy Steyrer, who is a Red Cross nurse. One felt Mr. Sleeth's sympathies were enlisted, like the true man he is.

Miss Wray said she believed in giving bouquets to people when they were alive and able to enjoy them; and so she was glad these brave boys could know how much the Mission appreciated them before they went away. She read three letters from soldiers who had been converted at the Eighth Avenue Mission, who had also been wounded on the field, and were lying in hospitals, and yet happy in the love of Jesus. Then she added: Three things are essential for a good soldier:

Discipline: Godward.

Surrender: To His will.

Obedience: Implicit obedience; obeying Him.

In Leeds some eight little chaps, three to four years old, were playing soldier. They were marching two by two; had old tin cans for their drums, paper caps, and an armlet of brown paper, imitating the khaki bands of the recruits first called into the war, on which were printed three letters: "R. F. A," indicative of Royal Field Artillery. A gentleman passing noticed the boys had the same lettering on the brown paper, and asked the boys what R. F. A. meant. Disgusted at his ignorance, one little fellow exclaimed: "Don't yer know? Why, that's 'Ready for anything!'" Very adroitly, Miss Wray spoke of the gap these boys would make in our ranks, and then said, "When a gap is noticed in the regular army others step in and fill it. As good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, would we rise to the occasion and fill

the gap made by our soldier boys at the street corner, as well as at the other services?"

The Chatauqua salute ended this memorable service, as all arose and heartily sang "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again."

Items of Interest

THAT MISSION TIDINGS is God's mouthpiece is emphatically emphasized by the fact that its perusal invariably sends one to their knees, petitioning, not to be successful, but faithful.

* * *

It had rained every day for a week, and again the prognostication was "probable showers."

A gentle down-pour at 7 a. m. shrouded the city in gray, while children pressed their noses against window panes, and were actually dumb with disappointment.

Simultaneously Mr. Huston, superintendent of the Sunday School, in his uptown apartment, was also contemplating the weather problem, while his assistant, Miss Bater, in her 23d street home was considering the probability of having the Sunday School outing.

Then in the midst came the breaking of the clouds; the appearance of the sun, and joy to each child as well as to those of maturer years.

Oh, what happy confusion as the children found their tongues; scrambled into holiday attire, while their elders quickly packed lunches that would make one's mouth water!

It was marvelous how soon they congregated at the Mission, their faces radiant with anticipation.

Everything that superintendent and committee could devise for pure enjoyment was put into action, resulting in an exceptionally happy day from start to finish.

The ride to Van Cortlandt Park was enlivened by hymn singing, while many a weary face brightened at the unexpected message.

With innate courtesy Supt. Huston provided automobiles for those who were handicapped by lameness Consequently, a little girl, with leg in plaster cast, found herself flying over the walk to the apple orchard, and was able to participate in the varied program of the day.

There were games in which enthusiastic interest did not wane; and so much ice cream and lemonade—the only anxiety was lest the superabundance should make one ill. Happy, however, was the result, for everyone went away so satisfied that even a thunder shower as they approached home could not dampen their ardor; two little girls coming through the rain to say "We thank you for taking us to the outing." So say we all: Praise God; and thank Supt. Huston for this memorable day!

* * *

Warm was the welcome accorded Mr. Christie, of N. W. China, and striking was his message, which held us spellbound so analogous was it to the Word of God. True, but startling was the introduction: "All mankind is lying in the lap of the wicked one; all men are lost unless they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, whom God sent to be the propitiation for sin. If you do not believe you are a heathen; rejection of Jesus means hell forever and ever, and if you go there you have yourself to blame."

Yes, we knew it was true because God had said it! "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God." Ps. 9:17.

As Mr. Christie told how the Almighty had used His Word to change raw heathen into Christian preachers and godly Bible women, our hearts were strangely stirred, for statistics revealed 16 stations established, 23 evangelists and 12 Bible women at work, and 500 converts in a place where the Gospel had never before been preached.

Thrilling was the recital of the hairbreadth escapes from death, at one time

looking into the muzzle of a gun, as his life was threatened if he did not deliver up his wife and the women of the station. Refusing with all the manhood of his intense nature, his very courage weakened their determination; and God's power worked effectually in hiding the women in a blind closet while the Chinamen made an unsuccessful search of the premises.

Again they were all obliged to make hurried flight to the forest, which was quickly surrounded by the heathen bent upon their destruction. Seeing no possibility of escape, they prayed that they might meet death with Christian fortitude, when the Spirit whispered, "Why not pray for escape?" Instantly obeying, God immediately answered, sending deliverance through a hunter who overtook them; and as they clasped hands in the darkness, guided them safely to his retreat beyond the danger line.

God's power was felt, and as men in the Mission responded to the Spirit and raised their hands for prayer, purposing to escape from the lap of the wicked one forever and ever, our heads and hearts bowed reverently in the presence of Jesus, "who died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord."

* * *

Dr. Talmadge once said: "If there are any special crowns in heaven I believe they will be given to mothers." Today we say: "Get in line for your crown and tell Mr. Huston you will teach a class in the Sunday School, following them by watchfulness and prayer, 'till they are saved by the power of God.

* * *

"Mr. Mann's sermon was worth going 125 miles to hear," said a new convert. Her faith was so strengthened that she subsequently arose and requested prayer for her unsaved husband; and others also felt the presence of God. Surely one misses much if they are absent from the Mission a single night!

Said Mr. Natino's little girl: "Here is something for your poor people," and lo, she had given 24 pennies to the Lord! Are we doing our bit?

The Mission is greatly blessed by having consecrated and talented musicians who sing and play for the glory of God. A word of appreciation is due Director Winant, Mrs. McCloud, Mrs. Boyle, Misses Mary and Dora Scott, Miss Hunt, Miss Walreck, Mr. Arthur Smith, together with many others like Mr. Marlin, who sings at Bellevue every Sunday afternoon, and then comes to our open-air meeting at Madison Square, to tell the story of Jesus in tones of unsurpassed sweetness, and in the power of the Spirit.

Is Life Worth Living?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong
Or tyranny to fight.
Long as there lingers gloom to chase
Or streaming tears to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as a tale of anguish swells
The heart and lids grow wet
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;

So long as faith with freedom reigns,
And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
To leaven lowly lives.
While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect and will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

—*Alfred Austin.*

"What Can I Spare?"

"What can I spare?" we say;
"Ah, this and this,
From mine array,
I am not like to miss:
And here are crumbs to feed some hungry one;
They do but grow a cumbrance on my shelf"—
And yet one reads, our Father gave His Son,
Our Master gave Himself.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

AS the closing days of the summer drew us nearer to our city homes and duty, a flood of thankfulness and gratitude to God swept over our souls that we were counted worthy to minister to so many little children and keep them off the streets during the dreadful days of the great heat. Day after day applications were received by us to take more children, but our number was of course limited, as every child who came to us needed the most exacting attention. In fact, many were suffering from malnutrition and had to be fed by the spoon until the digestive organs were strong enough to take even an ordinary bread and milk diet. All during the long, beautiful summer days the children played in a forest of shady trees or dug in a sand pile or just rested, while in the great, cool, clean kitchen the simplest and best of food was prepared for them by experienced hands.

One beautiful little girl barely three years was carried out to us so weak that she could not stand up, and for weeks we nursed this tiny victim of a dreadful city environment until we were rewarded by seeing her play and romp with the other children. We closed without the record of one sick child, without an unpleasant incident that we felt was our responsibility. The whole summer was one of joy, peace and thanksgiving.

* * *

A song of rejoicing filled our hearts throughout the summer as week after week packages of the most sensible kind of clothing reached us through the personal influence and steadfast work of our dear superintendent, who has been so generously enthusiastic about this children's rest. In these very welcome packages were white and colored dresses of the daintiest design, sweaters, underwear, night clothes, hats, baby caps, even bibs, each article speaking of the love of the givers. We take this opportunity of thanking all those who so thoughtfully responded to the appeals of Miss Wray, who ever has us on her heart.

* * *

We were made very happy and grateful during the mid-summer heat of August to have our dear young Mission worker, Sadie, come to us with such a loving service for the dear Master. Just when we were worn and tired with our many (though pleasant) duties, dear Miss Wray sent her to us, and truly she was to each and everyone a "tower of strength." From morning until night she was busy at some service for the children, not only entertaining them in the pleasant swings, but looking after their clothing, tidying up first one then another, helping the doctor in his calls upon the children, nursing the little invalid child who was entrusted to us, taking an active part in the service held night and morning, delighting the little ones with her cornet as she led them in their singing without even the assistance of the piano. God has truly endowed this dear young girl with especial gifts for children's work, and we do most earnestly commit this dear young life into His hands that He may in His own good time open just the door where her alert intelligent service may count most for Him. Under all this service we see the blessed influence of our dear leader, who has taken the responsibility of this young girl upon her own heart.

The visit of dear Mr. and Mrs. Sleeth to the Children's Rest was a day long

to be remembered. They came as the guests of Miss Wray, and were accompanied by Mrs. Cummings and their charming young daughter, who has been in the Mission since childhood. Although they came in a storm and left in a storm, the day was a delight to us all. Never did the grounds look lovelier as the rain fell in torrents and the welcome breeze shook the trees and the birds sang their sweetest. We had all kinds of comfortable meals to pass away the time, and before leaving Mr. Sleeth packed our pantry with all sorts of good things for the children. At three o'clock a huge watermelon was cut and served to the delight of children and grown-ups. On another visit Mrs. Sleeth invited some of our visiting workers and children who were planning to take a train home to go back in the automobile. In many ways we feel indebted to those dear friends for their practical interest in a work that is so very near to the heart of the Lord.

We are indebted to Mr. Simons, the Superintendent of the Congregational Church of East Rockaway, for a day in the woods for our children. Such a well planned day it was too, the children were made the guests of honor, which meant that all the good things to eat were at their disposal. Our children attended the Sunday-school of which Mr. Simons has been in charge for many years. He is proud to tell that he met Miss Wray at a religious gathering some years ago, and was deeply impressed with her message, and has since that day followed her evangelistic service with deep interest. It was with pride he introduced our children of the Mission to the little ones of his congregation at the public service. Mr. Simons has sent a most earnest invitation to Miss Wray to come to East Rockaway to speak at a Sunday morning meeting and she has promised to do so some time in September.

One intensely hot afternoon in August while we were quietly seated on the porch two ladies with a young child passed up the avenue, looking curiously from one house to another; finally they stopped under the trees, and we noticed the familiar cover of our MISSION TIDINGS. "Is this the Eighth Avenue Mission Children's Rest?" they inquired. When we answered in the affirmative, they were intensely delighted. We read about it; we heard Miss Wray speak about it, and we have walked in from Rockville Centre this hot afternoon and made up our minds we would not go home until we found it. We enjoyed a visit together, and they told us they had been going in and out of the Mission and had always been so helped and refreshed by the messages of our dear superintendent. Truly God does bless and water His own word.

* * *

Day after day visitors have come to the Children's Rest from the towns nearby as well as from Lynbrook with words of encouragement and appreciation of our efforts to do something to help the little ones of the very congested districts of Chelsea, in the heart of which is situated the Eighth Avenue Mission. Many of these visitors were personally acquainted with Miss Wray or had met her at some conference, so at this time we want to thank all these friends for what they have meant to us, and also thank dear Miss Wray for her many visits, her personal work with the little ones even during her busy summer days, when she could hardly find time for a needed rest. Another year we are hoping she will make her headquarters with us, so that we may have the blessed influence of her sweet fellowship and her counsel day by day.

If the day looks kinder gloomy,
An' yer chances kinder slim;
If the situation's puzzlin',
An' the prospects awful grim;
An' perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone—
Just bristle up an' grit yer teeth,
An' *keep on* keepin' on.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 9. Number 10

Mission Tidings

October, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Cortlandt Myers—

A noble purpose is life's guarding, guiding angel.

❖

He who is satisfied with his first effort, or his first step, or his first attainment, never reaches eminence.

❖

A deeper longing precedes every bolder attempt.

❖

Look higher if you would live higher.

❖

Ideals are heavenly messengers; they are the wings of the lark to save the songster from the perils of the lowlands.

❖

Failures and wrecks are all stamped with the lack of high resolve.

❖

The fountain rises only to the level of the stream.

❖

Environment and advantage give birth to pride, but not to nobility.

❖

To go back is to fall. The only safety is on and up.

❖

Mistakes should be only teachers in life's school to spur us on.

❖

Always look up, but never give up.

❖

To be like Christ is the great circle which sweeps every other ideal and ambition within its circumference.

❖

It is better not to have lived than to live a mean, low, selfish life.

❖

Making a living depends upon temporal circumstances. Making a life rests upon eternal principles.

❖

Making a life is to live outside of self.

Be happy now. Begin your heaven; do not wait for some far-off distant land.

❖

Selfishness is the cause of your trouble and your sadness.

❖

Service for others is the one real service for self.

❖

The best in a man ought to grow to the last.

❖

Progress depends upon a worthy purpose, a dauntless will, and a divine force.

❖

A king ought not to be building a hut, or even a palace, but an empire.

❖

There are athletes in religion, and every Daniel has been in training for the lion's den.

❖

The impossible of today becomes the easy task of tomorrow.

❖

Giving is keeping. Losing is saving in the divine economy.

❖

Forget mistakes. Organize victories out of failures.

❖

There may be progress in pruning. Life may be increased by cutting off some worthless branches.

❖

Life itself is a shipwreck unless Crusoe finds his man Friday whom he can influence and elevate.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1917 No. 10

A Personal Testimony

BORN in Bavaria, I was brought up in the Catholic faith, became an altar boy, and grew to manhood in the town where I was born. In due time I married, and a few years afterwards I left the old country and came to the United States, thinking to better myself. In about a year's time after landing in New York my family joined me, and we went to housekeeping. I was a blacksmith, as were all the men of my family as far back as I can remember. I earned good money, but as the years went by I formed the drink habit, with the usual result, always working hard but never getting any further ahead; for though I always prided myself upon providing for my family, the money which should have been put by for a "rainy day," (and the "rainy day" came bye and bye sure enough) was spent for drink. So things went from bad to worse, until I no longer had a home but had to live in a furnished room.

One evening, a little over ten years ago, out of work, discouraged, and crippled with rheumatism, I stopped at a corner where an open-air meeting was being held. After listening to one and another as they spoke, I followed the people into the Mission Hall where I heard the story of Jesus and His power to save. Then and there I yielded my life to him and became a new creature, the appetite for drink passed out of my life, and I have never tasted a drop from that night to this.

Of course the first thing I did was to try for a job. I got one, not at my trade, but it was work, and by doing

GUSTAV NEUBECK

anything that came my way, I was soon able to get a little home together again. But just as things were going nicely I was thrown out of work again, for God had taken away the

rheumatism so that I had been working at my trade again; but I did not doubt his wisdom and I prayed for strength to stand true in what seemed to be a heavy trial.

One night as I lay wondering what was going to become of us, for our money was getting very low, I seemed to hear God's voice telling me to start in business for myself. I remember waking my wife to tell her about it, and she said, "but you have no money, how can you do that?" But never doubting I started out next morning with a few tools I owned and my first job was repairing a Church railing, which I thought was a favorable sign, and so I went on, and by degrees God has enabled me to build up a business of my own, and He has prospered me, and I bless His name for all the way He has led me. I can say, as did the Prophet of old, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation."

I want in closing this, my simple testimony, to thank God for Missions and for the open-air work. I thank Him for bringing me out of the darkness and superstition in which I was reared; and I pray that these few words may help some man who is even as I was, to step out of darkness into the light and liberty of Christ.

GUSTAV NEUBECK.

Among Our Soldier Lads

OUR DEAR brother Harry Haines has been with Mr. Alexander and his party at the Northfield General Conference and also at the Stony Brook Conference. God has very wonderfully used the testimony of our brother in both these places. Our brother is to devote the whole of his time for the next few months to the soldiers and sailors. We shall miss him from the Mission where his faithful fellowship in the work has helped us much, but we rejoice in the larger opportunity that God has opened for him and our prayers will follow him.

OUR BROTHER Harold Bater of the Medical Corps is also on "active service" for His Master. God is using him to win men for Christ and his zeal and enthusiasm for the Lord Jesus and His Word are having blessed results.

A letter from our brother Williams who is with the Canadian Expeditionary Force is also most encouraging. He writes, "I praise God for the way he is keeping me here and I realize how helpless I am to do anything in my own strength. It is not easy to be a Christian in the Army, but I am proving it is possible by the grace of God to live a clean, pure, Christian life, and I am trying by His grace to be a blessing to others. I make it my business to watch for the new recruits and if they are Christians to encourage them and if they are not, to help them to Jesus."

OUR BROTHER Mr. MacLeod has left New York to join the Canadian Force. We earnestly ask the prayers of all our friends and workers who have given themselves to the cause of liberty that they may be used to win many men to their Lord and Master.

The Saloon's Demand

The saloon has to have two millions of recruits a year to keep its infernal business running. This is the plea of the saloon keeper:

I want a boy at my saloon,
A boy has died and now there's room
For a new boy to start right in
To live a life of shame and sin.

I want a boy with a fine home,
A boy who has a good income,
I want a boy with many friends,
For without boys my business ends.

I want a boy, some mother's boy,
Who is her comfort and her joy;
Such boys to me are worth the most
For they are leaders of a host.

I want a boy who is not afraid
To start right on the downward grade;
A boy who's always very brave
For he must fill a drunkard's grave.

— *Selected.*

To the Point

PERTINENT is the telling volley from our Mr. Cannon to the effect that "once he went to Coney Island one way and came back another, but now he could come and go the same way," meaning that when he was in the service of the devil he would go down to Coney Island comparatively sober, but come back intoxicated; but now, in the service of the King of Kings, he could go down and return free from the power of the enemy.

* * *

Said one, "My memory of Brother Marran is sweet! The last thing I remember was his singing alone, 'Everlasting life is free. Simply by believing on the Son of God everlasting life is free.' If we sing it and believe it our testimony will also be sweet."

* * *

A young man was told to use his will power to overcome the drink habit, so he tried it, but, as he said, "used it all up in a few weeks," landing in a home for inebriates. There he learned of God's power, and now advocates the "Blood Cure" for all sin."

* * *

The Mission means so much to each one of us in making Jesus real, as well as in Christian fellowship, that we can appreciate the loneliness of the dear soldier boys, and the declaration of Mr. Beattie: "Whenever I feel lonely I pull out my little Testament, talk with Him, and He talks with me, so I am comforted." Al ? ? ? ? ? ? ??

That God can change the desires of our hearts was forcibly emphasized by Brother Cooper when he travelled two hours one Sunday morning in August, to attend the Men's Bible class at 9:30, and came again in the evening, saying, "as much as I love the seashore and the refreshing breezes, five minutes of the Bible class means more to me than an hour on the beach."

* * *

"I used to be a member of lobster clubs," said Brother Thompson, "but now the Men's Bible class gives me more satisfaction in one hour than all the clubs could give in a life-time."

* * *

"I came here one night," said Mr. Huston, "and heard the Superintendent tell of all the services that were to be held, and I came every night that week for fear I would miss something." He has been coming ever since, adding much by his testimony, sterling integrity and steadfast walk with the Master.

* * *

"I used to try to find happiness in a bottle," said another; "but I have found it, together with peace and joy, by asking God, for Christ's sake, to forgive my sins." "Blessed is the man whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sins are covered."

* * *

One night a man sprang to his feet, and said, "I belong to the greatest secret society known. It is God's secret society, the 'secret place of the most high.' I find salvation is the same here as it is in Indiana. We must get it out of the same Book."

* * *

Said an aged brother: "I used to live on rum and tobacco, and had to get up three or four times a night to see if my pillow was on fire; but now I live 'by the faith of the Son of God' and can sleep like a baby."

* * *

A dear old man travelled many miles to come to New York City and say "God speed" to his boy before he sailed for France, but before he could locate

the ship it had sailed, taking the object of his affection to an uncertain future; but he found the God of all comfort at the Eighth Avenue Mission, as well as Christian fellowship, and lingered in the City for days, attending the open-air and in-door services, triumphing in the assurance that "all things work together for good to those who love God."

* * *

Helpful and interesting was the address given by Rev. Harry Kratzig from Gal. 2:8. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." Said he, "What is saving faith?" The answer is: "Forsaking All I Take Him."

* * *

Incomparable are the meetings of the Eighth Avenue Mission, said an enthusiastic gentleman not long ago. I have visited many Missions, but where else can you find so many men and women, standing simultaneously, all eager to tell how real the Lord Jesus Christ is to them?

* * *

"I can appreciate the position of the man at Bethesda," said another, "for somebody gets ahead of me when I arise to give my testimony."

* * *

The "Cricket" never ceases to rejoice that each Saturday night finds him "right side up with care." With him we heartily say, "Bless the Lord!" God is able to make a Christian gentleman out of a drunken stable man, for with Him "nothing is impossible."

* * *

"Everything looked like twos and threes when I came into the Mission, but they were ones when I went out," said a dear Brother who has been saved for years. He had led a drunken, crooked life for 35 years, but when he came into the Mission, blindly staggering after a drink, thinking it was a concert hall or a saloon, he found "a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins"; and now, as he expresses it, "I talk right, walk right and look right."

"It it were not for the pop-corn testimonies at the last, I do not know what I would do," said an earnest sister. "My soul was so full tonight that I wanted to be the first to praise God, but I could not get a word in edgewise until it was time to sing the doxology.

What the Summer Wrought

LIKE gorgeous autumnal tints, brightening the abundant foliage of tree and shrub, comes reminiscences of God's glory in the summer's work.

UNUSUAL BUT NOT CRAZY.

What a touch of heavens coloring was the picture of a clean-cut youth, only 20 years of age, kneeling at 24th Street and Madison Square one Sunday afternoon. Unusual? Yes! Crazy? No, for he was about to claim his heavenly inheritance! Child-like was the adoration expressed in the words "God bless that lady and save me!" The Holy Spirit had spoken to his heart through the invitation of the Superintendent of the Eighth Avenue Mission, when opportunity was given to accept Jesus as his personal Saviour; and, all unnoticed, he yielded, coming to the Mission some weeks later to relate the incident, and to return thanks to God for his salvation.

A DOUBLE NEED MET

Harmonious were the somber shades of earth's needs, silhouetted against a background of God's inexhaustible supply, when a woman sank into a rear seat of the Mission, and placed a three-year-old boy at her side. Picturesque was the setting: a blue print apron; an intelligent face, crowned with a wealth of wavy brown hair, together with the innocent little chap, whose only coloring was a pair of brown hose and big, brown eyes. Great was the need for spirit, soul and body; but, true to the divine order, the mother first sought God, and then He did

the rest. We will not soon forget the moment of her surrender, when she knelt at the altar, her little son also kneeling beside her (open eyed and wondering) nor the exaltation of her expressive face as she realized God's Word was true, and her sins were forgiven for Jesus' sake. Guilelessly she confessed her husband was out of work; that they had had nothing to eat since the previous day; but God had guided her feet up Eighth Avenue, where she heard singing, came into the Mission, responded to the gentle knock at her heart's door, and then the Master had come in bringing peace. Plenty was added to it, God's promise fulfilled, and the physical needs met "according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

Joy was in the presence of the angels of God when the Captain so earnestly and so quietly believed the Gospel, and turned to God for deliverance from all that was not pleasing to Him. The artless simplicity of his testimony is so wonderfully eloquent that it not only creates joy in heaven, but a hope in the heart of the one hopelessly entangled by worldly allurements. "God help me," was the Captain's cry, when quickly the shackles slipped off and he triumphed over the open saloon, the insidious influence of the game of chance; and last, but by no means least, the tobacco habit. Braver yet, he gave up all earthly possessions to be true to God. "God bless Him" is the spontaneous utterance of our lips, while we believe with Him that God will not only restore the years which the canker worm hath eaten; but earthly possessions as well.

WELL DONE

"Neither rain nor snow, nor heat nor gloom of night, detains these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds" is not only the appropriate motto for the New York Post Office, but is also applicable to faithful David, so loyal to all the work entrusted to his care, including the transportation of the necessary equipment for the open air service Sunday afternoon at 24th Street and Madison Square. One of the hottest days in summer, with heavens lurid and dark clouds gathering, David started for his post, determined, if the threatened storm blew over, to be on time. Chain-lightning and hail-stones did not turn him back; and when a tremendous downpour followed, one said, "David will be drenched" while another concluded, "books and organ would be ruined." As the sewers became choked, and the flood reached the curbing, it was easy to fancy David and push-cart deluged; but an hour later he returned as safe as Noah's dove, for in the providence of God he reached a friendly shelter just as the storm broke, where God's faithfulness and David's met in triumph.

EVERY FRIDAY

The Friday evening services at the Mission are always replete with blessing. Our beloved Mr. Cranston's companionship with God, and his knowledge of His Word, is uplifting. Especially helpful was his dissertation of John seventeen, when he said "Friends, who know how to pray, are doing the mightiest thing they can when they pray for the cause of Christ, and for individuals." "There is but one thing greater and that is the fact that Jesus prays for us." The song service, conducted by Mr. Schluenzen (one of the Directors) is not only enjoyable, but worshipful; while the solos by Miss Elizabeth Gerwien, accompanied by Miss Scott, are also filled with praise to One who is able to save and to keep.

WHAT the Lord wants is not what you have, but yourself, and you cannot do a thing to please God until you surrender yourself to Him.

—*D. L. Moody.*

MISSION TIDINGS

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Editors { - - - - - SARA WRAY
- - - FRANK H. MANN

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VOL. IX OCTOBER, 1917 No. 10

Called Home

AFTER MANY weeks of illness, when patience had time for its perfect work, Mr. James MacKenzie triumphed in Christian faith, and sang in the night "Take me as I am, O bring Thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am." A few days later he lapsed into unconsciousness, and passed peacefully into eternity, to be with Jesus, Monday, August twenty-seventh. He leaves a sweet Christian wife, and two beautiful daughters to mourn his loss, and yet to thank God for a Christian husband and father to greet them in glory. Mr. MacKenzie was an honored member of Dr. Hoadley's church, but in his absence, a minister from the presbytery conducted the impressive service. The opening prayer was replete with hope and comfort, as were the appropriate selections from God's Word. The discourse that followed was a tender tribute to a worthy man: one who had walked with integrity before God, his family and neighbors; and must of necessity be a sacredly sweet memory to those who were privileged to know and love Mr. MacKenzie. The closing prayer, commending the wife, children and friends to the God of all comfort, seemingly touched the throne; and was followed by a profoundly impressive service by Clan MacKenzie, No. 29, O. S. C., to which Mr. MacKenzie belonged. Stalwart, strong Scottish men stood in line, while the leaders repeated the beautiful burial service, alternated by prayer; at length placing an emblem upon the coat of their departed Brother. Many beautiful flowers transformed the room into a bower of beauty, and silently attested the loving esteem of a host of friends. Mrs. MacKenzie is one of our own dear workers, and her faithfulness as teacher in the Wednesday meeting is very much appreciated. Friends from the Mission were present at the service; tendered the bereaved family their loving, heartfelt sympathy, while silently they prayed that God's presence might be very real "till the day break and the shadows flee away."

Attention Please!

We are glad to announce that beginning Tuesday evening, October the 2nd, our brother, Mr. Frank H. Mann, will begin a new series of lectures to be given regularly each Tuesday evening at the Mission. The series will be given under the general title of "The Rules of the Game" and the subjects of the 12 lectures are as follows:

The Rules of the Game

The Game and the Players.
A Primary Rule.
An Insistent Injunction.
A Reverent Attitude.
A Wise Provision.
A Special Guarantee.
A Fundamental Right.
A Clean Demand.
An Honest Policy.
A Protective Clause.
A Square Deal.
A Better Rule Yet.

Mission Tidings in Africa

The cheering words come to us from the distant continent of Africa:

"Greetings from Africa in the name that is highly exalted above every other name in Heaven or on earth.

"Just a few words of encouragement which I should like to pass on to you in your labors for the Master. Your little monthly 'Mission Tidings' comes to me as a ray of sunlight as father sends it to me each month. I do pray need of a rescue mission, I was greatly encouraged in the strength of the Lord to go on, having seen and heard your experience in New York City. Do pray that God will do here what He has done for your mission. We are helpers together by prayer. God can and will answer prayer. . . .

"He is working here in the Vrededorp Coloured Mission. The open-air services are very well attended, and that God will continue to bless you in this undertaking, as well as the work of the Mission which is a tangible fruit of your faithfulness to the call of God.

"Perhaps you do not remember me, but I attended your mission quite often with my father. You have always been a subject of my prayers, and when I came out here to Africa, nearly a year ago, in obedience to the call of God which was on my heart and life for nearly eight years, and saw the great God blesses our efforts. May I ask that you and your Mission continually hold me up before the Father's Throne of grace, that many souls may yet turn from their sin and darkness and heathen superstitions and learn to know Jesus, the giver of life eternal?

"And now may God's richest blessing rest upon you and all your helpers, also upon 'Mission Tidings,' and may you see many, many more souls pass from death unto life, for your hire."

LILLIAN E. MERRON

WHO WILL SEND THE WORD?

A LETTER from Private Beattie of the 9th Coast Defense, and one of our own boys, gladdened our hearts when we read the following:

"I received the testaments. I think there were fifty altogether. I could use ten times as many and I must have them because last night I got thirty men to sign-up and I promised as many more they should have a Testament. I wish you could have seen what I saw Sunday morning in my tent. Every man has a New Testament and I got seven of them and had them sit down and we had a wonderful time. Each of them read a chapter. I am arranging with the Y. M. C. A. to let us have a room and once a week we are going to have a Pocket Testament meeting for the men who have signed the Pocket Testament card. I wish you could have seen the type of men who came up to me and wanted a Testament—great, big, strong fellows, and yet they came up for God's Word so humbly.

"I am trying to teach them the song, 'Take it wherever you go,' and we are doing fine. I must have as many as possible because there are over three thousand men here and some are leaving for France every day. What a blessing it is to put a Testament in their hand before they go."

If any of our friends would like to help send Pocket Testaments to these hungry men, we should be glad to see that they are forwarded to Private Beattie. The Pocket Testament League supply a splendid khaki-covered Testament, beautifully illustrated and very attractive for 40 cents each.

Some of August's Memories

WHILE our beloved Superintendent was away in August the people evidenced a beautiful spirit by regular attendance, and by doing all they could to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ, that lost men might be drawn to Him.

Brothers Doherty, Schluenzen, Cranston, Lissner, Allen, Cummings, Haines, Cooper, Ball, as well as others, deserve honorable mention because of their readiness to fill any vacancy which might arise; yet all looked forward with glad anticipation to the meetings of August 18th and 19th, when Miss Wray would be present.

Gods' presence was manifest throughout the services and the reconsecration profoundly real as earnest Christians, hungry for God's best, raised their hands for prayer, purposing with all their hearts to give their "reasonable service."

It was good to see Mr. Phil. I. Roberts at one of our meetings, and Miss May C. Wolcott, who so effectively and sweetly sang the gospel.

"Bowery Mack" is always a welcome visitor, and his testimony wonderful. Once he was a dying mechanic, lying in drunkenness and filth; but when he asked Jesus to help him He lifted him from the mire; cleansed him in His precious blood, and his face was glowing as he said, "I have been walking with Jesus six years; and, think of it! when once physicians would not have given a snap of the finger for my life, today I have successfully passed an examination for the U. S. A." Surely soldiers of the cross make the best soldiers for the U. S.!

* * *

Our esteemed President, Mr. Sleeth, was forced to be away during a part of the summer. His pleasing personality and helpful addresses were greatly missed, but he graciously sent a substitute each week, and their messages were most profitable.

Mr. Lawrence Sutherland was one of the speakers, and his vivid, up-to-date story of the prodigal son, (even himself) was most thrilling. By way of introduction, he said, "I have been lead to do something I have not done for some time, and that is to give my testimony."

His two brothers were contented to stay on the farm, but he sought life in a City, drifting into business with ungodly men. Although at home he had been brought up in the Sunday school, and his name was on the church roll, here in the City he worked on Sunday, making money the first year in the real estate business.

Fine rigs and sporting men lured him, not only into shady financial deals, and forgery, but to indulge in many things his godly mother had taught him was wrong.

Little by little he stepped lower in the scale of life, until he finally found himself the manager of a cheap hotel in a Western City, where the program of drinking, gambling and stealing was only varied by suicides.

In the midst came an intense longing to see his mother; and, like the prodigal of old, he said, "I will arise and go"; but it was the mother love this time that was pulling.

Unlike the prodigal's brother, his brothers, as well as his mother, and the entire family, gave him a royal reception, and he gratefully partook of the feast that they had prepared.

God dealt very patiently with him until he promised Him he would do what He wanted him to do; and now for almost six years the old accounts have been settled; and, as he expressed it, he has been "clean-cut for God."

* * *

A wonderful testimony followed Mr. Sutherland's, when a clean-cut man arose and said, "Many times I stole from the firm by whom I was employed, but when I arose and went to my Heavenly Father, He forgave my sins, helped me to make good; saw to it that I was reinstated, and has kept me loyal to these same employers for ten years. My father died a drunk-

ard at the age of 50; but my mother prayed three boys into the kingdom."

* * *

The testimony of an Armenian, with radiant face, was beautiful, although given in broken English. "My mother went to Jesus 34 years ago. She gave me this Testament when I was 14 years old. Jesus is so precious!"

* * *

Bright was the testimony of a gentleman from Chicago, who said, "I bring greetings from my wife who used to work here." "I drank, never; and my land-lady said, 'Truly you are so good;' but the monitor inside said, 'Yours is a bad case, and you are blinded. You must read the Word, and see your picture, for your heart is desperately wicked.' Sure, enough, it was! and I had to get cleansed in the fountain of life; but it's all right now!"

* * *

Mr. Laycock, from the Y. M. C. A., Newark, was the speaker August 9th. The subject of his discourse was, "What is the greatest power in all the world?" Touching was his tribute to a Mother's love, out-weighing the power of money, position or fame; but the climax was reached as he portrayed the power of God's infinite love for the sinful, sad and lonely. It was a strong, soul-stirring message which we shall not soon forget, and we shall be glad to welcome him whenever God graciously sends him to us.

* * *

Mr. John A. Connelly, Secretary of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. of Newark, and Mr. Delaney of Hope Hall, were the speakers August 16th. Their heart-stirring messages struck home, and one man who had been in prison fifteen years came forward with sobs, yet with hope in his heart, because of their testimonies, believing if God could do such great things for them he could do the same for him. Mike Hickey, (also wonderfully saved) was present and sung "O this world has need of sunshine as you go," and pointed lost men to the one who is the Light of the World, even Jesus. Many hands were raised for prayer as the result of the power of God in the consecrated lives of these manly men.

* * *

A great work has been done in a quiet way by Mrs. T. J. Dalnodar of Palisades Park. To her beautiful home she desired to bring the poor and needy, and share with them its comforts, and incidentally the invigorating air and products of a real home garden. Co-operating with the Superintendent of the Eighth Avenue Mission, needy and worthy mothers went out, and the testimony of one is the heart cry of all who had this privilege. "Think of it, why we had the best bed in the house, and a room opening out upon the porch! There were fresh vegetables from the garden, and we were treated like one of the family. My husband was even invited to their hospitality, and I was asked to come again!" It must have been a heaven on earth to exchange a hot City tenement for a home of comfort, and even luxury; and we would take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Dalnodar for this work of love, while we would suggest that others who have comfortable homes, and desire to hear the sweet "well-done" after the heated term, to look to the Lord to see if He would have them also engage in a work like this another summer, if Jesus tarry.

* * *

Another example of God's power and grace is the wonderful words of Mr. Wm. Berry, once a man far away from God; but now giving his testimony at Northfield, and as well-known amongst Gods' saints today as he used to be known among the sinners on the Bowery. God bless him, and continue to make him a blessing is our prayer.

* * *

A Catholic, who used to serve liquor to his guests, said that God saved him, and then when his old friends arrived he served water, when, lo, they never came again! Now he has found new friends at the Mission! and he said, "when old temptations assail me, I

board a car and come to the Mission, and I cannot get here quick enough!" We all feel God's power at the Mission; but He is real anywhere; "when we call, He will hear," and we unitedly praise Him!

* * *

It was a treat to have Mr. Ball speak to both men and women in the month of August, and his messages from Revelation made the new Jerusalem very real. We felt that we wanted to get in line so we would not lose any of the views along the way.

* * *

We wish everyone bound by satan's fetters could have heard the message given by Mr. Randall of Hope Hall, August 30th, from the subject, "What is the root of the matter?" Concisely, the root of all evil was sin, and Jesus the only remedy. It was a convincing argument, worth going miles to hear.

* * *

Harry Bourne said he was formerly an actor, taking the name of Harry Gradner. Later he was converted, and resumed the name of Harry Bourne again—born again. He was converted about fifteen years ago when Miss Wray spoke one night at the 57th St. Y. M. C. A., and has been kept by the power of God ever since.

* * *

Lena L. Tuttle, a school-teacher from New Hampshire, visited many Missions while on her vacation, and while a guest of Miss Mason, but she found none so helpful, she said, as the Eighth Avenue Mission. She enjoyed the singing, in which her alto voice had a part; and wished she could impart some of the spirituality of the Mission to her place of worship in New Hampshire.

* * *

We would return thanks for the gracious working of our Heavenly Father in sending to us from time to time, such consecrated and beautiful singers as Mrs. Pope Lewis, and Mr. Marlin. Hymns seem to mean more when they come from lips cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus, and hearts tuneful with abiding praise.

* * *

Miss Moulton's sweet face, and her Christian spirit, were especially helpful in the absence of Miss Wray. We had missed her, and a glad welcome is always ready for her, as well as for her helpful words.

* * *

One young woman hesitated to accept the Lord Jesus Christ because she knew there was one thing that required restitution; but she yielded one memorable night and then God's enabling did the rest, and she came back to return thanks that His presence had made her task easy, and peace and joy had come into her heart to abide.

* * *

Detective Smith's address, Aug. 25, which directed our thoughts to the Good Shepherd, was replete with comfort. Strong was the assurance that there was no other door, but the Lord Jesus Christ, for entrance into glory. The glimpses of home life he gave us, as in thought we went with him into places that needed the gospel, were vivid, making us glad that a Christian policeman is one of God's possibilities; and souls saved and comforted, through the wonderful work of tracing missing people, a reality.

In That Beautiful City

At an open air service Captain Cunningham sang a hymn written by F. M. Lehman, which we desire never to forget, for it brought the joy of heaven to earth. Shall we give you the words?

There's no disappointment in Heaven,
No weariness, sorrow or pain;
No hearts that are bleeding and broken,
No song with a minor refrain;
The clouds of our earthly horizon
Will never appear in the sky,
For all will be sunshine and gladness,
With never a sob nor a sigh.

Chorus.

I'm bound for that beautiful city
My Lord has prepared for His own;
Where all the redeemed of all ages
Sing "glory" around the white throne;
Sometimes I grow homesick for Heaven,
And the glories I there shall behold:
What a joy that will be when my Saviour I see,
In that beautiful city of gold!

We'll never pay rent for our mansion,
The taxes will never come due;
Our garments will never grow threadbare,
But always be fadeless and new;
We'll never be hungry nor thirsty,
Nor languish in poverty there,
For all the rich bounties of Heaven
His sanctified children shall share.

There'll never be crepe on the doorknob,
No funeral train in the sky;
No graves on the hill-sides of Glory,
For there we shall nevermore die;
The old will be young there forever,
Transformed in a moment of time;
Immortal we'll stand in His likeness,
The stars and the sun to outshine.

The Savior's Humility

"Christ Jesus . . . *emptied* himself,

He *humbled* himself . . . even unto death."

How utterly the Crucified lost sight of self! He emptied Himself of all that heaven held to come to earth, and then emptied Himself of all the earth had left Him, for the sake of Love's divine mission. Who was ever so poor as He! He had nothing but a stable to be born in, nothing but a manger to be laid in. He had not so much as a place where to rest His head; even His cross was not His own, and His grave belonged to another. It is pathetically written that, to the traitor He left His purse; to the soldiers, His robe; to the beloved disciples, His mother; to the dying thief, His promise of paradise; to the penitent Peter, His pardon; to His Father, His last breath and departing spirit, and to His followers, His peace. Naked He came into this world; while here He got nothing, though He gave everything; and naked He went the way to the tomb. *Do you wish to follow Him?* Count the cost; for along that way self must be left behind, to walk with Him.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

A Privilege

"What a privilege it is to receive such Bible instruction as we are getting in the Men's Bible Class every Sunday morning through Mr. Ball. Last winter I went to the Men's Bible Class in a very prominent church but never heard what I am hearing now. The Eighth Avenue Mission Bible Class for me hereafter. I am sure just as soon as it is known what spiritual food is obtainable there the place will be crowded."

Trust Him

In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.
—Ps. 71:1.

Trust Him when dark doubts assail thee,
Trust Him when thy strength is small;
Trust Him when to simply trust Him
Seems the hardest thing of all.

Trust Him, He is ever faithful:
Trust Him for His will is best;
Trust Him, for the heart of Jesus
Is the only place of rest.

Trust Him, then, through cloud and sunshine,
All thy cares upon Him cast,
Till the storms of life are over,
And the trusting days are past.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

THE first Tuesday after Labor Day the little ones who had spent the summer at our Lynbrook "Children's Rest" returned to their homes. It was a day filled with rejoicing as we realized what the summer meant not only to this group but to all who had crossed the threshold of our doors. As we passed out of the gate of the home neighbors ran out to bid us a regretful farewell and most earnestly invited us to come back another year. We believed that this work was given us as a gift from God and we had from day to day every reason to believe He blessed it. The sweet, restful faces of the children as they gathered each morning for service was a constant encouragement to our hearts. There were moments when the problems that arose were truly overwhelming and for a moment our hearts would fail us but we had ever with us the comfort of His own word. "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." This word was proved true to us.

* * *

It was planned that all the mothers were to meet their children at the Mission and with tears in their eyes and broken voices they thanked us all for what the summer had meant to them knowing that their little ones were happy and safe during those dreadful days of the great white heat that held the city in its grip for days. Many of these dear mothers had to work day by day and it is a deathly torture to them to imagine what might happen to a child in their absence. Imagine the joy of knowing they were tenderly cared for, playing from morning until night under the trees, were carefully fed and had a beautiful cool room for their sleeping hours. We believe that God answered the prayer of these mothers by giving the Mission this wonderful summer home.

* * *

Mr. Simons, who is the dearly beloved Superintendent of the East Rockaway Sunday school, and who was so interested in the Mission children throughout the summer, gave them a concert one evening. It was the sweetest, simplest affair and delighted the wee tots. The children themselves opened the concert with their own regular evening service, singing many of the Mission choruses with the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Marie Johnson, the niece of Mr. Simons, sang many times for the children such dear, loving messages from the very heart of the Savior to the hearts of the children who listened with rapt attention. We had a young man with us who played the piano so well that the children clapped so long and often when he stopped that we thought their tiny hands would wear out. Mr. Simons whom we made host for the evening, recited for us and closed with a duet that he sang with his niece. It was hard to get the children to bed as they at once claimed these dear friends as their very own and Mr. Simons told us with his face wreathed with smiles that the presence of our children in his Sunday school this summer was the brightest spot in the summer work. We are planning to have Mr. Simons with his niece, who has a most beautiful voice consecrated to the Master, come to the Mission some evening and speak to the hearts of our people as he has to our hearts during the past week.

* * *

We are all looking forward to a busy season of work in the Mothers' Meeting this coming winter. We are con-

vinced that these weekly meetings mean very much to all those who attend. Not only does it give these mothers a chance to sew a few necessary garments for their children but it gives them the fellowship of true Christians who are not only interested in their temporal but their spiritual welfare. The Superintendent plans with loving thought the spiritual part of the meeting and we praise God that many souls have found their way to the cross through the ministry of consecrated workers who point the way of salvation to all who enter the Mission doors whether at an afternoon or evening service.

* * *

We are taking this opportunity of thanking all the friends who helped so thoughtfully and generously towards making this summer work possible. God waits, we are sure, to tenderly bless these dear friends whether their gift consisted of a check to help meet expenses or whether it was the gift of a tiny garment or a pair of shoes. God saw the loving heart that prompted it all and the work was made easier because of the knowledge that the prayers also of Christian friends were ours.

* * *

We had the great privilege while at the Children's Rest of nursing back to strength, and life almost, a tiny child of three years of age who was an entire wreck from lack of care and food. The child was brought to us by a worker who carried her in her arms and brought her to us under the trees where we had her tiny nursery established, so that every breath she drew would be pure. Day after day she lay there hardly able to raise her tiny hand to her face, so weak she could not ask for a glass of water. In a very short time she improved, the boils on her little body began to heal and her appetite returned until we were made happy to see her run and romp with the others. Kind friends provided the funds to send her to the beach where she could be kept close to the ocean for a while so that we were enabled to return her to her parents perfectly cured, her cheeks blooming with health, her voice merry with laughter. This is the kind of work the Mission has been doing all summer, while every case was not so aggravated as the one cited, still all who came to us needed definite attention.

* * *

Not only were we able to help the children of our own Mission where the need is very great but we have refused no case that made a direct appeal to us and in many cases we accepted children from other places because every other door was closed to them. Two young girls were brought to us by the visiting Missionary of the church of Doctor Alexander, they were from Syria and the family was in a most destitute condition, the mother ill with an infant in her arms needing her attention every moment. We were glad to meet this need for this church, and pass on to the Mission the warm words of gratitude extended to us by the church and by the parents of the children.

Our dear little friend and co-worker Sadie of the Mission was really our assistant this summer with the children. The greater part of her time was spent with us and her service was not only efficient but filled with spirit of love and surrender. From early morning until the lights were put out she was busying herself with something that really counted.

Happiness

Happiness is a wayside flower, free to all who pluck it, not a rare orchid only to be purchased by the rich. There is a bit of joy in every floating fleecy cloud, every golden sunset tint in each day's evening sky. There is music in the free winds of heaven if hearts are a-tune to catch the harmony.—*M. G. Woodhull.*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

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Volume 9. Number 11

Mission Tidings

November, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By John Douglas Adam—

Faith is an instinct, not contrary to pure reason, but beyond it.

❖

The least accomplished may be greatly used of the Spirit if they have faith.

❖

All that is inspired by mere ambition and self-will, and rivalry, must perish.

❖

Human life is God's opportunity. And we must learn to see God in it.

❖

When one is living in the companionship of Christ he will never be greatly moved by the criticism of his fellows.

❖

The man who is puffed up measures his life by the wrong standards.

❖

Companionship in the true sense means the sharing of what is of deepest interest.

❖

The Christian spirit itself settles many otherwise difficult situations.

❖

Salvation is an act and a process.

❖

Faith, not feeling, not trying to do better, but simple trust in the Saviour and His promise, brings forgiveness.

❖

But the disciple of Christ, who owns His Master's rule, lives even above the laws of the land.

❖

We may not act as we like, even when the actions are not wrong in themselves.

❖

Our liberty is modified by our obligation to help those who are weaker.

❖

One must walk very close to the Master to be able to detect where conciliation ends and where surrender begins.

❖

Our spiritual expectation is the measure of our spiritual condition.

❖

The most precious jewels of the inner life are sometimes sold for the broken glass of mere material abundance.

❖

It is not the giving up of things that some people find so hard, it is the interference with their liberty.

❖

Tact in life is often as mighty a weapon for Christ as principle, and requires more grace for its exercise.

❖

Christianity does not obliterate the facts of a man's or woman's nature. It emphasizes manliness and womanliness.

❖

Doing work is not the same as doing the work the Spirit dictates.

❖

Actions without love may greatly benefit others, but they do not react beneficially upon ourselves.

❖

There is a supersensitiveness on the part of many that is not modesty, it is cowardice.

❖

Loose thinking leads to loose living.

❖

The point of least resistance is not always the highway of life. Our real opportunities in life often bristle with difficulties.

❖

It is because there is no great enthusiasm in some lives that there is such a nest of miserable wasps stinging them continually.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1917 No. 11

A Personal Testimony

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer" (Ps. 19: 14).

AS I arose from my knees, the above verse kept going through my mind over and over again, and I pray that those who read this testimony, may taste as I did then, the inexpressible joy and reality that takes place when one accepts Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

I was brought up in Milton, Massachusetts, and my boyhood days were similar to those of countless other boys. I was inclined to be lazy and this trait of mine made me grow to fear my father as he was a very energetic and righteous man, and could not quite realize that I was just a mere boy with only boyish thoughts, and chuck-full of mischief.

When I was about twelve years old we came to New York city to live, and it was here that my playmates taught me several bad habits, that a strict father and a watchful mother had failed to keep me from, or warn me against.

I gradually began to lose interest in my studies and finally school became a bore to me, and without consulting my parents I left high school and spent my time at the 23rd street Y. M. C. A., where I was a member. The crisis came, however, when I got in some trouble at the Y. M. C. A., and fearing that my father would hear of my many escapades, and being too much of a coward to face my just punishment, I packed my suit-case and went to Boston. How true God's word is that man can only look on the outward appearance and only God sees the heart. Although I was living with relatives, who thought that I was alright, how little they really knew about me. I was never a criminal or down in the mire of sin, for which I want to thank God, but I associated with a bunch of wealthy young men whose only aim was pleasure, worldly pleasure, to have a so-called good time, never giving God a thought or stopping to think about an eternity. Sunday was a day to be spent in amusement; and God and religion had very little place in my life during those years. I was free to do as I chose and go where I pleased (but now I look back and see the many times that I could not go where I chose and do as I pleased like the rest of the fellows, not that I wanted to be any better than they, but it seemed as if something was pulling me just the other way and for the life of me I could not understand it, and I used to wonder how it was and why I could not go the pace with the rest of the boys.) Little did I realize that my mother in New York city had found Christ to be her personal Saviour and knew a God who heard and answered prayer. Those prayers were the root of the influence that kept me in check. Her letters to me were full of this wonderful Christ, and as I read them I thought that she

was religiously insane. I had had enough religion when I was at home and I figured that when I settled down it would be time enough to take it up, and then I was going to go in for Christian Science. Man proposes, but God disposes, for which I thank Him.

One day I received a lengthy epistle from my oldest sister, telling of the wonderful change that had taken place in her life, since she had let Jesus come

HAROLD N. BATER

into her heart and had believed on His finished work. Of course I did not understand it, for God says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned" (I Cor. 2-14), and I thought that she also had gone crazy over religion. How thankful I am that God does answer prayer and although our way is not always His way, His way is always best.

The firm that I worked for moved to White Plains, February 24th, 1916. I came with them. I was very anxious to see my folks, but a little uncertain as to the kind of reception my father would give me. However, the first Sunday found me in New York city. If I had known God then as I do now, I would have known that he would have interceded for me, and everything would work out alright, as it did, and that Sunday evening we all went to the Eighth Avenue Mission, the dearest spot on earth. There I heard from one and another the old, old story of God's grace, the gift of His son and the glorious life that those who accepted Him received, but I figured that I was alright and that I was able to work out my own salvation apart from Christ.

I spent all the time I could at home, and I was a very happy fellow, and my visits during the next two weeks were all characterized by the earnest and continual urging by my folks and their friends that I accept their Saviour as my Saviour. My self-righteousness kept me from doing so, although I realized that they had a reality, a foundation, and assurance in their lives, which they said came only by faith in Christ.

Saturday, the 4th of March, I was detained at my work, so I went direct to the Mission in order to walk home with my mother and sister; it was closing time so I sat in the back seat. Miss Wray was giving the final invitation as she walked down the aisle speaking to this one and that one and urging them to take their stand for Christ. I knew that as God counts man I was a sinner, so when she asked me if I was a Christian I said, "No." I do not know what I said when she invited me to accept Jesus. I was so filled with the desire to have what my folks had and the assurance that my sins forgiven, that at her request I went down the aisle and knelt at the mercy seat.

My mother, who did not know until that moment that I was in the room, came and knelt by my side, her joy, which filled her eyes with tears, and put a catch in her voice, and made her face to fairly shine, made my head go

round, and as she prayed for her boy the verse that started this testimony rang through my mind and I made it my prayer.

When Uncle Sam asked for young men to serve Old Glory I enlisted, and let me tell you when a fellow has crowned Christ captain of his life, and is mustered in the army of the Lord, he is bound to serve his country better. Oh the satisfaction and joy of knowing that your name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, "That the eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms." And though my days on this earth be numbered, I go to a mansion, not built by hands, eternal in the heavens.

You that know Him, pray for me that I may be true to Him, and a willing and serviceable instrument in His hands. You who have not accepted Him, and have not this blessed assurance that your sins are forgiven, and that some day you too will see Him face to face—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16-31).

PRIVATE HAROLD N. BATER,
Medical Department,
Camp Alfred Vail,
Little Silver, N. J.

Believing Heart

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band
Telling the losses that their lives had known
While the evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.
There were some who mourned their youth
With a most tender ruth,
For the brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that could not rest
For the fair hills whereon its joys had been.
Some talked of vanished gold
Some of proud honors told,
Some spoke of friends who were their friends no more
And one of a green grave
Far away beyond the wave,
While he sits here so lonely on the shore.
But when their tales were done,
There spoke among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free;
"Sad losses ye have met
But mine is sadder yet,
For the believing heart is gone from me."
"Then, alas!" those pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For life's deep shadows and the heavy cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea;
But howe'er it came to thee
Thine, brother is life's last and sorest loss,
For the believing heart has gone from thee—
Ah! the believing heart has gone from thee!

Those Little Things

Only a God as great as ours would be as interested as He is in the little things of our life. "What queer experiences some of us in our dullness," writes a missionary, "have to go through in order to learn many primary lessons. I had to learn from the Chinese Christians to go to God with 'little' things; and in the spirit of a child." We know that a mother would be indignant if it were suggested that the trifles that are or seem important to her baby are beneath her interest. And our Heavenly Father is not undone, in His interest in His children, by an earthly mother. We wound Him when we do not take to Him any least matter in our life that interests us.

—*Sunday School Times*

Pestilence That Wasteth at Noontide

It was the last of July, 1917, when the heat wave swept over New York City, death dealing humidity in its wake, that we felt glad there was an Almighty arm upon which to lean, and the God of all comfort to whom to turn.

The heavens were lurid as we sought the shelter of buildings for protection; and even the shade was oppressive as we dragged weary feet up tenement stairs, and gladly sank into the first offered chair as we sympathized with the enervating prostration of a sick woman, who occupied a small room on the sunny side of West 25th St.

"The ice-man dropped dead at the door this morning!" was her startling exclamation when words of greeting had been exchanged.

"I wonder if he was saved," remarked one interrogatively.

No one knew; yet from the tragic circumstances a lesson was drawn, to the effect that life was short, and eternity so long, it was our duty and privilege to accept Jesus to-day as our personal Saviour. The Son of God finished the work of salvation on Calvary, and it only remained for us to yield our wills to Him.

The sick woman was glad to cry "God be merciful to me a sinner!" as tears fell like rain down her care-worn cheeks; but her husband hardened his heart, excusing himself by saying, "A worthless scamp of a minister once treated me so ill I have no use for religion!"

We had to concede that it was sadly true that many were professors but not possessors; but endeavored to point him to the *One* who "had no fault in Him"; but the man was obdurate, although he permitted us to include him in the prayer that sealed his wife's conversion, and which also commended the bereaved family of the ice-man to Jesus, who "bore our griefs and carried our sorrows."

Our next call was upon a stout Irish-woman, whose greeting was almost as warm as the day, but whose second thought was as startling as the first news of the morning. Standing with her arms akimbo, she exclaimed, "A little woman only thirty years old, living across the street, went to her work in the laundry this morning and dropped dead over the ironing-board! Her folks are about wild! I wish they would come to the Mission: that's the only place I know of to help people in trouble!"

"That is because God is there," was the answer; and again we gladly turned to Him for wisdom, who giveth liberally.

Feeling led, as we went out, to leave a leaflet (full of comfort) for the bereaved family opposite, and a card of invitation to the Eighth Avenue Mission, we again sought the shadows and wended our way to West 19th St., purposing to call upon a poor widow, and encourage her in her struggle for the maintenance of herself and little boy; when, lo, after the customary salutation, she said, "We are saddened to-day because one of our neighbors, a dear old man, died last night in his bed, overcome by the intense heat; but our sorrow is mitigated because he was an earnest Christian, and we are sure he has gone to be with Jesus."

It was then time to go to Bellevue Hospital, and after our arrival, as we were about to pray at the bed of one for whom the doctors had said, "There was no hope for her recovery," in a sepulchral whisper she said, "Twenty patients have died in this ward since this hot weather commenced!"

"Twenty coronations have been celebrated in heaven, then, if they believed on the Lord Jesus Christ," was the answer. A wan smile, and a warm hand clasp was the silent assent of the sick one, who found instantaneous comfort in the little talk with Jesus which makes the human fear and dread give place to confidence and peace.

But the end was not yet: A visit must be made at Metropolitan Hospital, and here we were told that a tuberculous

patient had gone mad the night before from the intense heat, had jumped from a third story window, and had been dashed to pieces.

If God had come for you or me, dear Reader, would He have found us ready; cleansed by the blood of the Lamb?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come" (Matt. 24:42).

A. F. M.

Prayer Changes Things

"When ye pray, say, Our Father."—Luke 11:2.

"My Father and your Father."—John 20:17.

Prayer changes things—and yet how blind
And slow we are to taste and see
The blessedness that comes to those
Who trust in Thee!

Prayer changes things—the heavy load
That pressed me down 'mid shades of night
Somehow through prayer has lost its power
By morning light.

Prayer changes things—my burdens fall,
And disappear or slip away,
When at His feet I leave them all,
And kneel to pray.

Prayer changes things—these come to me
New aspirations while I pray,
For in His light I see the light
And sunlit way.

Prayer changes things—my old desires,
Ambitions, doubts, and trembling fears
Disperse, as morning changes night,
And smiles sad tears.

Prayer changes things—the unkind word,
Or memory of "what they say,"
Within the atmosphere of prayer
Must melt away.

Prayer changes things—my vision clears,
And eyes that failed to see a star
Get fresh anointing, till I view
The hills afar.

Prayer changes things—I learn to see
The value of all God has given,
The length and breadth, and depth and height
Of His pure heaven.

Prayer changes things—nay, more, it shows
God's estimate of right and wrong,
Fresh courage gives, fresh joy implants,
Till I am strong.

Prayer changes things—the circumstance
That seemed unfortunate or bad
Must work God's purpose out, so I
Am no more sad.

—*Laura A. Barter Snow.*

Why Take Such a Risk

Some years ago on the Irish sea a terrible storm was raging. It was known that just off the coast a vessel was going to pieces. Suddenly, two men—an old sea captain and his son—put out through the storm. Everybody tried to persuade them not to do so, for it seemed to be absolutely useless. Over the waves, which appeared almost mountain high, they pushed along, until at last, amid the cheers of the waiting throng, they returned with their little boat filled with those who had been all but lost upon the ship. When the minister said to the old sea captain: "Why did you do this?" "Why take such a risk?" he answered, "I have been there myself and I know the danger." It is because we have been there once in sin and now are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ that we may say something to those who are about us.

—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.*

Live in the present that you may be ready for the future.—*Charles Kingsley.*

MISSION TIDINGS

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VOL. IX NOVEMBER, 1917 No. 11

Who Are the Truly Happy?

Those who have no past to face again. Romans 4:7

Those who are happy although it may not seem so. Psalm 94:12

Those who build on the right foundation stones. Psalm 112:1; Jere. 17:7; Psalm 40:4

Those who go to the right source for knowledge and inspiration. Psalm 119:2; Psalm 1:1

The right kind of fighters. James 1:12

Those who are looking forward to the greatest of all events. Titus 2:13

Those whose program covers two worlds. Rev. 14:13

—*George Sanford*

My Father's World

(*Maltbie Babcock believed that "the Christian life that is joyless is a discredit to God and a disgrace to itself."*)

This is my Father's world,
Oh let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong
God is the ruler yet.

This is my Father's world,
The battle is not done,
Jesus who died shall be satisfied
And earth and heaven be one.

This is my Father's world,
Should my heart be ever sad?
The Lord is King! let the Heavens ring,
God reigns! let the Earth be glad.

—*Maltbie Babcock.*

Eighteenth Anniversary

November is our Anniversary month. On the 23rd, the Eighth Avenue Mission will be eighteen years old. It is hard to realize that almost eighteen years have gone since the Mission first opened its doors. We are to celebrate the occasion by a week's special Anniversary services. Prominent clergymen of New York and well known Gospel soloists will participate in these special services. The Anniversary week will begin November 18th, continuing to the 25th, and we take this opportunity of inviting our MISSION TIDINGS friends to come and rejoice with us in the wonderful things God has wrought.

The Mission started with a Gospel meeting every night, but as one desperate need after another has risen we have sought to meet it by the grace of God. Among the things thus met have been Sunday School, Mothers' Meeting, Bible Classes, House Visitation, Hospital Work, Open-air services, temporary relief, and summer home for mothers and children.

Seeing Is Believing

"Does missionary work pay?" inquired an earnest faced woman who accosted a missionary at the corner of 23rd Street and 8th Avenue.

"What do you mean?" was the counter interrogation.

"Oh, I don't mean does it pay in dollars and cents," was her reply, "but do you ever see any encouraging results?"

"Many!" was the confident reply.

"Well, then, I just wish you would let me go calling with you some time," was the almost timid request.

"You may go now and see for yourself, if you like," was the answer.

Suiting the action to the word they walked through a sunny street, then through an alley to a rear house, and ascending the stairs, knocked at the door on the second landing. Immediately it was opened by a woman of goodly proportions, who could boast of both intelligence and breeding.

"I am so glad to see you," she said; "come right in and sit down."

"We are so happy now," she continued, "since my husband has been converted. It was just wonderful the way it happened! When Miss D. came in my husband was badly intoxicated, but when she went out he was sitting by the window reading God's Word! Now I encourage him to go to the Mission as often as he can; and I only wish that some of his old associates might also be saved."

They rejoiced together, and then went into another street, where a man, his wife, and two children, were about to start on a day's outing, as it was the last day of his vacation; but it was with no uncertain sound that he praised God for his salvation, for his life had previously been so lonely, sinful and unhappy; but was now full of happiness and victory. The fellowship in prayer was a foretaste of heaven, as they paused for a little to praise God for the way He had led them to the Mission, and to the feet of Jesus.

That missionary work pays was proven by these two incidents; but the half has not been told!

"He that winneth souls is wise."

Little Perils

One of the men who accompanied Commodore Peary to the North Pole has since been drowned in a canoe in some waters near his home. After escaping the perils of cracks in the Polar ice and giving the most human account of the dash to the North, George Borup lost his life in what he must have considered quite a negligible peril, compared with those he had passed through. It is so in the moral life. Souls that can brave successfuly the big, outstanding perils, are often the victims of the small ones. A temptation to be dishonorable in a big matter is easily overcome but many yield to the temptation to be unduly angry over small things.

—*Selected.*

Do Something

Are you almost disgusted
  With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
  That will bring you contentment
If anything can,—
  Do something for somebody, quick.

Are you awfully tired
  With play, little girl,
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
  I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world,—
Do something for somebody, quick.

Though it rains like the rain
  Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
  You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick.

Though the skies are like brass
  Overhead, little girl,
And the walks like a well-heated brick,
  And your earthly affairs in a terrible whirl—
Do something for somebody, quick.

Every single day should be to you a day of royal discontent.—*Selected*

Mission Items

Amongst the many distinguished visitors at the Mission recently was Mr. Hammontree, the Gospel singer. Mr. Hammontree has been wonderfully used of God in the ministry of song, but nowhere could his messages be more appreciated than in the Eighth Avenue Mission. Each song was a sermon upholding the Name of Jesus and causing hearts to burn.

* * *

Mr. George T. B. Davis of the Pocket Testament League brought us a message directly from the military camps of Great Britain. Mr. Davis has spent three years working among the soldiers and sailors on the other side. Since the war began more than 365,000 soldiers in the British Empire have been presented with Testaments and joined the League, and thousands have accepted Christ as their Saviour. Mr. Davis is now doing the same work amongst the American soldiers and sailors and earnestly asks prayer for this campaign. A national prayer movement composed of those who will agree to spend a few moments daily in prayer for this special work has been inaugurated. This prayer union is known as the "Home Helpers' Prayer Circle." Prayer cards and leaflets may be secured free of cost from the Pocket Testament League, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

* * *

It was a great pleasure to have with us for the week-end our dear brother Private R. Beattie, from Fort Hancock, looking so well and strong and full of enthusiasm for the Lord Jesus and the work God is enabling him to do through the Pocket Testaments amongst the boys in the camp. Mr. Beattie wishes to thank the friends who have so kindly sent him Testaments. He is still asking for more as there are 5,000 men at the camp. In one of his letters he writes: "The Pocket Testament boys are having some precious meetings on Friday evenings. The fellows ask all kinds of questions, and believe me, I am having to study my Bible a lot as they want to know the why and wherefore. I have started a little chorus of ten and a man is teaching us how to sing. When we learn, I am going to try to get them together and bring them up to a Saturday night meeting. Do pray for me. It is in these things, singing, etc., that I can get in direct touch with the boys."

* * *

Private H. Bater, of the Medical Corps, of Camp Alfred Vail, also spent a week-end with us. Camp life seems to agree with our boys, for they never looked quite so "fit" as now. Mr. Bater is finding many opportunities for personal work and is taking advantage of them. It was a joy to see this brother developing into such a splendid personal worker. His deep love for the Word of God and his study of it is bearing fruit in many ways.

* * *

A letter from Private V. Burgess of Camp Devens, tells us of blessing received at the Mission and how much he misses the services and fellowship, and earnestly asks that we remember him in our prayers.

* * *

Mr. Harry Haines is working with Mr. Alexander and his party amongst the soldiers and sailors, and reports God's blessing. Many are joining the Pocket Testament League and many also are yielding their lives to God. Our dear brother spent an evening with us lately and it was good to hear his earnest testimony once more.

* * *

We miss these splendid men who have left us for duty in other fields, but we are one in spirit and prayer.

* * *

Miss K. Woodward of Hamilton, Ontario, who spent a short time with us in the early summer, is back again in our midst. Miss Woodward is giving her services to the work of the Mission, visiting the homes and seeking to bring in those who need the Gospel so sorely. Our field is a tremendous one and many voluntary workers are needed.

Deaconess Ruth A. Brownewell has been spending her rest day, Sunday, at the Mission, where her songs and testimony have been richly blessed to all of us. Miss Brownewell has charge of the women's branch of the Rescue Society in Chinatown.

* * *

Mr. Pat Withrow of Charleston, W. Va., was a welcome caller at the office recently. The next annual Convention of the International Union of Gospel Missions is to be held in that city and with Mr. Withrow in charge great things are expected. Mr. Pat Withrow is a well-known evangelist whom God has wonderfully used in the salvation of men.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Kline and their son called one morning. They were in the city to say good-bye to their boy. This splendid young man expects to go to France any day. God go with him and keep him.

* * *

Mr. Davidson, the President of the Dover Street Mission, Boston, cheered us with his presence a short time ago. He was telling us of the wonderful new Mission building just nearing completion. "There is not one thing I could wish altered in the whole building," Mr. Dover said. "It is perfect. This building cost $75,000 and the money is all promised." God bless them in their new home.

* * *

Our dear sister, Mrs. Allen, went to be with the Lord after a long and painful illness, Monday, October 8th. It was while on her sick bed the Lord Jesus was revealed to her as her own Personal Saviour. Her faith and her love for her Master was beautifully manifest through all the trying and agonizing days. She longed to see Him and at last fell quietly asleep in Him. Our dear brother, Mr. Allen, is one of our consecrated workers and ministered to his loved one day and night, only leaving her for a short time for the street service because his dear wife insisted. May the God of all comfort comfort him at this lonely time.

* * *

We are opening the Mission each day until time for the evening service as a Reading Room for enlisted men. Writing material is provided free and everything possible done for the comfort of the men. This will give us an opportunity to speak with them personally and see that each one is provided with a Pocket Testament. We pray that this new department may have God's blessing.

* * *

Mr. Davidson, President of the Dover St. Mission, Boston Mass., was a welcome visitor October 3rd. He emphasized John 13:35: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." The application was comprehensive and helpful, while many proposed by the grace of God to abide on the mount whereon is no malice, envy or evil speaking.

* * *

Mr. Scofield brought warm greetings from "Jim Goodheart," of the Sunshine Mission, Denver, Colo., while positive indeed was his declaration that God answers prayer.

* * *

Mr. Park, Superintendent of the Williamsburg Mission, rejoiced our hearts by his presence the early part of the month; and his thrilling testimony encourged many to believe that God could save and could keep.

Way back in 1910 he was homeless, friendless and penniless. He had lost wife and position through drink, and finally sold his overcoat to purchase more. Finding at night his possessions amounted to only four pennies and a fifteen cent bed ticket, he was tempted to turn on the gas and go to a Christless grave; but God in His infinite mercy directed his feet to a Mission where they were singing "Are you coming home to-night?" Sin-sick and heavy hearted he asked God to forgive his sins for Jesus' sake, and not only did his burden drop off, but the insatiable thirst for liquor.

Through the years God has continued to be gracious, and to-day the privilege of being a Presbyterian minister is his.

* * *

Mr. Kline, Superintendent of a Mission in Washington, also experienced a wonderful conversion. He was convicted mightily of sin in a saloon, when he was fast approaching a drunkard's hell. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" was God's wireless message to his soul; and he believed the old gospel learned in childhood, and was saved for a life of victory. "Bring up my boy to meet me in heaven," was the dying injunction of his sainted wife; and to-day he rejoices that by God's enabling he has been faithful to the trust; and that his daughter, now in college, is also a constant source of rejoicing to his heart.

* * *

Director Winant touched a responsive chord in many hearts as he read the 116th Psalm one night, enlarging upon the thought, "I am the son of thine handmaid," which gave honor to an unnamed mother, acknowledging her to be a child of God. Said Mr. Winant, "Shall I give you my idea of a mother? It is one who tells her children about Jesus."

Spontaneous were the testimonies which followed, giving many a loving tribute to praying mothers; and there was but one which had a minor strain: this was from a young woman, who, choking back her tears, said, "I am sorry to say I had a cruel mother who beat me, and made me the black sheep of the flock. (But I could not say this if I did not believe she was finally saved, and is in heaven to-night.) However, my father loved me, I know Jesus loves me, and I am comforted."

* * *

We would return thanks for the cheering solos during the month, so graciously rendered by Miss Wing, an evangelistic singer of exceptional merit; Mrs. Boyle, one of our own sweet voiced singers; Miss Brownwell, a gifted deaconess, and Mrs. Kennedy, whose clear soprano has often brought a message straight from the heart of God.

Everybody Is Lonesome

Way down deep within their hearts
  Everybody's lonesome;
Far within their secret parts
  Everybody's lonesome.
Makes no difference how they smile,
How they live or what their style;
Once in every little while
  Everybody's lonesome.

People first in big affairs—
  Even they are lonesome.
Maybe like to put on airs;
  Just the same, they're lonesome.
Men for whom existence blends
Every good; who gain all ends,
Still reach out their hands for friends;
  Everybody's lonesome.

Women, silk-clad, jeweled fine,
  Yes, they, too, are lonesome;
When their gems the brightest shine.
  They are just as lonesome.
Some must serve and some command,
All still seek, with groping hand,
Love, and friends who understand.
  Everybody's lonesome.

Though your gift of friendship's small
  Everybody's lonesome.
It may answer some one's call;
  Some one who is lonesome.
Give, and give with might and main;
Give your hand, and join the chain,
And your gift will be your gain
  Some time, when you're lonesome.

—Detroit News.

New Plans

Although the meetings have been most satisfactory throughout the summer months it has been decided at a recent conference to start the sewing the first Wednesday in November, and also open the much-missed play room for the children. We feel the mothers are benefitted by the personal bible study of the small groups and the workers are benefitted by the helpfulness of this responsibility. The mothers need

the lesson in sewing and the garments they are permitted to make and take home when finished. It is with pleasure we are welcoming our workers back to the meeting, as we need them all. Miss Mason, who has returned from a month's vacation, was in her old place at the table recording names and surrounded by the mothers who were genuinely glad to see her. We are hoping each day to hear from our much-missed Mrs. Thompson, who is still at Old Chatham; as she is needed in her old place as leader. Miss Dixon, who has had a most busy summer ministering to the sick and poor, is back at her old place and altogether we are hoping for great things these coming winter months. Miss Wray, our Superintendent and director of this Mothers' Meeting, has outlined a splendid program of sewing which is sure to please the mothers. But dear mothers, come yourself and find out the surprises in store for you.

Smile

Like bread without the spreadin',
  Like a puddin' without sauce,
Like a mattress without beddin',
  Like a cart without a hoss,
Like a door without a latchstring,
  Like a fence without a stile,
Like a dry an' barren creek bed,
  Is a face without a smile!

Like a house without a dooryard,
  Like a yard without a flower,
Like a clock without a mainspring,
  That will never tell the hour;
A thing that sort o' makes yo' feel
  A hunger all the while—
Oh, the saddest sight that ever was
  Is a face without a smile!

The face of man was built fer smiles,
  An' thereby he is blest
Above the critters of the field,
  The birds an' all the rest;
He's just a little lower
  Than the angels in the skies,
An' the reason is that he can smile;
  Therein his glory lies!

So smile an' don't fergit to smile,
  An' smile, an' smile ag'in;
'Twill help loosen up the cords o' care
  An' ease the weight o' sin;
'Twill help yo' on the longest road,
  An' cheer yo' mile by mile;
An' so, whatever is your lot,
  Jes' smile, an' smile, an' smile!

—*National Magazine*

Being A Man

Whilst walking down a crowded
  City street the other day,
I heard a little urchin
  To a comrade turn and say,
"Say, Chimmey, lemme tell youse,
  I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was de feller dat
  Me mudder t'inks I am.

She t'inks I am a wonder,
  An' she knows her little lad
Could never mix wit' nuttin'
  Dat was ugly, mean or bad.
Oh, lot o'times I sit and t'ink
  How nice, 'twould be, gee whiz!
If a feller was de feller
  Dat his mudder t'inks he is."

My friend, be yours a life of toil
  Or undiluted joy,
You still can learn a lesson
  From this small, unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint
With eyes fixed on a star,
Just try to be the fellow that
  Your mother thinks you are.

Be Cheerful

Be cheerful; do not brood over fond hopes unrealized, until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound round the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain-spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the traveling monument of despair and melancholy.—*Helps.*

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by **Mary A. Hamilton**

OUR hearts rejoiced as, after a busy summer serving the dear Lord in the work He had planned for us to do, we found workers and mothers still faithfully gathering at the Mission for the Wednesday afternoon service. More impressed were we than ever before with the fact that our dear mothers themselves were not only serving the Lord but were most keenly anxious that all members of their household should also know the Lord Jesus, and should be present at some one of the Mission services. On all sides you could hear such remarks as the following: "Isn't it splendid my husband comes regularly to the men's bible class," or "my children come to the Sunday school," or "My daughter comes to the Wednesday night Bible Class." Another tells how much a certain member of the family is helped by Mr. Mann's wonderful talks and so in every way possible our dear mothers are proving the reality of their faith in what they profess by their desire to see each member of their family saved. It is not possible for the mothers to be present at any but the mid-week meeting, but we praise God that they are so faithful to this meeting in spite of their numberless duties as busy housewives.

The mothers whose children we cared for at the Lynbrook Children's Rest this summer have been giving us such splendid reports of their little ones that our hearts have been singing with joy and gratitude. We have been making a round of visitations and in all these homes we have been hearing such pleasant news of the children.

As the mothers tell us, they are wonderfully improved in health, are more active, more self-reliant, evince a spirit of helpfulness, and are different children altogether. The fathers too have been so delighted to hear the children sing all their pretty Kindergarten ditties, even having a little song service evenings, singing all our Mission choruses and insisting on singing their grace before meals. Surely we have reason to thank God for all this blessed opportunity has meant to the homes round about and so we earnestly pray that we may profit by our blunders, take courage from our prayerful labors and press on to greater things for another year.

* * *

The good which a man doth is both the work of God and the work of man; of God as being the author in giving grace, of man as being actor in using grace.

It seems to us that the following communications sent to Lynbrook will be interesting.

Dear ————

I cannot express my gratitude to you for the kindness you have shown toward me the three weeks I spent out at Lynbrook with you.

You don't know how it has strengthened me and built me up after my long sickness in the hospital. I gained three pounds while I was there. You call the place "Heaven on Earth" and that certainly is what it has been to me, and I pray that it may be the same to many tired and burdened souls in the days to come.

Very lovingly,

E. J.

Another wrote as follows:

"Just a line to say we are well and happy. Our Lynbrook vacation certainly did us good and it is now we are getting results. Baby is getting so fat you would hardly know him, and

Dorothy is wonderfully improved. My husband was delighted with the children when he saw them and we never tire telling him about the beautiful country. We talk often of the wonderful work of mercy you are doing and we trust God will give you the strength and health to keep it up, for when I look back and see what it has done for me and so many others, I know you are doing God's own work in a most wonderful way."

Again we pick up a card and read through blinding tears.

"I am writing to thank you for the happy time you gave Mother at Lynbrook. It was the first little rest she has had for over twenty years of hard work and she came home so bright and rested and happy. We all thank you."

Her daughter.

Another sends us the following line of encouragement and appreciation:

"Mrs. J————, who has just returned home from visiting you at Lynbrook for a week writes me, that a most wonderful work is being done among the needy little ones who are summering at Lynbrook. She says they arrive weak, nervous, emaciated, hardly able to eat the simple wholesome food prepared for them, or even have the ambition to play like other children, but they go home after a bit, fat, rosy and happy with a song in their hearts and on their lips. What a wonderful opportunity God has given you to be useful. God bless you. I envy you this precious work."

* * *

The gathering of mothers and workers who had assembled in the Mission hall the second Wednesday of October to hear Miss Helen Strain give her message from the very word of God to the Mothers of Enlisted Men was a large, thoughtful, and attentive one. It was an interesting subject and a happy thought that came to Miss Strain to make this subject her chosen one for a winter's campaign among the sorrowful mothers scattered all around us and surely whose only comfort could come from the word of God. Miss Strain, who by the way is a graduate of the Moody Bible School in Chicago, tells us that when she heard of the many gatherings of men addressed by the different Christian Organizations when they were in camp, said to herself, "what a wonderful opportunity there is these troublous days to reach the souls of men. Would it were mine." Then getting on her knees she prayed about it, when the thought came to her that to speak to the mothers of enlisted men was an opportunity as great as the other and with an energy characteristic of Miss Strain she went to work at once with her plans and since then has been addressing hundreds of mothers who have drawn strength and comfort from her words. Throughout the meeting the chorus "Yes, I believe the blessed word of God" was sung, and the blessed text chosen was most appropriate. "He shall come down like rain on the mown grass, and really if we look back on our own Christian experience we can surely say we have proved it true. Throughout the message the one cry of the speaker was for these dear mothers to take God at His word and to trust His promises. One could readily see that the message had taken a grip upon the hearts of all. Miss Strain herself was inspired by her tenacious faith; as she spoke, she felt God was right in the midst of this war and she made us feel it too. As we passed out and felt the cordial grip of her hand-shake we knew God had blessed her message to every heart, and especially to the hearts of the mothers whose boys were under marching orders. We were glad to welcome Miss Strain, and in fact all visitors who come to us through the doors of the Hepzibah House, the Missionary training school just around the corner.

"Charity . . . thinketh no evil," much less repeats it.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 9. Number 12

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

Mission Tidings

December, 1917

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

Christmas Number

PUBLISHED BY
THE EIGHTH AVENUE MISSION
290 Eighth Avenue, New York

Entered as second-class mail matter Jan. 29, 1909, at the post-office at New York, N. Y. under the act March 3, 1890

— By George Matheson —

Your Father's aim is not that you should enter into rest; it is that you should enter into movement.

❖

In the far country Thou revealest not the ring.

❖

Thou comest to meet us without the costly robe, with only the song of welcome.

❖

Christian love is the only kind of love in which there is no rivalry, no jealousy.

❖

All corruption begins with an evil imagination.

❖

It is not fickleness that makes a child weary of its toy; it is the sight of something higher.

❖

There is no sweetness in my pardon until I am told that my deed has been washed away.

❖

Strange as we may think it, it is not pain that helps us to bear pain; it is the remains of gladness.

❖

We are saved by the patch of blue sky.

❖

Your poetry will help your prose; your flight will aid your walking.

❖

Your vision of the hill has nerved you for the plain.

❖

Thou breakest a wall in my room, but it is that I may include my brother's room in mine.

❖

To meet the clouds of others I should myself be clear.

❖

To be helpful to my neighbor it is not enough that I have passed into the same valley; I must have passed through.

❖

Lord, hasten that happy time when between my duties on Sunday and my duties on Monday there shall be no more sea.

❖

Love can make comely; it can kindle even a plain face into glory.

❖

Thy love alone gives an all-round manhood.

❖

Sometimes you get water by your own digging.

❖

Trifles do not trouble the conscience, and, where the pool of conscience is untroubled, Bethesda has no healing spring.

❖

It is something to be weary of the Philistines! It is something to be unfilled with the swine husks!

❖

I never long so much for the wings of a dove as at the top of the earthly hill.

❖

It is then that my cry comes. It tells Thee that I am too big for my toys.

❖

There is no possession of which a high nature feels so proud as the possession of a human soul.

❖

Gods most precious inheritance is the sheep that wandered.

❖

It is not my gains but my losses that make me human.

❖

I meet Thee oftenest when I am in search of my brother.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 9 NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1917 No. 12

A Personal Testimony

IT is with a benediction I would begin the story of my life, and that benediction is, "God bless my Mother!"

It was a Christian Mother who gave me birth one cold winter day (March 24, 1864), and it was her prayers that followed me through the vicissitudes of the years, until my new birth in Christ Jesus in the Eighth Avenue Mission.

Sad is the memory of my father, for when I was nine years of age he was sick as a result of a life of sin, and he also lost his worldly possessions as well: I remember strangers came in; sold the farm, house, stock and everything, leaving Mother in abject poverty, with seven children to support, of whom I was next to the eldest.

When I was five years of age I sustained an injury to my hip, and was very sensitive over being thus handicapped; but I told Mother I wanted to do a man's job and help take care of her and the children, so she interviewed a dry goods merchant, who had been a fair-weather friend in our days of prosperity; and oh, how my heart bounded with joy when she returned and told me that this man would take me into his employ.

All too soon, however, my rejoicing ended in bitterest disappointment, for when I presented myself, ready to do anything he told me to do, he coldly said, "I cannot have a lame boy in my store where ladies come in!"

The awful temper I had inherited from my father was not improved by this gentleman's ultimatum; so I concluded that if I could not serve ladies, I could make gentlemen sit up and take notice; consequently painstaking were my efforts to learn to fight from good teachers, so I could lick everyone who ridiculed me about my misfortune.

My eldest brother came in for his share of attention and had his skull bandaged more than once on my account; and one other boy (I am sorry to say), lay twelve weeks at the point of death because I had so vigorously demonstrated the fact that if I was lame I was a bigger man than he.

My next manly stroke was to go to work, when eleven years of age, on a canal boat; and, lest the men despise me for my lameness and youth, I soon proved they would have to go some if they wanted to beat me smoking, drinking and cursing.

When I reached Buffalo I went on the lake, then came back on the canal to New York City; after that I worked on boats and vessels until I was old enough to get a Master's and Pilot's license from the U. S. Government. That was a proud moment, and simultaneously my boast was that I was not afraid of God, man or the devil. I meant it with all the seething intensity of my nature, and proved it upon the slightest provocation.

Added to my curriculum of questionable accomplishments was also that of gambling; and after forty years had past, each one making me worse instead of better, I felt that this old world,

which I had tried to paint red, was deluged in indigo blue which had penétrated and chilled my heart.

Suddenly I realized that I had not even one friend that was really worth while, to whom to turn for comfort, for I had lost my mother (my one true friend) the previous September. Her prayers, however, were still following me, for that night, when I seemed at odds with the whole world, and thought to forget it by seeking jovial companions, playing cards, drinking and smok-

WILLIAM N. NOBLE

ing, a silver-throated cornet at the corner of 24th Street and 8th Avenue brought me to a standstill, where I listened to some good music; and then to earnest men and women, whose faces were indicative of goodness and truth, telling how by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ they had had the power (His power) to overcome sin.

Naturally I was interested for I had never heard anything like it before, so I followed them into the Eighth Avenue Mission, where there was more music, more testimonies; and they even asked a fellow if he did not want to be a Christian.

I did not heed the superintendent's pleading, which so strangely moved me, but I did tell one of the Christian men that if Christ would do for me what some of those men said He had done for them, I would accept Him as my Saviour.

The strange part of it was that as badly as I wanted to smoke while I was in the Mission (for ordinarily I was in misery if I had to go an hour without a smoke), I did not smoke that night; neither did I get much sleep, but lay awake thinking about Jesus and of what those people said He could do.

Toward morning I could stand it no longer, and cried out, "Lord, have mercy on me the worst of sinners!"

All through the day I was longing for night to come so I could again go to the Mission; and despite the fact that the devil plainly said, "You can't go up there and make a fool of yourself," I was there early.

It was a wonderful night; and how I praise God that He gave the superintendent the courage to plead with me to accept salvation, for I finally yielded, knelt at the penitent form and definitely accepted Jesus as my Saviour.

Words cannot express the joy of knowing my sins were forgiven, nor the peace and happiness that flooded my soul as I realized my mother's prayers were answered, and I was in line for glory.

From a full heart I thank God to-day that from that moment He removed all the desire for drinking, gambling and blasphemy, and that I am indeed a new man in Christ Jesus. I also praise God for the Eighth Avenue Mission, for the great encouragement given by its superintendent, and for the blessed fellowship of the brothers and sisters who are so sympathetic and helpful to new converts.

WILLIAM N. NOBLE.

Our Eighteenth Birthday

SACREDLY commendatory were our anniversary services which commenced Sunday morning, November 18th, and ended the 25th, commemorating the eighteenth birthday of the Eighth Avenue Mission, and Miss Wray's seventeenth year as superintendent.

President Sleeth tersely voiced the prevailing opinion when he said, "Two of the best things God ever did was to open the doors of this Mission 18 years ago; and to give us Miss Wray 17 years ago, when she came to take the place of Miss May Agnew, whose marriage to Mr. Stephens (a noted evangelist) made necessary the change."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Arthur S. Lloyd, President Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, graciously responded (for the fourth time) and gave the opening address.

Like all great men, humbly he said, "I was glad to come tonight because I felt I had always gotten more blessing than I could bring."

Incidentally he mentioned that for several months he was to have a difficult and delicate commission out of town. Shall we not support him by believing prayer?

Wonderfully helpful and inspiring was his discourse from a clause in Galatians: "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Mrs. P. Kennedy was the special soloist on this occasion, and sang with marked expression and sweetness about the anticipated second coming of Christ.

Monday

Monday, the 19th, Rev. Wm. Neely Ross, Pastor Chelsea Presbyterian Church, chose for his text, Phil. 3:13, 14.

The old adage, "To err is human, to forgive divine," he transposed as follows: "To forgive is human, to forget divine;" emphasizing this Godlike characteristic by varied suggestions and appropriate illustrations.

Regret was expressed that Miss Joyce Borden was too ill to fill her engagement to sing; but Miss May Wolcott, who was to be the soloist later in the week, sang with distinctive feeling, and spiritual uplift.

The Board of Directors were also present in a body, and their brief addresses were a Gloria in excelsis for what God had wrought.

President Sleeth's remarks were an encomium to the advance guard gone Home, embodying as well a deserved tribute of praise to the members of the Eighth Avenue Mission who in France, and elsewhere, were lifting up the flag of their country, together with the banner of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Mann (Vice President), Mr. Schluenzen (Secretary), Mr. Winant and Mr. Place (Directors), were gratefully reminiscent, and thanked God for leading them to the Eighth Avenue Mission.

Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, another member of the Board of Directors, whose deep spirituality is always felt, was the last speaker, and said in substance, "Let us continue to uphold our dear Superintendent in such vital proximity with the Lord Jesus Christ, that we may individually and collectively be equipped with power from on high to go on from glory to glory 'till Jesus comes."

Tuesday

Tuesday evening, the 20th, Miss Wray said by way of introduction, "We do appreciate so much that Dr. George Alexander of the University Place Presbyterian church, who is a very busy man, has come to speak to us tonight."

Dr. Alexander happily responded, "If a man was too busy to come here, where God's presence is so manifest, there must be something the matter with him." "I love to be where souls are born for I know Jesus is there."

He proved how analogous were his church and the mission by saying both believed in the gospel of Jesus; in the power of the precious blood of Jesus to redeem from all sin; that Jesus came to give eternal life to all who would believe on His name; and in the power of prayer.

Many interesting and helpful illustrations were cited which gave fresh impetus to faith.

To say Mrs. R. J. Boyle was the soloist is the same as saying that Dr. Alexander's simple, but spiritual discourse found its benediction in the sweet tones of the gospel so softly and sympathetically sung by this consecrated voice.

Wednesday

Incomparable was the treat in store for us Wednesday, the 21st, in the choice sermon so ably delivered by Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D., Fifth Avenue Baptist church.

At the outset it was a tonic to one's faith to note the undercurrent, not to frame words for inferior intellects, or to seemingly come down to the plane of the drunkard and outcast; but with divine love (always able to get the sinners' view-point) Dr. Woelfkin lifted every one into the heavenlies, and gave them a glimpse of their rightful inheritance as redeemed sons and daughters of Almighty God.

Dr. Woelfkin's theme was "The Difficulty of the Forgiveness of Sin," and was taken from Luke 5:23.

Said Dr. Woelfkin, "The Cross represented one day of history when the eternal heartache of God for a lost world found expression in the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world; but the blessed conclusion of the whole matter was that deep as was the current of sin, the grace of God was deeper."

Mrs. Pope Lewis' hymn of praise, sung as only she can sing, with a euphonious directness and clearness peculiarly her own, seemed a suitable beatitude at the close.

Thursday

Rev. James Palmer, Ph.D., Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, Thursday, November 22nd, said so many wonderfully helpful things it would be difficult to repeat them. His text was from Luke 19:9. "This day is salvation come to this house."

Out of a rich experience he cited incident after incident where men and women had been saved by getting a vision of Jesus; but the most striking was that of his own nephew, who in the war-zone lay twenty-four hours without help, with his leg shot off. It was a wonder that he lived; but in inexpressible torture and loneliness he had a vision of Jesus, in white, on the battle-field, ministering to the wounded, and from that moment peace filled his heart, and lasted as he was at length taken to the hospital. It also remained with him during the amputation of his leg; and will undoubtedly abide until he sees Him face to face, "whom having not seen, we love."

Said Dr. Palmer: "Peace always comes when we see HIM."

Rev. Mr. Rogers, one day converted in the mission, and today pastor of a church built for him, gave a testimony which touched all hearts. The joy-bells rang when he was converted, and have been ringing ever since because he really knows God, and is a soul-winner for Him.

Mr. Boggs, one of the Directors, Mr. Husted and Dr. Blakesley, from Central Africa, also told a sweet story which never grows old. Throughout the week were many welcome visitors, whom we were glad to see; among them "Lucky Baldwin," Mrs. Gilbert, Dr. Barnes and others.

Mr. F. Murray Olyphant was the soloist, and, as usual, held the audience spell-bound, not only because his voice is exceptionally sweet, but because one felt he had had experimental knowledge of what he was singing.

* * *

The same evening, Miss Victoria Booth-Clibborn, granddaughter of the late General Booth of the Salvation Army, came for a few minutes, to keep her appointment with God and His people, but was really too ill to stay, and after a brief story full of helpfulness, went away to conserve her strength for Saturday and Sunday when she would endeavor to speak as announced.

Friday

Friday night, the 23rd, was the real anniversary, and with it came our sainted friend, Rev, A. B. Simpson, D.D., President of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

His was a soul-stirring message from start to finish. Characteristically he started and ended with Jesus.

Said Dr. Simpson: "As a train of soldiers left Belfast to prosecute the fight for liberty and righteousness, someone shouted, 'Boys, give them hell!'—which was the best man could offer, but not the best God could offer. Missionaries left the same place a fortnight later, and from the crowd rang this message: 'Give them Jesus.'"

Miss May Wolcott sang with pleasing modulation and effectiveness, a beautiful and heart-searching hymn.

Saturday & Sunday

So much had been crowded into the week one felt the spiritual enjoyment was at flood-tide long before Saturday came; but both Saturday and Sunday evenings the capacity of the Mission was taxed beyond measure (a hundred or more being turned away); while the cup of blessing reached souls untouched before.

Miss Victoria Booth-Clibborn was the principle speaker; but with her came her uncle, Herbert Booth (also an eloquent speaker) and two of Miss Booth's brothers (Eric and Theodore) evangelists.

The worthlessness of self-reformation, taken from Luke 11:24-26, was the theme of Miss Booth's dissertation Saturday night; and Sunday night all searching was St. Paul's "Examine yourselves."

How we wish many more could have heard this sweet-faced child of God exalt Jesus. One forgot their neighbors, and seemed to be alone with God and their own heart as the examination went on; and we believe their hearts were bowed low before the One who loved them enough to die for them.

All through the week there were men and women kneeling at the altar; and the spirituality was deepened by the effective solos. Miss Hunt was the soloist for Saturday night, and sang with her usual clear enunciation and earnestness, born of the Spirit.

Never to be forgotten was the magnificent song of praise by Miss Wing, a finished singer from Boston, who sang Sunday evening. She thanked God, so unostentatiously at the outset, for bringing her to the Eighth Avenue Mission, and said He had laid this song of praise upon her heart for the closing night of a wonderful week.

Miss Booth-Clibborn, so wonderfully gifted, accompanied by her brother upon the violin, sang with exquisite sweetness a hymn composed by another brother, and the music written by herself, leaving her audience with the wish that there was time for her to sing again and again. At the close there was a sweet little hymn of invitation, which worked together with God, until ten or more people knelt at the altar, saying in the depths of their soul, "I want to be a Christian in my heart."

This wonderful closing service ended by a reverent note of praise from Miss Wray, its consecrated and greatly beloved superintendent, for the way God

had marvelously, graciously and often miraculously, met the need throughout the years; and for her co-workers who were faithful to this corner of the Master's vineyard.

From full hearts the doxology rang out and the 18th anniversary of the Eighth Avenue Mission passed into history; but not into forgetfulness, for God lives, and will continue to bless 'till Jesus comes.

What Mean These Bells?

What mean these bells of Christmas time
That sweetly peal across the snow?
What message speak their tones sublime
That ring and echo to and fro?

What meaning vast that holy night,
When, glory-clad, God's angel stood
And to the shepherds, all affright,
Thus spake: I bring you tidings good.

What portent this, that hov'ring o'er,
And lifting praise with voice and lyre,
While earthward benedictions pour—
Appeared the shining Heav'nly choir?

What was it that the good Wise Men
Toil'd o'er the deserts from the East,
To find the Babe of Bethlehem,
Laid in the manger of a beast?

Why bow'd they in such reverance there?
What by this sign to them foretold,
That pledge of homage they declare
In myrrh and frankincense and gold?

Ah, this was greatness stooping low,
To those such love did not deserve;
Heav'ns Son came down earth's pain to know,
That He might save and He might serve.

This, then, the Christmas spirit is:
Our thoughts for others to employ.
'Tis thus we know the highest bliss,
The fulness of the Christmas joy!

—F. H. THATCHER.

A Merry Christmas

THERE are 150 little children who cannot have "A Merry Christmas" unless the Mission, through the kindness of its many friends, gives it to them. We are planning a Christmas tree with suitable toys for the little ones. There are at least 100 families with which the Mission is in touch whose Christmas dinner will be very scanty and whose homes will be very desolate unless we provide them with Christmas Cheer. It is our plan to send to these homes a Christmas basket containing a Christmas dinner for six or eight people. Will our friends help us in this ministry? Toys—dolls particularly—and money will be gratefully received and all such contributions acknowledged by the Superintendent, 290 Eighth Ave., New York.

* * *

There is a great need for warm clothing of every description. Will our friends take a survey of their clothes closets and send us their superfluous shoes—especially children's shoes which are sorely needed?

* * *

It was a great pleasure to have our brother, Harold Bater, with us for a week-end recently. By this time possibly he is in France. We have been very happy in seeing this brother develop spiritually since he left us to join the Medical Corps. Practically a young convert, his knowledge of the Word and his earnestness in passing it on to others is unusual, and we are following him every day with our prayers that he may be used to bless others.

* * *

Our brother, Mr. John Sivwright, who is with an Ambulance Corps in France, sends greeting from "Over There" assuring us of his love and interest in the

Mission and telling of opportunities to witness for the Master.

* * *

Rowland Beattie, who is in a French Mortar Battery and who by this time, no doubt, is at the front, has been doing wonderful work amongst the boys at Fort Hancock, having influenced nearly 500 men to sign the Pocket Testament League pledge. He has also been holding a meeting for the men interested in the League, and great blessing has accompanied his efforts. We would take this opportunity to thank the friends who from time to time have sent us money for Testaments to be given by Mr. Beattie to the soldiers. The Testaments were sent to him with earnest prayers that God may use them to win the men to the Lord Jesus. Rowland Beattie is not only a fine soldier, brave and loyal to his country, but just as whole-hearted and true and faithful a soldier of Jesus Christ. He believed in the power of the Word and this made him so enthusiastic about the Pocket Testament League. He had the following notice pasted up about the Camp:

"ONE OF THE BEST THINGS IN THE ARMY:

The Pocket Testament League.

Thousands of Uncle Sam's Boys have enrolled.

Sixty-five thousand British soldiers have enrolled.

President Wilson has enrolled?

Have you enrolled? If not, see Pvt. Beattie, 19th Co., or Secretary Y. M. C. A., or any member of the League."

By the grace of God these young men are standing the test and faithfully proclaiming to others that which means everything to them—Salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. May God have these young lives in His care and keeping.

Do Something for Somebody

O let us do something for somebody, do something for everybody, and be willing to pay the price, if need be, of our fortune, our reputation, our very life; but let us do something for somebody, as the servants of God and as the servants of humanity. Greatness is service; service is greatness. And this is the way of happiness; he that seeks happiness shall never find it. The way of happiness is the way of service, the way of duty, the way of beneficence.—*Bishop Bristol.*

Helping in Gods Plans

It is one thing to ask God to help us in our plans; it is quite another thing to ask God how we can be helpers in His plans. Every man is glad to have God's help; only now and then is found a man whose first thought is how he can help God. What is your chief desire in your morning prayer for the day? Your honest answer to that question may reveal to you your spirit and purpose in life.—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

Smile

Smile and the world smiles with you,
"Knock" and you go alone;
  For the cheerful grin
  Will let you in
Where the kicker is never known.

Growl, and the way looks dreary;
Laugh, and the path is bright,
  For the welcome smile
  Brings sunshine, while
A frown shuts out the light.

Sing, and the world's harmonious!
Grumble, and things go wrong,
  Yet all the time
  You are out of rhyme
With the busy, bustling throng.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing;
Whistle, and life is gay,
  And the world's in tune
  Like a day in June,
And sorrow will melt away.

MISSION TIDINGS

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- - - - FRANK H. MANN

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VOL. IX DECEMBER, 1917 NO. 12

Lest They Forget

Hunt out the little lame girl,
The poor boy who is blind:
Hunt out the weary widow
Who thinks the world unkind:
Search down among the hovels
Where gladness seldom strays,
And teach the doubting people
There still are Christmas days.

You may be busy planning
To spread your gifts afar
To add your fair love tokens
Where joys and comforts are.
But have you in your gladness
Bestowed one kindly thought
On those who sit in darkness
Whose crusts are dearly bought?
Your heart is full of kindness
You hear the anthems sung
And gaze up at the windows
Where ribboned wreaths are hung:
You've heard the sweet old story
With reverence retold
But there are hungry children
Where all is dark and cold.

Hunt out the little lame girl,
The poor boy who is blind,
Hunt out the weary widow
Who thinks the world unkind:
Go down among the victims
Of chance and greed and crime
And cause them to remember
That this is Christmas time.

—Brookfield Gazette.

Sunday School Rally

RALLY DAY at the Sunday School was celebrated with appropriate exercises, and it was a joy to see the little children, and hear their sweet voices in recitation and song.

Miss Bater, the Assistant Superintendent, arranged a splendid programme, which was full of praise and profit from the opening song (with Miss Melby at the piano) to the closing solo, so sweetly rendered by Miss Brownwell.

It is worthy of mention that every boy and girl who took part; but we were especially touched by the change in the life of Mr. Wood, who read the Scripture lesson, and who has been wonderfully saved from a life of sin; and by the hymns so distinctly and artlessly sung by his little daughter Elsie, hardly more than a baby, which was also a revelation of what God had wrought.

"The Church and the World," read with such marked expression by Eleanor Digdalia; the duets and solos by the girls, and the recitation "The Boy Needs God," by David Robinson, were replete with interest, and led up to the closing prayer so reverently uttered by Miss Wray, which included all the interests of the Sunday School, and concluded the programme.

Superintendent Huston was gladly welcomed the second Sunday in November, after his much needed vacation. He is praying that the school, individually and collectively, may be out and out for God. Happily every eacher is a consecrated Christian; but as new children come in from week to week, more teachers are needed; so if God speaks to your heart, dear reader, will you not report to Superintendent Huston for service, and pray also that the children and adults of our neighborhood, who do not attend other Sunday Schools, may be gathered into our fold, to be made bright gems for the Saviour's crown?

There are classes for all ages, and whosoever will may come.

New Every Morning

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday is a part of forever
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight;
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we can not relieve them,
Can not undo and can not atone;
God in His mercy, receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun, and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of the dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of all sorrow and old sinning,
And puzzle forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Reliance

Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong, the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a Child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from my heart life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

—*Henry Van Dyke, D.D.*

The Best in the City

COME with us some Sunday morning to the corner of 24th St. and 8th Ave., a little after nine o'clock, and you will exclaim, What means this throng? From whence do all these splendid men come? Where are they going?

Ask any one of them and they will enthusiastically exclaim—Come right into the Eighth Avenue Mission and see for yourself that we have the best Men's Bible class in New York City; and do not be surprised if a healthy young American exclaims: And the best Bible teacher, too! emphasizing his words by a hearty slap upon your back.

Intensely enthusiastic are these men over their leader, Mr. Ball, because they know a good thing when they hear it.

If you linger expecting to hear the big gun thunder vociferously, and gesticulate wildly, again you will be surprised at his quiet bearing and unobtrusive manner.

If you continue to wonder what there is in all this to attract hard-working men out of bed so early Sunday morning, and you see at your right, a man who has come from the far East Side (without his breakfast), and there at your left another man from across the river, say nothing, but sit back and listen, for you will soon know why these sixty—and more—men are listening intently to the speaker, and will say with them, I see it all now: Mr. Ball knows God, knows the Bible and knows men! He knows how to help them, too, and if you come once, like these fine, strong men, perhaps you would not miss it the next week for anything, and will soon be inviting your friends to the best Mens Bible class in New York City. Of course you will if you also know a good thing when you hear it.

FIFTY-EIGHT MEN ATTENDED THIS DAY—COUNT 'EM

Anniversaries

IT was good to see and hear Grace Hornbeck (so true to her Saviour and the Mission) as on her seventh anniversary she came to praise God that she had exchanged her filthy rags of self-righteousness for the garments of salvation; and that she

was no longer trying to serve God and mammon, but was happy in the service of the King.

We remember with gratitude her labor of love in the Sunday School when she lived nearer the Mission, and know a full reward will be given her by Jehovah, under whose wings she has taken refuge.

* * *

There is no man more respected and loved than Mr. Cannon, who for ten years has been a living epistle, known and read of all men, to the power of God to save and to keep.

Flowers bespoke loving thought the night of his anniversary, as many met to do him honor, and to congratulate him on his tenth anniversary inside the fold.

The Scripture lesson read brought peace to our hearts, as he said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills. From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord."

Said he, "ten years ago tonight I was drinking myself to death, but tonight I am an evangelist! I started out at the age of 12 to be a millionaire, and I almost ended in the Potter's Field!"

"I never had anyone to take me by the hand and lead me to day-school, night-school, Sunday-school, nor any other kind of a school; but today I can read God's Word, and the Holy Spirit has been my teacher."

"My father was a Police Detective, a gambler, and a heavy drinker, who did not believe in God or anything else, and he died as he lived."

"I commenced where he left off, lived with a bunch of crooks, and migrated from saloons to the tombs, the hospital and alcoholic wards, until I boarded a car to go to the river, in such an awful condition that I thought to put a heavy stone in my pocket that would take me to the bottom and help me to stick in the mud."

"A poor woman was there in the same awful condition, who said, 'help me finish this bottle and I will go too.' Praise God that was my last drink, for I left her, telling her not to fall until I got out of sight for I would be pinched, and I walked to Eighth Avenue."

"I heard music inside a place that I thought might be a concert hall, and so I went in, thinking to get a last drink; but at the door was Mr. Sleeth, and he sobered me right up by asking me to go to the front and pray. I did not know how to pray without beads; but I said what he told me to 'God be merciful to me a sinner'; and through the testimony of Mr. Marran, who had been wonderfully saved, and by the power of God, I was saved that night, and have been saved ever since."

Mr. Cannon made a clean cut for God, for even his tobacco was thrown out, and he will tell you "salvation does it!"

Heart-felt were the wishes that Mr. Cannon might have many returns of the day; and sincere the testimony of the wonderful help and uplift Mr. Cannon's life had been to those who were privileged to know him.

Rescue Mission Day

THE Fall convention at the Gospel Tabernacle closed October fifteenth. This day was given over to Rescue Missions, many Superintendents giving glowing accounts of their work.

The Eighth Avenue Mission had right of way that night; and after a soul-stirring praise service and duet of rare sweetness, Miss Wray, its Superintendent, delivered a heart awakening address from Luke 4:18, 19.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

Peculiarly honored by having the work of the Eighth Avenue Mission in charge nearly eighteen years, no one knew better than our Superintendent, how wonderfully, and often miraculously, God had met the needs of the poor; and how, in answer to prayer, Jesus had healed the broken hearted; delivered captives, and set at liberty them that were sadly bruised.

Signally pathetic was the story of a woman who came to the Superintendent's office one day in a pouring rain. In her arms was an infant only a few days old; and mother and baby were drenched. She had come from the hospital to find her home dismantled: husband and furniture gone. Sick, faint and weak she knew not which way to turn; but remembering the Eighth Avenue Mission held a street meeting every night under her window, the thought came "they must be good people" and then the determination followed to go there.

Her needs were met, for she was provided with food and shelter; but that would not heal the broken heart: only Jesus could do that; and so this poor woman was tenderly brought to the Saviour, and comforted.

Thrilling were other stories of wrecked lives made new; and heart-searching the appeal to do now—in this acceptable year of the Lord—the noble deeds we purposed to do in His name; or, if we did not already know Jesus as our personal Saviour, to immediately take this most important step.

Intensely interesting and encouraging were the testimonies given by converts.

Some years ago Mr. Palmer, clothed in trousers, and only a newspaper for a shirt (on his way to the river to drown himself) was arrested by the Mission's open-air service; came in, raised his hand for prayer; was redeemed, and today has a nice home, Christian wife, and little boy; but, best of all, they are seeking to lead other souls to Jesus at open-air services in New Jersey.

Mr. Barry was there with his big heart and big voice, all consecrated to the Master, and said "On the 17th of last January I was changed from a drunkard to a child of the King. That was a short time ago; but God can work in a short time as well as in a long time." The Sunday previous he gave his testimony in a church in New Jersey, and fourteen went down on their knees before the Lord. With child-like simplicity Mr. Barry said, "Jesus only did it."

* * *

A man saved since coming out of prison, praised God and thanked the Superintendent of the Cremorne Mission for his conversion; then humbly requested prayer that he might be "faithful unto death."

* * *

Harry Haines, just home from his ministry with the Alexander party in soldiers' camps, graphically portrayed his life's story from a hunted criminal, bound by an appetite for morphine, to a Christian, saved by the blood of the Lamb.

* * *

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Wood made hearts leap for joy to think that God could not only save a man from the curse of drink, gambling and sin, but keep him too!

* * *

Another man from the Bowery, "saved three years, three months and 21 days," who had known the tortures of the damned in alcoholic wards, testified that God had lifted him from the verge of a drunkard's grave to the 27th floor of the Woolworth building, where he now fills a position of responsibility and trust.

Many others longed to speak a word for Jesus, but the closing hour was so near there was only time for Miss Wing to sing an invitation hymn, which was rendered so sweetly and effectively that many hands responded to the invitation to accept Jesus as their personal Saviour, which was a fitting benediction at the close of this memorable Rescue Mission night.

Our Loss—His Gain

IT was with deep joy we welcomed Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Thompson back to the Mission the last of October, after their summer sojourn at Old Chatham, N. Y. It was indeed good to hear their voices again, so truly praising God for His unspeakable gift, and for all the way He had led them.

We shall never forget the erect carriage of Mr. Thompson, and his glowing countenance, bespeaking both spiritual and physical health; nor shall we forget the shock a few days later when news came that he had been run down by an automobile Sunday night, November 4th, as he was crossing Bergen Ave., Jersey City, in search of an open air service.

As we visited him at the hospital his voice was so strong, and his heart so full of Christian fortitude, it was difficult to realize that he was suffering intense pain from broken bones. His face was radiant as we prayed together, and unfalteringly and unmurmuringly he said, "While the pain is so severe all is joy and peace within."

The family in their home, with their heartstrings torn by natural grief and foreboding, were also sweetly resting in the will of God, eliminating even from their thoughts any censure for the one whose misfortune it was to have run over Mr. Thompson. The daughter voiced the attitude of the family by saying, "Above everything else we must act the part of a true Christian no matter what comes."

The day came all too soon when Mr. Thompson's voice grew weaker, and his consciousness was fast slipping away to the presence of the Lord. To his bedside came his immediate family, lovingly watching beside him until the early evening, when at 8.15, Sunday, November 11th (as the Mission family had him prayerfully upon their hearts) he went forth for his coronation in glory.

It was certainly a triumphant entry, which has strengthened not only the hearts of those of his own family, who loved him so tenderly, but has fortified the faith of everyone who has heard of his victory over death and the grave, and of his heavenly vision.

Although his strength was fast ebbing away, he put his hand in blessing over those of his loved ones, commending them to God; and, as he looked up, whispered "pearly gates." Speaking not again, but still gazing upward, he seemed to see Jesus, and others, for his head turned a bit, as if in greeting, as flashes of recognition came into his eyes, and his face was transformed in its radiance, "looking ten years younger," as Mrs. Thompson expressed it.

"I can bear it now," said the daughter, "for I have seen his triumph! He is not here—I saw him go!"

Reverently we bow our heads and our hearts before this sacred scene, while we silently pray: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

It was a representative throng that gathered to do honor to the memory of our brother, Mr. M. L. Thompson (one of the Board of Directors of the Eighth Avenue Mission), at his funeral service Tuesday, November 13th.

Mr. Sleeth, the President of the Mission, with Mrs. Sleeth, were among the first to tender their deepest sympathy to the bereaved family, while other Directors, a former President, and people from many walks of life, gathered in common sorrow around the imposing dignity of the casket, banked with choicest flowers, which bespoke the loving commiseration of a host of friends who knew and loved Mr. Thompson.

Stately and grand was the service in its distinctive simplicity. The opening remarks were by Mr. H. D. Winant, one of the Board of Directors, which he prefaced by a prayer which came directly from a heart full of esteem for his late, brother, and faith in the God of all comfort, who doeth all things well.

One of Mr. Thompson's favorite hymns was sung by two Mission workers, followed by Miss Wray, the superintendent of the Mission, whose voice (perchance tremulous with unshed tears) rang out with no uncertain sound as she said, "I can think of no more fitting tribute to Mr. Thompson than that recorded in Acts 11:24—"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost."

Deserving was the tribute paid to his Christian manhood, as she had worked beside him through the years for the salvation of lost souls, and for the kingdom of God; merited also were the words of commendation regarding his position as a father, ruling his household in love; and yet in such Christian integrity that his heart rejoiced that his wife and daughter were willing workers in the Master's vineyard, and his son was a minister of the gospel.

Mr. Thompson was also worthy of the simple, but panegyrical reference to his uplifting influence as a friend and neighbor, while fitting indeed was the tribute to his uncomplaining and patient longsuffering, in the midst of intensified weakness and pain (subsequent to his serious operation when Miss Wray visited him at the hospital) and to his implicit faith and trust in God.

Beautiful was the allusion to the pearly gates, and the surety of entrance through the Lord Jesus Christ; sublime the vision of faith into the wonderful inheritance beyond, and full of pathos, love and sympathy, the superintendent's prayer for the bereaved family, and for all those who in one common grief rejoiced that to the Christian death has no sting; the grave no victory; but an abiding comfort "till the day break and the shadows flee away."

Miss Wing, a consecrated soloist, sang sweetly, and with much feeling, "They shall be comforted; Jesus says so, True and eternal His promise we know"; after which the benediction was pronounced by Mr. H. D. Winant.

Mr. Thompson leaves a wife, daughter, son, and aged sister (who lives in Buffalo) to morn his loss. The interment was in Buffalo.

Shall we not continue to remember these loved ones in prayer, for, as Dr. Jowett says, "God comforts us, not to make us comfortable, but to make us comforters."

Items of Interest

Mr. Elliott, a missionary from China, has been a most helpful comrade in the Lord for some weeks, coming to the Mission as he said "because Jesus is here" and for Christian fellowship as well as a spiritual uplift.

He has given much in return, encouraging converts to be faithful, and relating many striking instances of remarkable answers to prayer.

One day he was on a train, going to another city, when a man under the influence of liquor, with black eye, bruised and in trouble, even ready to kill himself, came and occupied the seat beside him.

It had been a happy week for Mr. Elliott, for he had felt the continual presence of the Lord Jesus, so he told this man about it.

When they reached the city the drunken man said, "I don't want you to leave me," so he took him along to the office of the Sunday School Times, where Christian men prayed for him, and he asked the Lord Jesus Christ to save him. After that he made the Galilee Mission his home, until he could get to his wife and children and tell them the good news.

I wonder if we are also doing all we can to lead the lost to Jesus?

* * *

It is wonderful to witness God's goodness in saving a man after he has been defiled by sin; but how much better to have the children saved and kept from sin.

Our hearts rejoiced to see Jimmy Palmer, a boy of nine, rise in one of the meetings and say that he was saved. Only a few weeks later, another little fellow (with light hair and blue

eyes) said he was God's boy, and requested the prayers of Christians that he might be kept all his life.

O, for more Christian mothers and fathers to teach the little ones that Jesus loves them, that they may know preventive as well as saving grace.

* * *

We can hardly realize that Roland Beattie is on his way to France; but we believe his last testimony at the Mission will be prophetical: "I know God can take care of me, and bring me back in safety if it be His will; but, if not, I have a mother up there, and I am going to meet her. I also have a home eternal in the heavens, where there will be no bullets and no guns."

* * *

"How that boy has helped me," said one of Harold Bater the last night he was at the Mission. His testimony will ever ring true, and will keep ringing until this cruel was is over, or we all meet in the clouds to praise Him who said, "He that believeth on me shall never die."

Let us be faithful in intercession for our soldier and sailor lads, and also their mothers, who are left behind.

* * *

The solos by Miss Wing, Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Brownwell, and Mr. Eaton of Morristown, N. J., have been such a spiritual uplift the past weeks we take this opportunity to express our appreciation, and to thank God for such consecrated people.

Even As We Are

If I were you
I know what I'd do—
  In all this whirl of living
  How calm I'd be in danger,
  How kind to friend and stranger,
    How gentle, how forgiving—
If I were you!

If you were I
How hard you'd try
  To be a little sweeter—
  How strong would be your holding
  Life's tangled threads, unfolding
    The puzzles surer, fleeter—
If you were I!

Yet each is each—
Why should we preach—
  If you can show me kindness—
  If I for you can sever
  Some thread of hate forever—
    If love can scatter blindness—
Why should we preach—
Let each be each!

—Ethel Gessner Rockwell.

Equipped

No shipowner would ever dream of keeping his vessel locked up in harbor in case of storm. It would lie there a worthless, useless thing. What does he do? He equips it well. Before leaving dock he sees that every timber, and bolt, and rivet is in its place. He provides it with helm and compass, strong masts, sails and rigging; and, more than all, an experienced pilot. Forth it goes on its mission, to grapple with storm and tempest and wild tornado! So it is with the Christian life. No spiritual vessel would ever reach Heaven by lying inert—sleeping on its shadows in the earthly harbor. The Heavenly Pilot sends it out in the midst of these moral hurricanes, saying, as He does so: "Fear not, it is I, be not afraid."

—John R. Macduff.

A Happy Christmas

A happy, happy Christmas
  Be yours to-day!
Oh, not the failing measure
Of fleeting earthly pleasure,
But Christmas joy abiding,
While years are swiftly gliding,
  Be yours, I pray,
Through Him Who gave us
  Christmas Day!

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

No, you have not been to the Men's Bible class held at the Mission every Sunday morning at nine thirty, for only men are admitted, but you have heard about it and the tremendous hold it has taken upon the hearts and the lives of the men who are attending it. You have but to come to the Mission any night of the week and hear the enthusiastic witnessing of these splendid, clean-cut, wholesome-looking men who one after another rise and tell you they would rather go without their breakfast than lose one moment of the precious lesson. One's heart goes out to the teacher of that class and it seems as if he must spend every moment of his life on his knees out of sheer joy and gratitude to God that the privilege of holding these men together in such unity is his. Think what it must mean to the mothers of this neighborhood to have this safety zone for their men folks, to know that there in that blessed Mission hall, good fathers, good husbands, good brothers, are being moulded simply by studying, absorbing and living out the word of God. Why, the men's faces fairly shine with joy as they try to tell us just a little about it; not one of them, but all of them without a dissenting voice. It would seem impossible to us that a man could be a member of this class and not live a consistent life. As the superintendent tells us, it is not a song service, not a prayer meeting, but a class for the study of God's word; so that men may be built up on a sure foundation and not only become better working men, and better fathers, but better citizens and help make this world a better place in which to live and make sure for themselves and all belonging to them an eternity of happiness. Mothers, do you think you can afford to let your men folk not come to this class? Send them along at any sacrifice to yourself and then see the blessing that God will pour out upon you for doing your little in bringing the men of this neighborhood into His fold.

The box of jelly containing twenty-two glasses from our thoughtful friends at Montclair, N. J., was given to our missionaries to be distributed to the sick mothers and children of the neighborhood who are so needy. Such luxuries as jelly or fruit seldom come their way unless our friends remember us from time to time. Therefore, with very grateful hearts we extend our thanks and appreciation.

* * *

Just at the very moment this paper is laid in your hands it will be time, nay past the time, to commence to dress a doll for one of our three hundred children whom we are to present with a dollie at Christmas time. Some one said they would like to dress a doll for a particular child. If such is your case, just come into the Mothers' Meeting, Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, and pick out your own dimpled darling and consult her taste; because all children do not like the same kind of doll. As you know, some like a baby doll, some are enraptured with a small doll, while others like a large doll, and again some like the middle sized. Please, while you are dressing dolls, remember that we have little boys on our list who have a weakness for drums, wagons, balls, engines, noisy horns, games and all the numberless trifles you will find piled on the counters awaiting your orders. But above all don't forget our infants. We

have such a lot of them this year; they are just here, there, and everywhere during the Wednesday afternoon meeting. You have to walk very gingerly as though on egg shells if you don't want to step on one of them. What do they like, you ask? Rattles with lots of bells on them for one item, woolly lambs that can be squeezed without breaking, or soft balls that can be thrown about without being shattered, or any of the pretty trifles that are soft and make a noise. If you have not already pledged your services to your own church please remember the tiny tots of the Eighth Avenue Mission under six, who look to us and to you for the only Santa Claus they will know.

* * *

The first Wednesday of November was the day decided upon to start the sewing circle in the Mission and on that day one hundred were registered; the large number being due to the return of the workers to take charge of their classes. The attendance for the simple Gospel only was splendidly attended throughout the entire summer, but for many excellent reasons it was decided to start the sewing and continue it through the winter months. How delighted they were with the lovely white aprons the Superintendent had planned to give them. They are really fine to make, of the best white cotton goods, with belt, pocket, button and button hole to be finished, and as one mother said, to wear Christmas day. In quick order the classes were arranged; the preliminary making of new bags when necessary, or sewing on names on the old ones, in fact getting everything ready for sewing at the second meeting was the order of the day. We were all glad to welcome back Mrs. Borden, who gave the opening message, and also to see with us many new workers whom we trust will take this meeting on their hearts and be prompt and faithful in their attendance, because after all that is what counts in missionary work where we come as volunteers, "For His dear Sake." Do we, or do we not, all realize what this Gospel service means to these mothers who come to us? Night after night the Superintendent tells us that to many, if not to all, it is the only opportunity they have to hear the word of God, as the home duties of mother and wife keep them doubly burdened Sunday morning. Come help us. Let us know what you can do, or better what you are willing to learn to do, if you feel altogether incompetent, and we will find you a place.

* * *

Mrs. Foote, the "Baby Lady," received a warm welcome from us all when she appeared in our play-room to do her little bit. We put her right back to work with all the babies she could comfortably or uncomfortably hold and she rocked and loved them to her heart's content and their delight. When Mrs. Foote is on hand you hear no crying babies, but many gurgling, cooing ones, and that is why we welcome her. She surrenders herself absolutely to what she does, so she succeeds. We thank God for bringing this dear friend to His feet and to His service, for Mrs. Foote found the dear Lord Jesus almost on the spot where she has so faithfully ministered to these little ones. God bless her and continue to make her a blessing.

* * *

Miss Brownwell, the deaconess, who is interested in Rescue work in Chinatown and who comes Saturday and Sunday nights to bring her cheerful messages in song, has taken a class of mothers and we rejoice that she has found it in her heart to contribute this ministry. It is surely a privilege to have Bible trained teachers among us because for many reasons many mothers who come to us have not been taught the word, and as cares and troubles overwhelm them the Word of God is a shield and buckler to them. A warm hand of welcome is extended to Miss Brownwell by us all.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

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JAN 1 3 1918

Mission Tidings

January, 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

New Year's Number

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—By Edgar Whitaker Work—

The eloquence of quiet suffering is often greater than the eloquence of orators.

❖

"Sailing on" is not a noisy virtue, but it is exceeding fine.

❖

The crowd contains many heroes.

❖

Patience is probably one of the greatest of the virtues, yet it is a quiet virtue.

❖

Men who are pressing on are not like to proclaim it from the housetops.

❖

If we could but learn to take defeat as a tonic to the soul.

❖

The work of building a character is no child's play.

❖

A carpenter can put together a frame building in a few days, but if men wish to build a marble hall they must have time and patience.

❖

A little stone in the shoe is a plague to walking.

❖

It is sad that men are so often the victims of little faults.

❖

It does not require a crocodile to spoil the ointment.

❖

Mushrooms grow overnight, but not ideals, not institutions, not the greater structures of the soul.

❖

Blessed is the man who loves the church with his pocket as well as with his heart.

❖

Blessed is the man whose watch keeps church time as well as business time.

❖

Blessed is the man who has grace to leave the critical spirit on the sidewalk when he comes to church.

Character cannot be finished in a year. Work away!

❖

The church has not embarked in a temporary business. Do not drop your tools!

❖

Indifference wins no victories. Lack of urgency ties the hands and hobbles the feet.

❖

It is not required that a man play always on the loud pedal; the soft pedal has many uses.

❖

Men do not find the urgent Christ because they find so little urgency in his disciples.

❖

Earthquakes do not as a rule convert men.

❖

Earthquakes are strong, but they have a dull edge.

❖

The soul requires softer agencies, which at the same time work deeper effects.

❖

The soul's conscience is the wooing note of God, calling men to better things.

❖

There are so many unappreciated blessings in life, so many unappropriated sources of happiness.

❖

Things too quickly done are often weakly done. Cement requires time to harden.

❖

Failure is not necessarily the worst friend a man has; it may be his best friend.

❖

A life without some failure is too sure of itself. It is a fatal thing to say of a man that he always succeeds.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1918 No. 1

A Personal Testimony

HAPPY New Year! Since Jesus came into my heart I have been happy, so I gladly pass on this infallible and invaluable formula:

"Happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."

If I had only known this truth, and believed it in young manhood, I might have been saved a great deal of unhappiness, weary wandering and wasted years.

True, my parents were called Christians, but I doubt if they knew Jesus as a personal Saviour.

When I was born in Hamburg, Germany, undoubtedly my mother prayed that I might grow up to be a good man, while my father purposed to see that I was properly versed in all the forms of the Lutheran church.

I had three sisters and one brother, who seemingly were born good, and could walk a chalk line with commendable poise; but rules and ruts were irksome to me.

Every educational advantage was accorded me, but I was so unappreciative that my troubles began when I was a school boy.

My brother gladly completed his course at the university, and my sisters were also graduated with honors, two of them later marrying well, while my youngest sister is today a red-cross nurse.

It was not in me to complete the course of study mapped out for me, and I was a disappointment to the family when I closed my books at the age of fifteen, and went into the grocery business, which I followed for three years.

At length I left these self imposed tasks, yielded to my parent's entreaty, and went to business college, my father hoping by this means to properly train me for a better position. When I had finished the course, my father took me into the restaurant business with himself; but at the age of 20 I grew restless, and was permitted to go to England to learn the language.

When that was accomplished, I returned home for a visit, soon accomplishing another departure to learn the language in France. That was not the only thing I learned in France, and my money went so fast for worldly pleasure that I frequently sent home for more, which was promptly sent so that I did not learn to depend upon myself.

Again I went home to resume business: held a good position, but never saved any money. Mother and Father remonstrated with me, but theatres, dancing, gambling and drinking so filled my life that the respectability of the family was threatened. They concluded to get rid of me by giving me my choice of the place to which I would go. I chose London, and did not write home for three years.

I had gone the pace; was down and out; intended to start new, and wrote to one of my sisters explaining the situation.

The result was they sent a friend over to see how I was living, and he found me without work and in a boarding house.

He advised me to write to my father, which I did, and again he forgave me, gave me money to pay my debts, as well as for my fare home; but I only went as far as Cologne, thinking to make good before I saw mother, but, as usual, it ended in failure.

ADOLPH BASEDOW

Next my mother came, and found me without proper clothing, no money, and no work. She fixed me up, but I noticed that she did not ask me to come home.

Time went on, and December 2, 1911, I so longed for Hamburg that I stole home at night, and rang the bell. My youngest sister came to the door, and hardly recognized me.

I was told that father was sick, and that my return would be too great a surprise, so they hid me for two days. I promised to be good, and I meant it, but the habits of years were too strong and I soon sought the old haunts.

Father then told me he would send me to America, and that was my last chance. It was a sad home leaving, for father said, "Adolph, I am a sick man, and you will not see me again." His words were prophetic for he died a year and a half after that. But, now that God has forgiven my sins, I hope to see him again up there with Jesus.

I sailed for America in February, 1912, purposing with all my heart to do right, and went at once to the Christian Waiter's Association; but when they told me about Jesus I would not accept Him. Step by step I went the old way. For two years I held the position as butler, which was very desirable; but finally lost it through drink.

Next the cabarets appealed to me; but all I earned went for drink for I had come to the place where I could not live without it.

Finally a friend invited me to the Eighth Avenue Mission (the 24th of May).

God spoke to my heart through the message of Mr. Cooper, who said, "God is able to deliver a man from all his sins." The testimonies of many men confirmed this. Many times I had resisted the Spirit of God when I was convicted of sin; but that night I felt that His deliverance was just what I wanted so I went forward for prayer.

I did not know how to pray, but Mr. Curtiss instructed me. In answer to my cry "God be merciful to me a sinner," He immediately forgave me and took away the desire for drinking and gambling.

From that night I have not touched a deck of cards, and with them went cigarettes also. Thanks be to my Heavenly Father I am now holding a good position at the Waldorf Astoria, and am looking forward with glad anticipation to the time when letters will be permitted to cross the sea, and I can write to my mother telling her I am a new man in Christ Jesus.

Meanwhile I am living at the Christian Waiter's Home, and find great joy in telling others about Jesus, who can save his people from their sins, and make them eternally happy.

ADOLPH BASEDOW.

Leave the Miracle to Him

Whatso'er He bids you, do it,
Though you may not understand,
Yield to Him complete obedience
Then you'll see His mighty hand:
"Fill the water pots with water,"
Fill them to the very brim;
He will honor all your trusting—
Leave the miracle to Him!

Bring to Christ your loaves and fishes,
Though they be both few and small,
He will use the weakest vessels,
Give to Him your little all.
Do you ask how many thousands
Can be fed with food so slim?
Listen to the Master's blessing—
Leave the miracle to Him!

Oh, ye Christians, learn the lesson,
Are you struggling all the way?
Cease your trying, change to trusting,
Then you'll triumph every day.
"Whatso'er He bids you, do it!"
Fill the water pots to brim;
But remember, 'tis His battle,
Leave the miracle to Him!

—Thos. H. Allan.

Anniversaries

MR. JOHN MOUNTCASTLE'S testimony the night of his sixth anniversary (November 28th) was given in unmistakable tones of convincing reality; but, as if that were not enough, the light of God (which illuminates the soul) radiated his face, proving how effectively the Almighty power of God can change one's countenance as well as the habits of years.

In his youth Mr. Mountcastle enjoyed the prestige accorded those well-born, for he came from a well-to-do Southern family of education, and was graduated from the University of Virginia with honors; but like all the sons of Adam, he needed to be re-born. Through the years the wiles of the adversary proved too strong for him (as to us all) until like the prodigal of old, he came to himself.

Rooming next door to the Eighth Avenue Mission he was awakened from his migratory existence in furnished rooms and saloons, by the songs of praise that penetrated his lonely and desolate abode. Loving music, his heart so responded to these hymns (which in youth a godly step-mother had taught him) that he came into the Mission one night; raised his hand for prayer; came to the front, knelt, and definitely asked God to forgive his sins and save him in the name of Jesus.

It was not easy to break away from the old associates; but he was so true—coming to the Mission almost every night—his comrades recognized the "new man in Christ Jesus" and simultaneously gave him a wide berth; but the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ through the years has more than compensated for this separation from the world, while today he has many Christian friends who thank God upon every remembrance of him. First, because for six years his quiet, steadfast walk with the Master has been a sermon in itself; and last, but by no means least, because of his helpful ministries, in the Saviour's name, to those in need.

* * *

December thirteenth brought a blizzard which tossed snow-flakes in every direction, and kept Jack-Frost busily engaged painting fantastic pictures upon window-panes; but it did not keep men and women from coming to the Mission to congratulate our beloved Brother, Mr. Cummings, upon his thirteenth anniversary.

It seemed fitting that Mr. Cummings should celebrate his thirteenth anniversary on the thirteenth of the month (instead of the 11th, the proper date) as it was men's night, and prominent men from the Men's Bible Class desired to be present, as well as many others who have been led to Christ during Mr. Cumming's faithful service at the Mission, not only as leader of the singing Sunday morning in the Men's Bible

Class, but through the years as he has enthusiastically done personal work in the evening meetings.

So upright was Mr. Cummings in his young life that he did not feel the need of a Saviour until his mother died, when a desire filled his heart to be ready for the same summons, when it came, that he might dwell with her in heaven. He was so proud and self-willed, however, that fully six months passed before he would come to the same altar with the drunkard, and ask God to forgive his sins: even his pride and self-righteousness, for Jesus' sake.

That night when he had a vision of the Sinless One, his heart melted before such divine love, so that spontaneously he yielded his life in loving service to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

Since that day Mr. Cumming's life has been exceptionally helpful; and we pray that God will strengthen him for his ministry in song, so much appreciated in all the services, and continue to make him a soul-winner; which we realize means self-sacrifice after a busy day crowded with business activities; but which, in the last analysis, will elicit the welcome plaudit "well-done. thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Mr. Ball, leader of the Men's Bible Class, was present at Mr. Cumming's thirteenth anniversary, and gave a delightful elucidation of prophecy.

A man from Connecticut, converted one year ago at Mr. Cumming's twelfth anniversary, returned on Sunday night, the 16th, to render thanks that he had been kept by the power of God for a year; and to also declare his purpose to be faithful unto death that he might receive a crown of life.

* * *

It does not seem possible that twelve years have passed since Mr. James Palmer came into the Mission and was saved (not only from sin, but from his purpose to go to the river and terminate what God hath wrought through the years.

Since that notable night our dear Brother has been wonderfully kept from the drink habit, (which was the cause of his wretchedness in previous years) and he has grown in grace and in knowledge, until his friends are many and his blessings manifold. God has given him a sweet Christian wife and a young son to crown his life with joy; while the whole family are being wonderfully used in establishing open-air services in their home town in New Jersey. Mrs. Palmer also teaches a class in our Mother's Meeting, Wednesday afternoons, which is gratefully acknowledged; and we take this opportunity to wish them God-speed as they enter upon another year of consecrated activity.

Enlisted Men

NOT only is the Mission open every night for a gospel service, but it is opened every day as a reading room for enlisted men, and looks very attractive with its large flag as a picturesque background, while in the foreground is a long table filled with the latest papers and magazines, and other tables furnished with paper, envelopes, blotters, ink, pens, etc.

Mr. Harry Haines (who has had experience as a personal worker in camps in many states) is in charge, and rejoices that from Dec. 3rd to the 18th (when the work was in its infancy) 43 men came in, and every one accepted a Testament, promising to prayerfully read a chapter every day. They became members of The Pocket Testament League in this way; but best of all, six men out of the forty-three definitely accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, and wrote "I accept Jesus" upon the back of a card they left behind. Simulta-

neously, we believe, their names were recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life; making this work, hemmed in by Mission walls, as far reaching as eternity.

Mr. Haines has the happy faculty of making the men feel at home, while at the same time he encourages them to do right, and let God have a chance in their lives.

Twenty-six men wrote letters home; and one obdurate boy, who had been lost to friends, responded to the appeal to his better-self so far as to write to his mother after a silence of fifteen months.

Men have come in from twenty-one different states; and one, (a sailor on an English war vessel) came from Scotland.

One nonchalant young man said, "What's the use!" with a toss of his head, when Mr. Haines first spoke to him of the need of taking Jesus as his Saviour; but he soon broke down and confessed that he wanted to be saved more than anything else in the world. The majority of young men today, facing the inevitable, are glad to go to the front, not only as valiant soldiers in the U. S. Army, but as redeemed soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another day three men were in front of the Mission, and were proposing to take a poor tramp and give him whiskey; but Brother Haines invited them into the Mission to get warm, and the upshot of the matter was they were caught in the Mission net, which made another haul for the glory of God.

A lot of civilians have also come in, and three accepted Jesus Christ and went out saved. Positions were secured for four more, and the end is not yet.

News of Interest

Our Men's Bible Class is keeping up its enthusiasm and is proving a great spiritual help to our men. "I had to go without my breakfast to get there, but I would not have missed the Bible Class for anything," is quite a common expression and is a proof of the desire to study God's Word. The Men's Bible Class has charge of the Thursday night service during the absence of Mr. Sleeth in Florida. We are believing for much from this meeting. The Men's Bible Class presented the sum of twenty-five dollars to the Superintendent to be used in the Christmas Cheer Fund for the poor. This was a splendid offering from the men and greatly appreciated by all.

* * *

Our dear friend Rob McAllister is still quite ill, but earnest prayer is going out to God for him constantly and we pray, if it please God, this young life may be spared to those who love and need him so much. We think of the days gone by when only a small boy, he with his older brother sang the Gospel so beautifully on our platform. God has kept him true and sweet and strong through the years, and his musical talent has developed in a remarkable way. Our dear sister Mrs. McAllister is a devoted mother, spending every moment with her boy. Let us pray for mother and son.

* * *

Our dear brother Mr. Neubeck has been far from well for a long time. We would ask our friends to continue to pray for these whom God has laid aside.

* * *

"The Rules of the Game," was the title Mr. F. H. Mann gave to his series of addresses on the ten commandments. These talks have been intensely interesting and tremendously helpful. Mr. Mann has a clear, direct, methodical way of presenting his subject that it "strikes home." Things that had not been quite clear in the minds of many were made plain by the exposition of God's Word and we are glad that Mr. Mann chose this subject.

* * *

How our people love to sing. Although their days are extremely busy, many gladly remain after the evening

(*Continued on page* 12)

MISSION TIDINGS

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In the New Year

Speak a shade more kindly than the
year before,
Pray a little oftener, love a little more,
Cling a little closer to the Father's love,
Life below shall liker grow to the life
above.

For All

(A prayer received from an unknown writer in the War Zone—North Sea.)

For all who watch to-night,
By land, by sea, by air,
Oh Father, may they know that Thou
Art with them even there.

For all who weep to-night,
The hearts that cannot rest,
Reveal Thy love, that wondrous love,
Which gave for us Thy best.

For all who wake to-night,
Love's tender watch to keep
Watcher Divine, Thyself draw nigh,
Thou who dost never sleep.

Our own beloved to-night,
Oh Father, keep; and where
Our love and succor cannot reach
Now bless them through this prayer.

I am convinced that one chief cause why some do not grow more in grace is that they do not take time to hold converse with the Lord in secret.—ANDREW MURRAY.

From Our Mail Bag

"I received your letter. Was glad to hear from you and to know that the meetings are being blessed and men are coming to Christ. After all, that is the purpose of all our labor and work in His service. What a wonderful thing it is to be able to lead a soul to Christ. You will be glad to know about our Pocket Testament League. It is growing. The room we meet in is full every Friday night and so we are having some good old times here. Mr. Taylor is hoping to get another building put up so that we will not be quite so crowded. We are making the best of it, however. I guess it's a little too cold to go over to Madison Square, but I do hope that the workers are still out on the corner of 24th Street and Eighth Avenue. They may not get a crowd, but if only one man hears the way of life, what a wonderful work has been accomplished in the few minutes. I wish I could be up for the Christmas service, but of course it is impossible. No one is getting any passes at present. I shall pray for the services and will be with you in spirit. I wonder if it will be too much trouble for you to send me a copy of your Christmas music. I have another cornetist down here and we will play it. I am sure you must be busy with your Christmas work. So don't bother writing to me at present, because I know just how it is around the Mission at this time. The weather is very cold just now, but it certainly is healthy.

This good sea air puts some ginger in us young fellows. I receive 'Mission Tidings.' It sure is fine. I can appreciate it much more now than when I was in the Mission every night. There are some fine helpful things in it. I must close now as it is just about 'Taps' and we must turn in for the night. Assuring you of my prayers for all the work,

"Yours in Christ,
"ROWLAND BEATTIE."

* * *

A letter from our dear sister Miss Caburet of the McAll Mission in Paris tells us of many difficulties connected with her work and earnestly asks our prayers. The verses sung by the children of the McAll Mission and which we quote, will be of interest:

"Brave children of the western world
Where Lafayette his flag unfurled,
For all your love, with voices strong,
We send our thanks to you in song.

"While at the front our fathers fight
And pour their blood out for the right,
Their sufferings are less hard to bear
Since for their little ones you care.

"American and French are we,
Yet one in bonds of liberty,
Still may our conquering flags unite
And flood the world with freedom's light!"

R. SAILLENS.

* * *

Dear Miss Wray:

Just to let you know that I am often with you in thought and because the Eighth Avenue Mission has meant and still means much I am writing you this letter. The "Mission Tidings" comes regularly and is most welcome.

In reading of Mr. Marren's death my heart was saddened at first and then mingled with the sadness was such a feeling of gratitude that Mr. Marren was one of those who proved God's faithfulness to the end. I said "end." As if there could be an end when Eternity with Christ is his.

We are almost to the close of the school year and it has been our privilege to have under our care four dear little children. We have, of course, the regular day scholars but these four God entrusted to our care for the school term. Two of them have had the advantage of training in a Christian home and have exceptionally sunny dispositions, but the other two have not been so blessed, and in each case one of the parents is dead. All four are very poor, but the Lord has supplied their needs from his riches. The names of our children are, Eustaquio (our only boy) Canula, (Eustaquio's sister) Marcelina and Concepcion. They are all bright children and show a willingness to learn. The two for whom we are most concerned are Marcelina (age twelve) and Concepcion (age about eleven), for their environment during the vacation will be anything but helpful unless a work of grace is done speedily in their homes.

Not quite a week ago both Marcelina and Concepcion said that they wanted to live for Jesus and during a little time of prayer which followed they asked God to cleanse them from their sin and accept them as His children. No doubt they meant what they prayed and we believe they are truly God's children but the Christian life will not be an easy one when they are away from the influence of a Christian home and we must be faithful in prayer for them and trust God to make it possible for them to return at the beginning of the school year, the first of March, if that is His will for them.

In the "house to house meeting" I am reminded of the work in connection with "Hephzibah" and the Eighth Avenue Mission, for after all while the people are different, and there is more open sin, fanaticism, etc., the needs can only be met through the same Jesus.

There is much I would like to write but it would mean a delay in sending this, as I cannot write more tonight. Yours in the Master's love and service,

ELLEN H. OLSON.

Good Cheer at Christmas Time

"HOW beautiful!" said one as they entered the Mission and saw the Christmas decorations.

Festoons of evergreen formed a canopy over head, while at regular intervals Christmas bells and holly wreaths enhanced the picturesque setting; but the platform was the crowning feature, with its stately tree in the center, literally covered with incandescent lights of brilliant shades, which shone upon beautiful dolls and toys artistically arranged upon the tree; while a luminous star upon the wall reminded one of the Bethlehem star which guided the wise men of old to the Saviour.

Even the atmosphere seemed charged with the Christmas spirit, and we soon learned the reason why: Like the Bible, the Christmas festivities had begun with God and would end with His blessed Son, **Jesus.**

It was through God's strength alone that the Superintendent executed the colossal activities, bringing them into perfect harmony when the day arrived for the needy mothers and children to receive their gifts.

It was a wonderful sight! Mothers, with their babies in their arms, and children clinging to their skirts, thronging the aisle, while Mrs. Hamilton, the trained kindergartener, greeted and seated them.

In the foreground were the tiny tots in their little green chairs, with big eyes gazing rapturously at the wonderful tree; while in a semi-circle sat their mothers with babies in their arms.

The middle and back of the hall was thronged with other dear mothers (without children) and invited guests.

Looking down from the platform one could get the Master's viewpoint, for here was a little child in front, snatched from starvation only a few weeks before; others whose one bright spot in the whole year would be this Christmas tree, to say nothing of the mothers whose care-worn faces were filled with calm joy as they witnessed the happiness of their little ones.

Pure Calvary love crept into the Superintendent's voice as she announced the opening hymn, and the mothers sang it as if they realized the deeper meaning of this birthday celebration. Then, O how sweetly, the children sang the chorus alone.

One little tot (Elsie Wood) responded to Miss Wray's invitation, and sang (sweetly as a white-robed angel) "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, no, not one."

There was a reverent prayer, followed by a beautiful Christmas story told by Mrs. Wm. Borden in her most prepossessing manner.

Very musical were the two Christmas carols charmingly rendered by Miss Joyce Borden; but, O, the unspeakable joy shining on upturned faces when the children received their gifts!

When the Christmas activities commenced, we confess there was a tightening of heartstrings lest in these days of pressure there would of necessity be a curtailing of expenditure; but the superintendent prayed, and deep was her thanksgiving when loving hearts responded and sent in gifts until over a hundred mothers received a Christmas basket, or groceries, in their homes; the little girls received each a doll upon the tree, and every little boy was made happy with a beautiful toy, while the babies cooed their appreciation as their chubby hands closed tightly over an unbreakable doll or a bright, attractive rattle. There was also an orange and a box of candy for each child.

Inimitable was the Christmas carol sung so happily by Miss Wing; and the closing address by Miss Wray, (as she told the children, in her matchless style, about the baby King Jesus, and how their gifts had come, not from Santa

Claus, but from Him, for He had laid it upon the hearts of loving friends to send them) was a fitting climax to a cloudless day; while "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" was an appropriate benediction.

A few days later we met a poor mother on the Avenue, who undoubtedly voiced the note of gratitude in the hearts of all the rest, when she said, "O how I thank God for the basket sent to my home, and for the happiness you gave my children. I can truly say we never had such a joyful Christmas before."

We would also take this opportunity to thank all those who in any way contributed by prayer, time or substance, to the Christmas cheer, feeling sure the Master is whispering, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto ME."

The Sunday School exercises Christmas Sunday reflected great credit upon Supt. Huston, Asst. Supt. Miss Bater, and Miss Staubach, who was one of the committee of arrangements.

They had worked indefatigably to make it a success, training their bright children in their respective parts, while Miss Melby skillfully and pleasingly gave valuable assistance at the piano.

Unequalled were the tiny tots who recited or sang in happy unconsciousness of the ripple of approval that ran through the audience.

The boys and girls rendered understandingly and pleasingly their songs and recitations, leading up to the beautiful reading so charmingly rendered by Miss Didaglia.

It was refreshing to note the spiritual vein running through the interesting exercises, which exalted the Lord Jesus Christ, and culminated by the words of Miss Wray, who so earnestly and sweetly invited the children to enthrone Jesus in their hearts. Appealing was the sight of little heads bowed, and hands clasped, as they said, "Come into my heart Lord Jesus."

The following day was also a red-letter one as they assembled at the Mission again, and the Sunday School children received their gifts, which were thankfully and radiantly received.

We congratulate Supt. Huston upon the growth of the Sunday School, simultaneously praying that God's richest blessing will rest upon this work and that every child will be led to accept Jesus as their Saviour, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when they shall say, "I have no pleasure in them."

"When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame and blind: And thou shalt be blessed."

Analogous was the assembly at the Mission, Christmas day. Perhaps they were not literally poor, nor maimed lame and blind; but they were those who would find a furnished room and a restaurant dinner a bit lonely on Christmas day.

The table so spotlessly arrayed in damask looked very attractive with its candelabra, alternating with cut-flowers, while bright red favors rested alluringly at each plate.

The light of Acts 20:35 ("It is more blessed to give than to receive") shone from the superintendent's eyes, as at the head of the table she noted here a widow's face brightening, there, the fatherless on every hand, forgetting to be sad because of this blessed opportunity for Christian fellowship, together with many others whose Christmas would have been sad, lonely and dull but for the God-given thought of a Christmas dinner at the Mission.

There were also representative people present, like Director Winant, and Mrs. Thompson (the wife of a former Director) as well as those from many states in America, England and Switzerland.

Fittingly the feast began and ended with prayer, while a happy song of praise brightened the interval between the courses.

Mrs. M. A. Hamilton, (a host in herself) directed the faithful Christian women who served; but the happiest feature was the informal after-dinner

fellowship, as in home-like style the family gathered about the platform, and each one was called upon, perchance for an after dinner speech, recitation, or the particular stunt for which they were adapted. Happily there was a reward, for at the proper moment they were invited to close their eyes, when they were permittd to put their hand into a box and pull out a package. These were untied before the audience, and the diversity of gifts created not a little merriment.

An under-current of reverence, however, ran through the whole program, everyone remembering it was the King's birthday, and thanking God for His unspeakable gift, as well as for the Superintendent, whose unselfishness had made these Christmas festivities possible.

Incomparable was the selection of Christmas music this last year, and it seemed exceptionally sweet as rendered Christmas Sunday and Christmas evening by the choir Miss Wray had so faithfully trained.

God was exceedingly gracious, sending some beautifully trained voices, and the solos, therefore, were also uplifting and helpful.

The note of praise emanating from the music pervaded the testimonies, and were summed up in the blessed assurance "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Best of all a young man gave his heart to God Christmas night, and we trust he will return next Christmas, if not before, to celebrate his first spiritual birthday.

Miss Rose Koller celebrated her spiritual birthday Christmas night, and many rejoiced with her that although she came into the Mission from curiosity, she was saved without falsity. Her face just beams sincerity and truth; and we wish her most heartily many more happy years in the Master's service, if He tarry.

(*Continued from page 7*)

service to learn the special Christmas music. The selections were specially beautiful and each rehearsal closed with prayer that the Holy Spirit would speak through the Christmas songs to the hearts of the unsaved and lead them to Jesus.

* * *

"We can never thank God enough for you and this blessed Mission for what you have done for my husband," exclaimed a lady, with the tears in her eyes, as she warmly shook the Superintendent's hand at the close of the meeting recently. Her husband who was there to speak for himself, about three months ago came into the Mission on the verge of delirium tremens. He said, "Don't you remember me? I was in an awful state when I knelt down and asked God for deliverance. He certainly met me and began a work in my heart. I have just secured a splendid position and I want to return the money you gave me that night." To look into these faces and see the joy and gratitude and know that the man had passed from death into life was worth more than any earthly treasure.

* * *

We miss our dear President Mr. Sleeth and his wife, but we are praying that the bright, beautiful, balmy weather of the South, where they are sojourning, may bring perfect health and strength.

* * *

"When I saw the beautiful, lighted cross in front of the Mission I knew it was a place where the people love Jesus and I came in and now I have received Him as my own Saviour," so said a young man as he publicly confessed the Lord Jesus. The sign is quite new and we are glad that on the busy avenue it is speaking to the passerby of Jesus, the world's only Saviour.

* * *

Our friends will be glad to see in "Mission Tidings" this month a letter from our dear friend Miss Olson. Miss Olson is a trained nurse and a gradu-

ate of Hephzibah and intensely interested in the work of the Eighth Avenue Mission. Before she went to South America it was her delight to visit the homes of the sick and poor in the neighborhood and win them to the Lord.

* * *

We wish with all our heart to thank our friends for their generous response to our appeal for Christmas Cheer for our poor. The gifts have been accompanied with such kind words of loving sympathy for those in need that our hearts have been greatly cheered. Instead of having to curtail our Christmas work, we have been able by God's blessing to enlarge it. One hundred Christmas baskets, each containing a chicken and everything for a good family dinner were sent to one hundred poor families. These families we have been in touch with through the year and they were indeed worthy. Many packages of groceries and bags of coal have also been distributed. Over 100 dolls, nearly all dressed by loving hands were sent to us, so that none of our little girls, either in the Mother's Meeting or Sunday School, were disappointed.

Do Better

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done—
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one, all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better, now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The Old Year was done—
"Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better, now, my child."

—*Selected.*

Miss Hurry and Miss Steady

Little Miss Hurry,
All bustle and flurry,
Comes down to her breakfast ten minutes too late;
Her hair is a-rumple,
Her gown is a-crumple,
She's no time to button and hook herself straight.
She hunts and she rushes
For needles and brushes,
For books and for pencils flies upstairs and down;
If ever you'd find her
Just follow behind her
A trail of shoe buttons and shreds of her gown.

But little Miss Steady
By school time is ready,
All smiling and shining, and neat in her place;
With no need to worry,
She pities Miss Hurry,
Who but yesterday sat there with shame in her face.
Her heart beating lightly
With duty done rightly,
She vowed she will never again change her name;
For though you'd not guess it,
I'm bound to confess it—
These two little maidens are one and the same.

—*The Congregationalist.*

He who has no respect for religion can have no true respect for himself.—*Anon.*

* * *

As faith can do nothing without Christ, so it will do nothing against Christ.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

WE send this glad New Years wish to all our dear mothers.

"May every year be for you one of glory and gladness! May you never have cause to look back with regret upon any of its yesterdays, nor ever possess a dread of any of its to-morrows! May every dawn bring with it some new delight for you! May your blessings increase as the days go by! May the laughter of those who are most dear to you make constant music for your ears! May your friends multiply! May every morning add to your joys and every evening bring you peace!"

* * *

Mrs. Ross is telling us that the mothers are taking really a great interest in the sewing this season and making every effort to improve so that they will be able to do plain sewing at home for their children. When a new mother registers she is first given her own individual bag to make and by the time she receives her pretty white apron she is able to make it neatly. When the mothers have been requested to rip a seam because it was not done well enough, they have done it with patience and without a word of complaint.

Mrs. Ross, our dear Scotch sister, is in charge of the sewing this season and is giving a most efficient service, preparing the material for the mothers to sew and carefully inspecting it before the mothers are permitted to take it home. During the period of sewing Mrs. Ross goes from group to group helping each one who needs help.

* * *

We are impressed more every day by the growth in faith evinced by our mothers. Never a Wednesday passes while our Gospel meeting is in session but what the door is opened half a dozen times by a mother taking a moment from the bedside of a sick child or husband requesting our prayers. Some times a neighbor comes bringing a hurried line from some one connected with us begging us not to forget their needs when we pray. This is not only encouraging but proves God is blessing this part of the work by answering prayer, because many of these dear women had not attended a religious service for years until the Mission held this mid-week meeting.

* * *

A kind friend recently sent a large collection of slightly used toys from the nursery of her own children, many of the books and games perfectly new, to be sent into the homes of the poor little ones in this neighborhood. We carefully divided them and sent cards to the fathers to come and bring them home. It would have done this kind friend and her children lots of good to see these fathers responding by coming after their day's work, followed by their small folk, to carry these real treasures home where they will brighten many otherwise dreary hours, not only for his own family but for the children of the neighbors as well. If you have toys not in use send them to us; we will see that they are intelligently distributed.

* * *

Attention, If You Please!

Have you a baby carriage not in use? Will you please look in your attic or in your cellar. No! you say there is none there because you gave the only one

you had left to a poor woman you knew? Do you have a neighbor or friend who has one? Even if it is out of order, it will make no difference, we will have it mended. We have among our mothers one who has six children, four of them under eight, the three youngest not able to walk alone, the two youngest yet in arms. This dear woman is never able to get away from the house at all or attend our meetings much as she longs to do so. In visiting her we saw this great need staring us in the face, we saw the mother breaking for the want of an airing and we also realized that a baby carriage would solve the problem and put the entire physical condition of this very needy family on a better basis. The father of this family has work only three, four days a week and with the high cost of living they just manage to keep from starving. In spite of all these adverse conditions three of the children have never missed coming into our Sunday school since they have been able to walk, and Christmas week they came trotting up to a rehearsal all wreathed in smiles without hats or rubbers and a coat that would just about meet the need in mid-summer. It is just a mother's patience, love and thrift that encompasses these little ones that, in spite of all, keeps them cheerful and well. Just send a carriage along big enough to hold two babies and it will reach this home, or send to us for the address and you can send it directly to the house yourself. Only let us hear from you.

Our new chorus is very appropriate for the opening year:

"We're marching home to glory;
We're soldiers of the King,
We're marching home to glory;
Shouts of triumph ring.
There in heaven we'll praise Him
For every battle won;
And we'll crown Him Lord forever more
For all He's done."

A Pretty Good Plan to Forget It

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark, whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend,
(We all know of such spots concealed, world without end)
Whose touching his heartstrings would play on and rend
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know anything that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing, just the least little sin,
Whose telling would cork up a laugh or a grin
Of a man you don't like, for Lord's sake keep it in!
Don't, don't be a knocker, right here stick a pin—
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

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Volume 10. Number 2

Mission Tidings

February, 1918

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. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Philip E. Howard—

If we won't do in complete obedience the work God offers, then he will choose someone else.

❖

God doesn't have to study us; he knows us.

❖

A man will have a sure tread who remembers that the Lord assumes responsibility for adding us to his staff.

❖

Apart from God, any one, even the most prominent among his fellows, is singularly and pitifully alone.

❖

The Servant of God ought to be likeable. Some of us are shortened in our influence because we are missing that fact.

❖

One of the most rewarding uses of the memory is the recalling of God's unfolding plan for our lives.

❖

The natural man, the man unmoved by the Spirit of God, cannot trust his impulses.

❖

If we are uncomfortable in the presence of the truest servants of God, is there something lacking in our relations with God himself?

❖

Crises are always revealing and illuminating. They simply ask us to show the stuff of which we are made and to be quick about it.

❖

Crises demand that we shall qualify for what is beyond.

❖

Our measure and quality of courage need verifying.

❖

Crises disclose the resources of God released for our use.

Oh, what a place the reconciler has in this tangled world!

❖

Let's not tell the cutting things folks say of one another.

❖

God never included self-imposed anxiety as a contribution to efficiency.

❖

It takes some of us far too long to give his rightful place in our lives to our rightful Lord.

❖

Hospitality gives right of way to the Guest. Great souls know the high privilege of fellowship on such terms.

❖

To be a friend is better than to have a friend.

❖

When in the providence of God we are the beneficiaries of friendship we need not worry along under a sense of irritating obligation.

❖

It is easier for us to love those who are unlovable than those whom others love so much that we seem to be forgotten.

❖

Friendship is unselfish love.

❖

When friendship feeds upon reciprocity it starves.

❖

A man who begins to doubt God can do anything unworthy. Unfaith is the undoing of many a religious man.

❖

In Jehovah's training-school we do not always learn in large classes.

❖

Sometimes our wilderness periods are peculiarly rich in service.

❖

You cannot know God, and suppose that he may do less for you than you would do for a child of your own.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1918 No. 2

What Is the Only Thing That Satisfies?

A Question For Red Blooded Men

The writer of this tract is a young man who has experienced all the temptations which come to any young man in life, and has found no satisfaction outside of Jesus Christ. Therefore with authority he can speak, and fully answer the above question.

No argument of our own is sufficient; we *must* go to God's Word, because everything lasting has its foundation upon the Word of God.

Most people try to tell you that salvation is only for old women and children, and that it does not satisfy the everyday desire in the hearts of men, but those who say this have never put God to the test. The man who trusts in God with an honest heart and earnest desire to know His will, "shall receive everlasting life; and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24).

Remember that God only comes into the heart that believes in Him. God's Word says: "To as many as believe," hence it is *only* to "those that *believe*." Therefore, unsaved soul, you cannot know how Jesus Christ can satisfy unless you obey His Word, and accept Him as *your personal Saviour,* because "He that hath the Son hath life" (John 3:36).

Now, as I have already stated, we must turn to God's Word to find what He says concerning the satisfying of our hearts and souls. Remember, it is God's part to *satisfy* and our part to *trust.* "And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and *satisfy* thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring whose waters fail not" (Isaiah 58:11).

When by simple faith we accept Christ as our Saviour, not only does He satisfy us, but gives us the Holy Spirit to be our Guide through this dark world of sin in our pilgrimage to heaven. Dear reader, it is blessed to have some one upon whom we can lean; some one to be our faithful guide; one that knows the way that leads to Glory. Jesus said: "I am the *Way,* the Truth and the Life" (John 14:6).

Then there is a promise in God's Word, in which God is speaking to those who are trying to find satisfaction in the worldly places of pleasure, such as the dance-hall, theatre, music-hall, gambling-den, and worse places of vice; and, as I know from experience, there is no lasting joy nor satisfaction to be found there, nor anywhere outside of Jesus Christ.

Now, God says to you: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness" (Isaiah 55:2). Here, God is asking the question, Why do you spend your life, ruin your soul and

body, receiving only the "wages of sin," which is death, in return? That's all the devil offers after you have spent your young, healthy life for that which "satisfieth not." God's blessed invitation to "whosoever will" is, *"Hearken diligently unto Me,"* and, instead of your eating up the stale, empty pleas-

ROWLAND BEATTIE

ures of the world which are ruining your body and finally damning your soul in hell, *come to Jesus.* He stands pleading for you to give up your old life, and "taste and see that the Lord is good" (Psalm 34:8).

God does not force you to come to Him if you don't like His way; but did you ever find a man or woman who really accepted Christ as their Saviour say that they were not satisfied? Of course, you will find some that say He does not satisfy, but the trouble with them is that they never truly trusted in God. If you come to Christ and still hold on to some of the old things, hoping thereby to receive the fulness of God's blessing, you will fail, because you are depending on them to satisfy instead of depending and trusting God wholly to satisfy. Whenever you *yield entirely to God,* you no more have to try and struggle, but God undertakes for you; He is your strength, then. So you no more trust in your own strength, but in His; and only His is sufficient.

Again God says: "The way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. 13:15). Even if God never said it, there is not a man who has been out in the world, indulging in sinful ways, but who has to say, after his acceptance of Jesus Christ, when he looks back on the way the devil treated him, that the "way of transgressors is *certainly hard.*"

Now, my dear reader, no matter who you may be, a young or an old man, let me tell you *God loves you,* and He wants to save you from your sin, because He alone

"Can break the power of cancelled sin,
Can set the prisoner free;
His blood can make the vilest clean,
His blood avails for me."

His blood will avail for you, too. And if you by simple faith look to God, He will *save* you and make *you* a child of the King. "For God *so loved* the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth in Him* should not perish, but have *everlasting life*" (John 3:16).

Furthermore, let me say you will find everything in Christ; and your testimony, like mine, will be, God "saves to the uttermost all that come unto Him by Christ Jesus," for "Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved," and you will live day by day in the sunlight of God's love.

"I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, oh, the waters failed;
And as I stooped to drink of them,
They mocked me as I wailed."
But,
"I came to Jesus as I was, weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting place, and
He has made me glad."

You know, dear friend, deep down in

your own heart, there is no peace, no joy, no satisfaction in the world; then why not come to Jesus, the only One who can give you all these things and satisfy your longing heart and troubled soul?—for Jesus says: "My peace I give unto you."

So this question can best be answered, and beyond all possibility of a doubt, by the submission of your will to the will of God, and the acceptance of Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. He invites thee—"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." (John 1:12. See also Rom. 10:9). May you be the one that comes to-day, while He is speaking to your heart.

PRIVATE ROWLAND BEATTIE,
Trench Mortar Battery,
U. S. Army.

A Prayer

Lord, give me peace, when doubts and fears assail me,
When sin doth almost hide Thee from mine eyes,
When fierce temptations surge within my bosom,
When only darkness hangeth o'er my skies.
Lord, give me peace.

Lord, give me grace to follow where Thou leadest,
To part with all if Thou dost will it so,
To see in pain a hand of kindness hidden,
Never to question when Thou sayest: "Go!"
Lord, give me grace.

Lord, give me joy, that I may cheer the sad ones,
Let it spring like a well within my life;
Joy that shall shine when in the vale and shadow,
Joy that shall conquer in earth's din and strife.
Lord, give me joy.

Lord, give me love, love for Thyself and service,
Love for the lost and lonely on life's way,
Love for the lives of those in sin's deep torrent,
To take their hand and lead them in the way.
Lord, give me love.

Our Mail Bag

October 20, 1917.

"Kampala,

Uganda, c/o Mengo Hospital.

"How happy we are to write you. Although you are so far away, you are so near and dear to us. Distance has not and could not lessen our love for you. We wish we might find words adequate to express it.

"How happy we are to be in Africa! We never will be able to praise God enough for allowing us to labor for Him in this dark, dark country midst all its sin and Heathenism, where Satan truly reigns. Dan Crawford says, "Where sin abounds most there grace abounds more," and I believe it, for while we have our lonely moments we are so happy in Him. Pray that we may continue to look to Him in all the new trials. We thank you so much for your kind letter. We had a long but pleasant trip here. We realized His presence with us along the way. While all round reminded us of War, unrest and excitement, our God gave peace and joy. We left New York, March the 10th, arriving in Africa, May the 17th. Our first sight of Africa was one early morning. Our boat was very comfortable. As letters are so carefully censored these days I will not speak of the dangers, but we found the 91st Psalm a real comfort. It was so funny to meet vessels and see them shoot

away from us and we from them. There were ten in our party including two children. We had daily meetings of prayer and praise and many of the passengers and crew attended. Our first stop from New York was St. Lucia, W. I. We met a colored Salvation Army man there, the only worker on the Island. He was quite discouraged. What a dreadful place of sin it was. Won't you pray for this missionary that many more will be sent to help him? In Africa the women are slaves, doing all the hard work. They are bought and sold like so many sheep or goats by men who send them to work. We have seen many of them carrying babies on their shoulders, besides heavy burdens on their backs. This reminds us of where we would be if it were not for the Lord Jesus Christ Who gave woman her rightful place.

"I wish you could have seen the boat when we left Durban. Every inch of space was crowded with Indians or natives lying on their baggage among chickens, sheep and cows. You would think the whole world was crowded on to that one boat. We landed at Monbasa. After passing the customs we boarded what we first thought were cattle cars—the Uganda Railroad. All the men had to go in one car and the women in another. On reaching our destination we were met by a great band of missionaries.

"Because of much rain we have been prevented from going to the Congo. We visited the native villages and schools. Truly the 'Harvest is ripe and the laborers are few.' Wish you could see the difference between the Christian and the Heathen. Every one knows by dress, customs, and living, those who have Christ—their faces are beautiful and happy. Missionary work is certainly worth while. How I do love Africa and the people here and pray God to spare us many years to give them the Gospel.

"Praying God to richly bless you in your great work, give my love to the friends of the dear Mission and all who may be interested in us and the work.

Lovingly yours,

Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Johnson."

We were glad to receive a letter from our old friend Mrs. Pattison who is in Los Angeles. The Lord is very real to our sister and she is looking for that "Blessed Hope." Mrs. Pattison tells us of the home-going of her husband last February. Mr. Pattison fell and broke his hip and was confined to his room until the Lord took him. Many of the old friends of the Mission will remember our dear brother, who in his younger days had been wild and wreckless, but the grace of God had reached him and transformed him into a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Houston, Texas.

Dec. 31, 1917.

"This is the end of the year, and the time when I said I would turn in to the Eighth Avenue Mission the bank account started for the Lord some time last spring, and so I am enclosing check for twenty-six dollars, which I send with a heart full of love. We have never ceased to miss the Eighth Avenue Mission, or ever forgotten all that it did for us, and what it still means to us, and scarcely a day passes, that we do not send you a thought, or that our prayers, that God will crown all your labor with encouraging results, are not offered for you.

"We are both real well, although Mr. C. had a complete nervous collapse, and for five weeks we were at Marlin Hot Wells, where we both took the cure, which did us much good.

"God willing we hope to be returned to New York this summer and to again make it our home, and we are looking forward to the time with much eagerness.

"Remember us kindly to each and every one of our friends at the Mission. Not one face has been forgotten

and what a joy it will be to meet with you all again and hear you sing. Mr. C. joins me in best wishes for a splendid New Year. With dear love,

Sincerely,

LOUISE CLEVELAND."

Anniversaries

AMONGST the anniversaries of January were those of Mrs. Bater and her daughter Doris, our David and Mr. Turner. Mr. Turner could not be present to celebrate, but the other three were present to give God the glory for the wonderful salvation that they had found through the Mission.

Mrs. Bater was the first to give her testimony and a wonderful testimony it was. Brought up in a Christian home, going to church and Sunday School regularly until her mother died and she began life for herself. Somehow she drifted away from the things of God and for a number of years seldom entered a place of worship. With her husband and children she came to New York and was dreadfully unhappy. New York was so different from the beautiful town with its lawns and trees and homes and our sister was desperately homesick and hated this big city. Mr. Bater was the first to find out the Mission and begged his wife to come telling her how bright and beautiful it was. After much persuasion she consented, but calling herself a Christian she could not see her need at first, but three weeks later she came to the Mission again. It was New Year's Eve and during the Watch Night service God by His Spirit spoke to her and revealed the plan of salvation. She surrendered herself to God and from that moment her desire has been to honor Him not only in her life, but in he ministry to others. At the street corner, in the Sunday School, at the Mother's Meeting, as well as the evening service our sister is faithfully seeking to win others to her Christ. It was a blessed testimony and many witnessed in the praise service to the blessing our sister's life and testimony had been to them.

When Mrs. Bater was celebrating her first anniversary her daughter was convinced of her need of Jesus also and accepted Christ as her Saviour and now mother and daughter celebrate their anniversary together. Miss Bater has been Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School for some time and it is a joy to see our young sister interested in the deep things of God when so many at her age are thinking only of worldly pleasure.

The only son in this family was converted nearly two years ago in the Mission and is now on the other side, not only a brave soldier of his country, but a true soldier of the Cross.

We pray for this family God's rich est blessing in the year that has just dawned.

David celebrated his fifteenth anniversary. Always diffident about speaking of his past life, in fact, about speaking at all, he told us how when he was a hopeless drunkard, sleeping where he could, spending nearly all his time in the saloons, through an open-air service he was attracted to the Mission and there found the remedy not only for drink but sin. For fifteen years our brother has been a sober Christian man and not one night during all these years has David been absent from a Mission service. God bless our brother and keep him faithful through all the days.

December the 26th was the anniversary of our President, Mr. Geo. Sleeth. Mr. Sleeth is now in Florida and we missed the usual happy occasion. A telegram of congratulation was sent to him with the assurance of our love and prayers. Mr. Bridgman also was converted on that date, but because he was

(*Continued on page* 10)

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VOL. X FEBRUARY, 1918 No. 2

The Day's Work

The public services of the Mission—beautiful and helpful and inspiring as they are—are but a small part of the Eighth Avenue Mission. Day after day from early morning till late at night our missionaries are at work unseen by the crowd. The typewriter goes incessantly; the door-bell rings and someone needs food or encouragement and to be prayed with; the telephone makes almost ceaseless demands; all this and more constitute the work as we seek in all things to win men, women and children to our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The workers crave the prayers of God's children everywhere, for more than ordinary strength and wisdom is needed. It must be God-given.

Friendship

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arms of a comrade kind,
To help me onward with my load;
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is while I live,—
"God make me worthy of my friends."

"I Am

I am He.
I am the Door.
I am the true Vine.
I am the Bread of Life.
I am the Alpha and Omega.
I am the Good Shepherd.
I am the Light of the World.
I am the Resurrection and the Life.
I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
I am He that liveth and was dead;
and behold
I am alive for evermore; and
have the keys of hell and
of death."

The Right and Wrong Way

If when I kneel to pray,
With eager lips I say:
"Lord, give me all the things that I
desire,
Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave
hearts, religious fire,
The power to sway my fellow men at
will
And strength for mighty works to
banish ill;"
In such a prayer as this
The blessing I must miss.

* * * * *

But if I lowly fall,
And thus in faith I call:
"Through Christ, O Lord, I pray Thee
give to me,
Not what I will, but what seems best to
Thee,—

Of life, of health, of service and of strength,
Until to Thy full joy I come at length;"
My prayer shall then avail,
The blessing will not fail.

—*Selected.*

How the Coal Came

DURING a severe snow-storm, many whose needs were imperative, were enriched in faith because of the timely arrival of a missionary soon after they had cried to God for help.

A sick man and his Christian wife, with a baby in her arms, and four other small children, could not keep warm with the bits of wood the oldest boy had picked up on the street.

The baby cooed comfortably for he was kept warm by some garments God had sent early in the winter, but the children were crying hard when a coal-man stumbled in with a dollar's worth of coal.

He did not wait to hear their prayer of thanksgiving, but hurried on to deliver another three bushels to an old lady on the top floor of a rickety tenement, where the only bright spot for days had been the dim light of frozen gas.

He unloaded again where a woman was not only poor, but very ill with pneumonia; saw the illumination on the face of another sick woman (who had more children than he could count) and hurried through the falling snow to another poor woman, trying in vain to keep warm under her one heavy comforter.

Then he pushed up-stairs with another three bushel and gave them to a heavy-hearted woman living in attic rooms, whose two little girls were crying for bread.

"Where did that coal come from?" she said, her attenuated face making her eyes look unusually large and bright.

"None yesterday, a little today," he replied in broken English. But God knew that when He reminded faithful ones of His poor, they gave as He had prospered them, and He did the rest.

The missionaries, money in hand, asked the dealer for coal, but were met with an ominous shake of his head, while he muttered, "No coal, can't get it!"

"See, I have the money," pleaded the missionary. "Makes no difference," said the man, "hain't got it!"

Home went the missionary, and down on her knees, asking God to please see that all those ten people on her list, in such dire need, might get coal that night.

One hour—two hours passed, and the door-bell rang. The coal-man stood before her and said, "Coal came, give me the names; this man help with his push cart—you pay him too." Before night he came back with the list, and the paper properly signed by those who had received coal.

Thus God answered prayer; the poor people had coal; the poor Italian had his hard-earned money; and those who gave (in His name) had an easy conscience knowing they had done what they could for their neighbor.

Amongst the many things we have for which to praise God, is the fact that during the intense cold with which the new year began, our missionaries were able to mitigate the suffering in many instances.

Our hearts were thrilled at the pathetic story told by Miss Dixon in one of the evening meetings:

"This morning," said she, "we entered a home where an infant was sobbing piteously. We soon discovered it was crying because of the cold. The poor mother had been unable to get any food or fuel, and we were so glad (because of your generosity) to be able to make them comfortable. I tell you this, that those of you who have contributed to the poor fund at this time may know what your loving self-denial has wrought."

(*Continued from page 7*)

working that night he could not be with us, but these brothers were remembered in earnest prayer.

This is Mr. Entwisle's jubilee year. Seven years ago on January 5th, when the Devil had robbed him of everything life holds dear,—home, wife, child, friends, health, character, he wandered through the streets of New York on the verge of suicide. His is a sad story, as is the story of every drunkard. Brought up in a Christian home, married to a Christian woman, wanting to do right, but completely under the power of alcohol, he fell lower and lower and there seemed no way of escape. When everything had gone he went into the saloon on the corner next to the Mission where he spent most of his money and asked for a drink. It was refused and then the bartender told him that if he would go to the Mission and turn out the woman in charge he could have all the drink he wanted. He went to the Mission with that intention, but there he came face to face with God and before the meeting closed was at the Mercy Seat. The chains that had bound him were broken, the old desires passed away, and this poor, discouraged, hopeless man became a "New creation in Christ Jesus." One by one the things he had been robbed of by the Devil were restored — home, wife, daughter, health, friends, position, respect, honor, and it was almost incredible that the man who stood on the platform telling this story was the same man who seven years ago entered the Mission at the end of everything.

The platform was crowded with students of the Bible Teachers' Training School and the Mission Hall filled with people rejoicing with our brother in the great salvation that had come to him. It was a wonderful and beautiful service. Two solos from students of the Bible Teachers' Training School were beautifully sung and with great power. Dr. Arthur Smith of the Evangelistic Committee brought the message from God's Word, and the old Truth we love found an echo in every heart.

Our brother supplied a church through the summer months preaching the Gospel with much blessing. Well might he exclaim "What hath God wrought!" God bless our brother and his family and use him yet more and more.

Just Keep On

Just keep on a-livin'
An' keep on a-givin',
An' keep on a-tryin' to smile;
Just keep on a-singin'
A-trustin' an' a-clingin'
To the promise of an afterwhile.
For the sun comes up
An' the sun goes down,
An' the morning follows night.
There's a place to rest
Like a mother's breast,
An' a time when things come right.

Just keep on believin'
An' a-hidin' all your grievin',
An' keep on a-tryin' to cheer.
Just keep on a-prayin'
A-lovin' an' a-sayin'
The things that we love to hear.
For the tide comes in
An' the tide goes out,
An' the dark will all turn bright;
There's a rest from the load
An' an end to the road,
An' a place where things come right.

—*Clifton Abbott.*

If faith be a precious pearl, a good conscience is the cabinet that contains it.

* * *

As the spleen groweth, the body decayeth; and as hatred increaseth, so holiness abateth.

What Happened Recently of Interest

WE are all delighted at the prospect of having Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland back in the City and at the Mission next summer. We have missed these friends so much. A letter from Mrs. Cleveland, which we are publishing will show their love and devotion to the Mission, where they were both such a blessing.

We are also glad to publish a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of Africa. It will be remembered that Mrs. Johnson when only a girl of fifteen was converted in the Mission some ten years ago. We thank God for His protecting care over them in giving them a safe voyage. Let us pray that they may be greatly used by God in the salvation of the Heathen, whom they already love intensely.

We continue to miss our dear President and his wife from our midst, but wherever they are we may be sure they are seeking to bring comfort to somebody. We are not surprised to hear they found a mother and little children from New York. The mother years ago came regularly to the Mission. Their Christmas was made bright and happy by the loving ministry of Mr. and Mrs. Sleeth.

During the past month our Reading Room for Enlisted Men has been visited by many soldiers and sailors. All have received a Pocket Testament and some have knelt and accepted Christ as their Saviour. Many have sat at the writing tables and written letters home. The amount of good accomplished by the opening of the Mission as a Reading Room cannot be measured. In many cases the Word is given, the seed sown, and the results we can afford to leave with God. Our brother Haines has charge of this part of the work and is very happy in it.

What splendid work for the Master our brother Rowland Beattie has been doing at Fort Hancock, not only in the Pocket Testament League work but in personal Evangelistic Work, winning many to the Lord Jesus. A few nights ago a young man in uniform knelt at the Mercy Seat during the evening service. He was intensely in earnest. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he prayed and before the meeting closed with a shining face he confessed Christ as his Saviour. He then told us that he came from Fort Hancock and that Rowland Beattie had talked with him about God and invited him when he was in the City to call at the Mission and this was the happy result. We were all delighted to receive a bundle of tracts the other day from Rowland Beattie's pen. We are having a large number printed that we may distribute them amongst the enlisted men. We do not expect to hear from our brother again until he arrives "Over there."

A letter from Harold Bater telling us of his safe arrival in England gladdened our hearts. Our brother had many opportunities to do personal work on the Transport and is faithfully seeking to win men to Christ.

The phenomenally cold weather of January has meant very heavy and ceaseless work on the part of our missionaries. Many of our poor mothers were suffering for want of coal, little children shivered with the thermometer below zero and not a bit of coal to be had. From one dealer to another our missionaries trudged until at last they found a place where bags of coal of 100 pounds each could be obtained after our missionary had explained to the dealer for whom she wanted it. Up and down stairs our missionaries went carrying their precious bundles, exhausted often, but amply repaid by the gratitude and delight of the mothers and babies.

We are indebted to friends for two tons of coal and for barrels and boxes of clothing which have come just in the "nick of time." If these thoughtful friends could see the comfort and joy this loving ministry has brought to so many they would surely feel that their time and exertion had been much worth while. The Superintendent would take this opportunity of expressing her deep appreciation to all who in this trying experience have lightened the burden and brought joy to so many.

"I always look forward to the Watch Night Service," "I would not miss it for anything," we heard one and another say and it was indeed a helpful and inspiring service. The Gospel Meeting was held at the usual time on Monday night. It lasted until about half past ten because there were penitents at the Mercy Seat, one of them a soldier in uniform. The interval between the Gospel Service and Watch Night Service of a half hour was spent in singing the old, old hymns—"Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "How Firm a Foundation," "My Jesus I Love Thee," and others that time can never wear out. The first part of the Watch Night service was spent in prayer. One after another raised their heart and voice to God. Sometimes it was confession of failure, sometimes it was an agonizing cry for the salvation of a dear one and again a voice of thanksgiving for mercies innumerable and for the faithfulness of God. One was very conscious of the presence of the Holy Spirit. This was followed by a helpful message in song by Miss Wing and a message from God's Word. The closing moments of the service were spent on our knees before God in silent waiting upon Him.

As the New Year dawned we committed ourselves, and the work and the future to Him and rose to praise and adore Him by singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." 1917 was no more and 1918, so rich, we are believing, in the fulness of the things God has promised, was with us.

With the thermometer 13 below zero the loyalty of the Men's Bible Class will surely be tested. "If there are ten men present I shall be happy," said a prominent member of that class to another, but the men's loyalty had stood the test, for forty-five men gathered at half past nine Sunday morning at the Mission to study the Word of God. God bless these faithful men and add to their number more men like themselves, hungry to know what God has to say to His children and to become doers of that Word and not hearers only.

Above the platform hangs the Service Flag of the Mission. The tenth star has just been added. Two of our boys are already "Over there," one is on his way and the rest are in the various camps. The name of each one is posted so that they may be remembered daily in prayer. We are trying to keep in touch with them constantly that they may have the fellowship by letter that they are deprived of in other ways.

Corporal Roy Anderson of Fort Wadsworth, is expecting to leave very soon. We shall miss him greatly. Almost every Saturday and Sunday he has been with us and his clear, strong, earnest testimony has been wonderfully helpful. Our prayers will follow him every step of the way. Our hearts were touched when he told us it might be the last time he could be with us. He thanked God for the blessing the Mission had been to him and with great earnestness pleaded with the unsaved to come to Jesus and just as earnestly asked the prayers of God's children that he might be used to help other soldier boys. After his testimony the congregation prayerfully and with deep earnestness sang "Bless him Lord and make him a blessing. He'll gladly thy message convey. Use him to help some poor, weary soul and make him a blessing alway."

The prayers of our friends are earnestly requested for Rob McAllister, who is still very seriously ill. From a human standpoint he cannot recover.

but we have seen God do such wonderful things in answer to the prayer of faith that we are praying, if it please God, He may raise him up for His glory. His devoted little mother needs the prayers of God's children too. Frail herself, she ministers night and day to her sick boy and only God's grace and strength could uphold her through this trial, but He is doing it in a very wonderful way.

Our dear sister Miss Ulricksen is in the hospital recovering from a serious illness. She would return thanks for answered prayer.

The Sunday afternoon meetings which are held in Madison Square every Sunday at 4 o'clock from Easter to Christmas have been transferred to the Mission. Miss Wray is conducting a Christian Workers' Training Class at that hour. The first part of the service is devoted to the scripture especially useful in winning men to Christ,—the latter part of the service, in practical demonstration of conducting various kinds of meetings. It is a unique service, intensely practical and interesting, and greatly appreciated by those who are anxious to win others to the Lord Jesus.

Miss Mason, our devoted missionary, is spending the month of January in the country having a complete rest. We are praying she may come back to her work greatly refreshed and strengthened after the quiet of the country.

Miss Beale, who has so often helped us in our time of need, is taking Miss Mason's place for the present and is doing splendid service.

Miss Dixon and Mr. Lobdell are spending every moment of their time in ministering to the needs of the people in the hospitals and prison and tenements of our large parish. Many and interesting are the experiences they have in this work. Sad, indeed heartbreaking, are many of them, but sometimes thank God they come back with radiant faces telling of one and another who has seen the Light and accepted Jesus as their Saviour.

Thy Will Be Done

'Tis easy, Lord, to say: "Thy will be done!"
When life's fresh flowers bloom serenely fair
And peace fraught fragrance fling to morning's air,
For then I deem my fight with sorrow won;
But when hot winds of failure ceaseless blow
Till all my youthful flowers are withered dead;
And verdant hope from out my heart is fled
Into black realms of doubt and fear I go.

Unlifting fogs of gloom enshroud my soul,
And even longing prayer seems all in vain
To ease this agonizing, piercing pain
That over sin tossed seas does on me roll.
Ah! how soon hast Thou shone through dispelling fear—
Thy will be done—my bark is Thine to steer. —*Grant McGee.*

When they saw Him in the act of breaking bread they recognized Him. Do you recognize Christ in the commonplaces—not in the great crisis, but in the little, cheap things of life? "In him we live, and move, and have our being"; and the joyful people in the Church of Christ are those who see God in the commonplaces—in the breaking of bread, the giving of food and health and clothing; in the fresh air and bright sunlight.—*A. C. Dixon.*

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

YOU who read January MISSION TIDINGS remember that we made a special request for a baby carriage for a most needy mother who with her family of six had three who were not yet able to walk. Hardly had the TIDINGS reached its destination when God answered the prayer of that dear mother and met her great need. Imagine our joy when the Superintendent gave instructions to buy a baby carriage large enough to hold two babies, and on the wings of love we flew to do her bidding. You may be sure we bought the best and most serviceable carriage we could find. It is just splendidly large and roomy, filled with soft wadding and a comfortable mattress, has double springs, a reversible cover, and best of all the firm from which it was bought has promised to keep it in order for a year.

As soon as this pleasant part of the work was done we went as quickly as possible to tell the good news to the mother. We found her giving her tiniest dimpled darling a bath. The only way she could express her joy was to be struck speechless. It was some moments before she could even thank us, then she said, "Now I can go to the Mothers' Meeting and next Wednesday we will make a party and all go up to the Mission to thank God for His goodness." This wonderful gift is going to mean just everything to this little family. It will enable this brave, struggling mother to give these little ones the outings they need and she herself has been pining for; it will also enable her to come to the Gospel services Wednesday afternoons and give the children the benefit of the playroom we provide for them. Do you wonder we are singing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," and at the same time sending our most grateful thanks in the name of this dear mother to the men of the Fulton street noon prayer meeting for so quickly and generously responding to our plea to meet this urgent need? Brothers and friends, if you have a moment to spare between two and three o'clock Wednesday afternoon come into the Mission and see for yourself our blessed gathering of mothers and children whom we are privileged to serve.

Muffs

We want to recall to your minds just another incident we wrote about last month. Do you remember our telling about two of our children who came to the Christmas rehearsal with their tiny hands nearly frozen. The Superintendent, as she is constantly doing, sent down to the children of the Mothers' meeting a small package of warm muffs that one could readily see were made by the loving hands of some friend who had children in mind. They were made of dark woolen cloth well lined with flannel and, best of all, had attached to them a strong cord to be worn around the neck so that there was no danger of their being lost. After all is told gloves are not the most practical things for the little children of the poor, because they will lose themselves in a most unaccountable way; but a muff with a cord does so wonderfully meet this need. In a very short time these muffs and these children met and the joy of these little ones was inexpressible. They were showing them to everyone and lending them to their especial friends just for a very brief moment; and from that moment to this their tiny half frozen hands have been warm and comfortable. Nearly all the children who come to us on Wednesday

are cold and have to be comforted and thawed out before they can enjoy the playroom; so we are just wondering, if you are not very busy knitting for a soldier or doing Red Cross work, whether you could not manage to make us a muff or two and ask your friends to do likewise. You can surely find some warm scraps about and it takes so little for such tiny fingers, and you may have our assurance you are doing a real service for the Master. Just send them along or bring them yourself for the children of the Mothers' Meeting, and they will reach the very children who need them. It is to be hoped that this article will meet the eyes of the dear friend who made and sent these muffs at Christmas and that her heart will rejoice for the kindness she has meted out to our little ones and that it will return to her own heart a hundred fold.

Among Our Poor

Of course you are all wondering how our poor have battled against the extremity of weather during these past weeks. We do feel that the spiritual atmosphere and Christian fellowship of our Wednesday meeting has done very much to constrain one and all to bear with patience and fortitude the extra hardship that has fallen upon us all. The Mission has helped each and everyone to the breaking point. Coal, wood, clothing and food have been distributed thoughtfully and prayerfully as long as it lasted. We visited one poor woman who earns her living with her needle, having no other support but her two busy hands. Work had become slack and when we saw her she had closed in her shutters, pulled down the blinds so that not a bit of the biting, below zero temperature should get into her cheerless rooms; and bundled up in every wrap that contained a vestige of warmth she was endeavoring with half frozen fingers to finish some sewing that would enable her to get a few necessities to keep body and soul together. When the Superintendent heard the story of this dear neighbor in less than half an hour a blazing fire was roaring up the chimney, other comforts brought into the home and sufficient work given to bridge over the present needs. In another home visited, the husband lay ill waiting to go to the hospital and the oldest of the four children was feeding the fire with rolls of newspaper trying to supplement wood that until this year was easily obtainable, and to keep from actually perishing with cold.

In spite of the intense cold of the past weeks the attendance at the Mothers' Meeting has fallen off very little. The mothers feel the need of the Gospel message that is always sweet and simple, adapted to the practical needs of their daily life. Mrs. Borden, who has so faithfully ministered to the spiritual needs of the mothers the past eighteen months is expecting to go to France with her daughter. We shall all miss Mrs. Borden who has so constantly kept the mothers in mind and brought from time to time missionaries to speak to them of their experiences in other countries during this dreadful season of war. Many of our number have sent their boys away to serve their country at the front and these splendid messages from men who have been actually on the firing line help to keep up their courage during these days of sore testing.

Try Smiling

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling;
When the coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling;
When your neighbors don't do right,
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure it's hard, but then you might
Try smiling;
Doesn't change the things, of course,
Just smiling,
But it cannot make them worse—
Just smiling,
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
Then it sort o' rests your face,—
Just smiling.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

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Volume 10. Number 3

Mission Tidings

March, 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By T. De Witt Talmage—

The body and the soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's diseases.

❖

Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue.

❖

When religion comes to a neighborhood, the first to receive it are the women.

❖

The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ will not come to you; you must go and get religion.

❖

Religion is always a surprise to any one that gets it.

❖

Pain does not correct. Suffering does not reform.

❖

The prospect of a reformation in the next world is more improbable than a reformation here.

❖

It is easier to build a strong ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers.

❖

Can one speckled and bad apple in a barrel of diseased apples turn the other apples good?

❖

Can those who are themselves down help others up?

❖

It would not be safe for this world if men had another chance in the next.

❖

Another chance in the next world means free license and wild abandonment in this.

❖

Some people are barren of virtues. No weeds verily, but no flowers.

As men and as nations let us repent, and leave our trust in a pardoning God, rather than depend on former successes for immunity.

❖

We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

❖

We would do well to think more of heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth.

❖

Much thought of heaven makes one heavenly.

❖

Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on.

❖

Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are.

❖

God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

❖

Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo.

❖

The best sermon ever preached is a holy life.

❖

The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk.

❖

Oh, let us take a whisk-broom and brush the dust off our Bibles!

❖

The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory.

❖

Misfortune and trials are great educators.

❖

A path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, MARCH, 1918 No. 3

Personal Testimony

I WAS born in Switzerland in the City of Basel, of Christian parents, who knew the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour. I remained in Basel until I was fourteen years of age.

When I first came to America I attended a Lutheran church (the faith in which we were received), and was confirmed when I was 16 years old, but I still clung to my worldly companions.

Later our family attended a Baptist church in Jersey City, and two of my sisters accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, and united with this church.

One of my brothers and I next took the step, but I never parted with my glass of beer. That habit kept me in touch with ungodly companions until all too soon I grew careless and indifferent, finding no more time for prayer meetings or Sunday school.

Often my dear father tried to persuade me to give up my worldly friends, and to be more faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ, but I reasoned that I was too young to spend the most of my time in church.

Soon after that I left home, thinking I was old enough to take care of myself; but as I parted with my dear father, he said: "Emil, if you do not want to put your full trust in the Lord, and let Him guide you, I fear you will not prosper, no matter where you go." Those words came true, for the further I went away from God the greater my difficulties. For a number of years I experienced nothing but trouble. During that time I came home several times, without money and with poor clothing; and over and over again my father pointed me to Jesus; but I continued to reject Him, thinking by will power to pull myself together. No need to say that this was impossible for the drink habit had taken such a hold upon me that I was literally chained by the devil.

At last I went to board right in a beer saloon, and for nearly two years all my money went into that place.

At length a friend of mine came to see me, and offered me another position in Philadelphia. This I accepted, and secured board in a nice family, but I did not part company with the beer saloon, which, after two years, resulted in my giving up my job (through drink) and again facing the problem of being without money or work.

Again another friend came to my rescue, who had known me and my family for many years, and helped me financially. He also tried to help me spiritually, for he invited me to attend church. One Sunday I went with him, and then he advised me to attend church regularly, and above everything else stay away from bar-rooms.

For a few weeks I did as he wished, and one Sunday went to the First German Baptist church. This minister and his wife had known me for twelve years, and gave me a warm welcome. Then he immediately wrote me a letter, inviting me to help out in his Sunday

school string orchestra. In response I went to see him in his home, and told him how I had turned away from God; but I promised him that with God's help I would lead a different life.

I became a member of his church, and resolved to drink nothing stronger than sweet cider; but one day I tried hard cider, and from that day I became

Emil Wahl

so restless that after a few months I packed my suit case and left for New York without saying anything to anyone.

Here I secured steady employment, and was led to go back to the German Baptist church in Jersey City where I had been a member thirteen years before. The preacher suggested that I send for my letter in Philadelphia and become a member of his church. I agreed to do this, but during all that time I had been drinking hard cider, until it finally landed me again in bar rooms.

One night as I walked down Eighth Avenue to 24th Street, I came upon an open-air service, and heard some brothers tell what the Lord Jesus had done for them when they were down in sin. I was so interested that I came to that corner the next night, and so on for several evenings, for I could see that those sisters and brothers, who would come to that street corner night after night, to witness to the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ (possibly after a hard day's work), had something which I knew nothing about; consequently one night I followed them into the Mission hall, where God spoke very definitely to me through the Gospel message and the personal testimonies.

At the close of the meeting, Miss Wray, the superintendent, came directly to me, and said, "Are you a Christian?" I told her that I was a member of a Baptist church. The next question she put was: "Do you know the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour?" I did not know what to say, so she continued: "To be a church member will not save you; 'you must be born again' to enter the kingdom of heaven." Then she invited me to go and kneel in the front, and accept Jesus as my Saviour; but I refused. On my way home, however, my conscience troubled me so much that when I reached my room I got down on my knees and asked the Lord Jesus to forgive my sins and to take from me the desire for strong drink. At last I was willing to surrender my whole life to Him, and He heard my cry, and from that day to this I have not had the awful longing for drink and all that goes with it.

It is simply wonderful the way the Lord Jesus has been answering my prayers ever since I let Him into my heart. A month after I was truly converted (June 1917) the way was opened for me to go to Providence to see my dear father, who lived with one of my sisters. Great was his joy when I told him that I had given my whole heart to the Lord Jesus; was living for Him alone, and His power had removed the desire for drink. He praised God for answered prayer, and that I had the privilege of attending the Eighth Avenue Mission, and of hearing God's

Word. Through my testimony my youngest brother was brought closer to the Saviour.

In October this brother came to see me, and O what a change had come over both of us! Where beer bottles used to abound in my room, there were Bibles, Mission Tidings and tracts.

When I went home again at Christmas it was encouraging to compare notes, and to again tell them how happy I had been since I belonged to the Lord Jesus Christ. It was also blessed to know we all had the same God; the same Bible, and even the same hymn book—for an evangelist had visited Providence, and had introduced the hymn book that we use at the Mission.

My dear father, now in his 70th year, could see how wonderfully God had answered his prayers after many years; and as we parted a pleasant smile was upon each face because we knew the Lord Jesus Christ would be with us and care for us to the end.

EMIL WAHL.

Dwelling with the Rose

"One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its odors scented all the room.
'What art thou?' was his quick demand;
'Art thou some gem from Samarcand,
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?'
'Nay, I am but a lump of clay.'
'Then whence this wondrous perfume—
say?'
'Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the rose.'
Sweet parable! And will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's rose,
Distill sweet odors all around,
Though low and mean themselves are
found?
Dear Lord; abide with us, that we
May draw our perfume fresh from
Thee."

—*Persian Fable.*

Mission Items

IT is eleven years since our dear brother Mr. Davies was arrested by the Holy Spirit in front of the Mission and shown a mental picture of the Bible his mother had given him thirty-five years before, on the flyleaf of which she had written "May God bless and keep thee, my son, to Him I commend thee." Then and there he asked God to keep him out of the saloons, a prayer which God graciously answered. The next night he went into the Mission and publicly confessed Christ as his Saviour and for eleven years our brother has been free from the old, degrading sins, and has lived an upright, Christian life.

The Eleventh Anniversary of our brother's conversion was celebrated at the Mission and with great earnestness and deep emotion our friend told us the story of a life that began auspiciously with a Christian home, congenial surroundings, but the boy wandered into the far country, losing home, and wife and children, honor, and everything worth while, drinking purposely to drown a guilty conscience and the thought of what might have been, until the day God stopped him and graciously saved him.

One after another testified to Mr. Davies' helpfulness in his life and testimony. On these Anniversary occasions we so often wish that men who question the power of the Gospel and the grace of the Lord Jesus might hear the testimonies of these modern miracles. What the pleadings of a mother, the tears of a wife, resolutions and pledges could not do, faith in the Lord Jesus brought about in a moment of time. "Therefore if any man be in Christ," he is a new creation; old things have passed away and behold all things have become new.

Mrs. Pearl Kennedy, whom our friends will remember as the sweet Gospel singer from Canada, and who has so often brought us the Gospel in

song, sailed for France recently to take up Canteen work. Our prayers will follow her and we trust in some way she will be able to sing the Gospel to the boys "over there."

We were surprised and delighted to see Mrs. G. B. Carpenter, of South China. Mrs. Carpenter had been in England, having placed her three children in school there and was on her way to China by way of the Pacific. She told us of the zeal and enthusiasm that is still her husband's as he preaches the Gospel. He has taken charge of a church, the pastor having been called to the front and has also opened a room on the main thoroughfare, where he can do true Mission work. Mr. Carpenter will never be forgotten by his old friends at the Mission and he and his family will have a place in our prayers.

Miss Mason has returned from a five weeks' rest in the country to take up the work in which she is so much needed these trying days. We trust that she may be perfectly restored to health.

The intense cold has brought much extra work to our missionaries. The continual cry has been for coal for the people to whom they minister. Through the kindness of friends we have been able to give coal to those who were absolutely in need. Pathetic, indeed, have been the stories that our missionaries have told us about the gratitude and tears of joy with which the coal has been welcomed. We have been able to give a number of new warm comfortables to those who were suffering from the cold.

Our dear brother Mr. Neubeck is quite sick and asks the prayers of his many friends.

We were shocked to receive a telegram from Texas, telling us of the illness and afterwards the death of our dear brother Mr. Charles C. Adams. Mr. Adams was a business man who visited New York once or twice a year, and always found his way to the Mission. We cannot forget his kind encouraging words and his practical interest in every department. We shall miss him, but our loss is his gain, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

It has been almost impossible to hold open-air meetings during the severe weather, but the unsaved have found their way into the Mission and many to the feet of the Lord Jesus. It is no unusual thing to see a soldier in uniform at the Mercy Seat and some have given evidence of true conversion.

A letter from France from Private Harold Bater will be read with interest, and we trust he may be greatly used of God to help other men.

We were gladdened by receiving an encouraging letter from our beloved President Mr. Sleeth. He is hoping that the operation through which he has just passed will make him much more comfortable. Let us continue to pray for him and Mrs. Sleeth.

Our dear brother Rob McAllister is still very seriously ill and the prayers of our friends are asked for him and his dear mother, who so devotedly ministers to him.

Our new chorus has been a great blessing and we are passing it on to our readers:

"Pray, pray, though your eyes grow dim;
Tell all your troubles unto Him;
Pray, pray, for God understands;
Have faith, leaving all in His dear hands."

Happiness is a thing to be practiced like the violin.—*Avebury.*

A Double Anniversary

MONDAY evening, Jan. 28th, was very dark on account of the fuel-saving policy, and the Eighth Ave. Mission was also trying to do its "Bit" in that respect. The streets were as slippery as glass, and the footing very treacherous, it was indeed a severe touch of winter; yet a crowd numbering nearly two hundred, wended their way to the Eighth Ave. Mission to rejoice with our two dear brothers Thomas Wood and Michael Dorman. Mr. Wood celebrated his first anniversary and Mr. Dorman his fifth. God bless them!

Mr. Cummings and Mr. Schluenzen took charge of the singing and meeting. A host of friends from the Swedish church, and Norwegian Mission on Staten Island were present and enlivened the meeting with their violins, guitars and various musical instruments. They surely made a joyful noise unto the Lord. After a season of prayer for our loved sick ones, and our own dear boys in the Service of Uncle Sam across the sea and in various "Camps," Mr. Schluenzen in a few well-chosen words introduced Brother Wood, who in a simple, straightforward, manly fashion, told how our Redeemer came into his heart and life. Left at the tender age of seven years to "paddle" his own canoe," in the course of his young life he had run the gamut of sin, until one never to be forgotten night a year ago, in the dear old Eighth Avenue Mission, he heard of Jesus and His power to "save," he surrendered all and the "Dayspring from on high visited him and redeemed him by the Blood" and our Father made good His promise to our dear brother for he and his *whole* house are serving the Lord. Our dear brother's whole face and bearing showed the blessed reality of the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ, which illumines the soul and radiates the face. And when he lifted his three-year-old daughter to a table on the platform and she sang in a clear babyish voice "Yes, Jesus loves me," "Everlasting life is free," there was a lump in every throat and tears in many eyes. Surely we have a wonderful Saviour.

Our dear Brother Dorman, then told of his conversion. Brought up under Christian influences, away over yonder in the dear Ould Sod of Ireland, yet he had wandered far away and found thorns on all the bushes of forbidden pleasures. He too came into the Eighth Avenue Mission five years before, and came to Him who never yet turned anyone away, and now our dear brother is telling the story of redeeming Grace everywhere he goes. He explained he was Irish and a button he wears on his coat had the letters N. B. I. engraved on it. He said the letters stood for New Born Irishman. Born in Ireland, born anew in the Eighth Avenue Mission, Praise God! A season of testimony followed, men and women speaking from full hearts of the love of Jesus and acknowledging the help and blessing of both our dear brothers' lives. Oh the "unsearchable riches of His Grace!"

There was but one drawback to a night of blessing and benefit, and that was the absence of our beloved, consecrated, superintendent, Miss Wray, who was confined to her bed by a severe attack of tonsilitis, but we realized she was with us in spirit and so with a heartfelt prayer for her speedy recovery and restoration to us we went home, knowing it was good for us to have been here. God bless our two dear brothers and make them a blessing is surely the wish of every one who heard them.

H. H.

Which will you do: smile and make others happy; or be crabbed, and make everyone around you miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, and speak pleasant words; there is no joy like that which springs from a kind act, or a pleasant deed; and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through all the day when about your business.—*D'Agoult.*

MISSION TIDINGS

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The Eighth Avenue Mission

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By the year One Dollar in advance.
10 cents per copy

Editors { - - - - - - - - SARA WRAY
- - - - FRANK H. MANN

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VOL. X MARCH, 1918 No. 3

The Bright Side

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tune from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter wind prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, tender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

—*M. A. Kidder.*

Our Mail Bag

Somewhere in France.

My dear Miss Wray:

We are just getting settled after our trip over. I am fine. I am writing this letter by candle light. My desk was made out of a packing case and my chair is an empty box.

I spend a lot of my time in thinking of you and the home folks and the grand meetings. All of which I certainly do miss and the songs. I would like to hear the Mission songs sung by the Mission folks, rather than have anything in France.

The Lord is blessing me. I thank Him for your prayers. I have had some wonderful talks with a lot of different men. How I praise the Lord that I was able to tell them of Christ and God's love.

Christmas Day was made extra bright for me by the receipt of a letter from mother and one from Mr. Huston. The one thing that I wished for was a copy of Mission Tidings with its account of the anniversary week.

The Lord is continually giving me golden opportunities to tell different men whom I meet from day to day what the Lord did for me and I have the joy of knowing that if they will accept Christ as a personal Saviour that they will have the same joy in their lives.

I went to a lovely little French church last Sunday. How it made my heart rejoice when I read in my testament 1 Tim. 2:5, the verse that was

engraved on an open stone Bible over the door. The Y. M. man here is a fine Christian and five or six of us had a lovely Bible class meeting Sunday night. The subject was conversion and it was a blessing to meet and talk with some boys who were converted, saved by faith.

I am very glad that I have my Scofield Bible with me. It is a source of uncounted blessings. It is great to take the different subjects and trace them through the word. I miss the Mission meetings and Fulton Street and Dr. Haldeman's sermons. They all were so full of hidden wonders in God's Word. And the Men's Bible Class, how I did enjoy the Sunday morning service under Mr. Ball. The simple way he brought out some deep truth so that the babes in Christ could grasp and understand it. And Mr. Cooper's prayers they were so big and yet so simple and sincere.

It has been snowing all day and everything is covered with a beautiful white mantle and to think that we are to have robes of even greater whiteness and our dirt and sin is not just going to be covered over but we will be bright and shining all the way through.

I pray that the Lord will bless you and use you in the salvation of unnumbered souls in the Mission. Give my love to my brothers and sisters in Christ in the Mission. I long to see you all and pray that peace may come soon so that I can return home, God willing. However, I am ready and I pray that I may be watching when Christ comes for His own and the signs all point to imminent coming of the Lord. So mayhaps we next may meet in the air with the Lord. HAROLD BATER.

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would keep his record true:
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow man sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

Sparks

"Remember the steam kettle. Though up to its neck in hot water in continues to sing.

"Every black sheep was somebody's pet lamb once.

"Why were the saints, saints? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, patient when it was difficult to be patient, and because pushed on when they wanted to stand still and kept silent when they wanted to talk and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all.

'There is nothing in the world worth doing wrong for.

"Evil thoughts, like green apples, upset the whole system.

"Do not get discouraged. It is often the last key that opens the lock."

"The Trotty Veck Messengers."

To-day

The hours of rest are over,
  The hours of toil begin;
The stars above have faded,
  The moon has ceased to shine.
The earth puts on her beauty
  Beneath the sun's red ray;
And I must rise to labor,
  What is my work to-day?

To search for truth and wisdom
  To live for Christ alone,
To run my race unburdened,
  The goal my Father's throne;
To view by faith the promise,
  While earthly hopes decay;
To serve the Lord with gladness—
  This is my work to-day.

I think not of to-morrow,
  Its trial or its task;
But still, with childlike spirit,
  For present mercies ask.
With each returning morning
  I cast old things away;
Life's journey lies before me;
  My prayer is for to-day.

—*Selected.*

A Quiet Work for Enlisted Men

PASSERSBY on Eighth Avenue have been attracted by a "Sandwich board" (or sign) outside the door of the Eighth Avenue Mission, which reads: "Reading, writing and rest room for enlisted men. Come in. You are welcome."

The Mission is open from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Another striking sign reads: "Are you sorrowful, troubled, perplexed? Come in; let us talk it over. You can, and will, find a Friend here who is able and willing to help." Still another sign, as follows: "Hello, men! Have you written that letter home? Come in and do it now so as to gladden some Mother's heart." This seems to be the sign, above all others, which draws in the men.

One hundred and fifteen men have come in; one hundred and one have "signed up" in the Pocket Testament League; one hundred and ten have been prayed with, and one hundred and fifty-four letters have been written. Stamps have been supplied when necessary. Eighty-four postals have been written; ninety-eight Testaments and eighty-eight Gospels have been given, and twenty-seven men have accepted Jesus as their personal Saviour. The men have come from thirty states, and five from Europe. Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Sweden have also been represented.

The signs have not only attracted soldiers, but civilians as well.

The troubles related make one's heart ache, but each person is pointed to One who is able to help.

Through the generosity of Miss Wray, our superintendent, and other dear friends, we were able to feed sixty-one hungry men, and supplied lodging for fifty-three.

One hundred and twelve articles of clothing were given to help the men make a presentable appearance as they endeavored to secure employment.

Positions were found for fifteen men.

Some have come in (especially those from foreign countries) to ask help in making out their "Draft" and "Questionnare" papers.

One poor fellow came staggering in grossly intoxicated. The exudations were sickening in the extreme! His eyes were blood-shot; his clothing covered with mud, while tobacco juice trickled from the corners of his mouth. The devil had certainly brought him to dire straits!

As he entered, the thought came "this is some mother's boy who has gone astray," and with a silent prayer for help, he was led to a chair, where he slept for a couple of hours. When he awoke, some strong coffee was procured; his face bathed, and some cuts and bruises dressed. Finally he was conducted to a restaurant where nourishing food was supplied. Returning to the Mission he gradually thawed out, and told his story: He belonged in a Western state; had come from a Christian home; enlisted, and was sent to Slocum.

Resolving to forget his church and Sunday School teaching, and have his fling, he obtained liberty, and came to see the sights—which he did with a vengeance! He formed the acquaintance of some one in a tenement, who kept the bottle (or can) going as long as his money lasted, then his room was better than his company.

Scrutinizing his pass, we saw that he had exceeded his liberty.

The poor fellow felt utterly disheartened and broken, but we got on our knees, lifted our hearts and voices in prayer to our Jesus (who never yet turned down anyone), and dejected as was this man, he gave himself to Him.

At six o'clock as he boarded the train to go back to Slocum, he put out his hand and said (with tears in his eyes) "Mr. Haines, God helping me, I will continue to trust and serve Jesus."

What a song of rejoicing filled the heart as we returned to the Mission as

we remembered the light which shone from that boyish face. Surely our Saviour *is* able!

The sincerity of his purpose could not be doubted, and it was sustained when later he came in, thanked, and reimbursed one for all he had spent in his behalf. Best of all he had gotten in touch with one of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries at Slocum, and was telling others of Jesus and His power to save. Hallelujah!

Another man came in who had not written home for three years. After a heart-searching talk the Holy Spirit so touched his heart that he was persuaded to write a letter to his mother. When the letter was finished he started to put it in his pocket, as he did not have a stamp, but that was forthcoming, and the letter (which would gladden one mother's heart) was duly posted.

At least twelve men, out of touch with the home folks, were persuaded to write a letter home, and God alone knows what comfort they wrought.

While the work is quiet, we believe it has been worth while. It is a work of love and gratitude, for we are personally acquainted with the Saviour of men, and know what He is able to do in every yielded heart, consequently we desire that others should know Him too.

We have been encouraged in every possible way by Miss Wray, our beloved superintendent, and would take this opportunity to acknowledge it. We deeply appreciate the occasional visits of our own dear Mission workers, and their help and words of encouragement.

We confess that it is with a good deal of Godly pride that we often point to our Service Flag, with its thirteen stars, representing our own dear boys from the Eighth Avenue Mission who are "over there" doing their bit for Uncle Sam (and the liberty of us all) as well as exalting Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, in the camps and trenches. Our Men's Bible class is pledged to pray for the boys every time they look at the "Service Flag."

"May our dear Heavenly Father enrich, sweeten, gladden and preserve their lives," is our prayer, "And bring them back safely to their loved ones, and to us, if it be His will."

We are privileged from time to time to visit the forts and the camps in the vicinity of New York City, to show forth the praises of Him who hath redeemed us; and find the men responsive, as well as eager to hear the straightforward Gospel story of salvation.

God grant that the war will soon end, or that Jesus will come quickly. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

H. H.

An Unusual Story

"WHAT is your name?" enquired the missionary, as she saw a beautiful boy, four years old, playing near the Mission. His big, brown eyes looked into hers; his light curls, aureate and symmetrical, danced in the breeze, but he said not a word.

A woman, (perhaps 60 years of age) modestly apparelled, came quickly to his side, and looked enquiringly at the stranger. "I saw this beautiful child, and wondered if he attended Sunday School anywhere," explained the missionary.

"O," exclaimed the woman, "his name is Harry, and I am his grandmother. His mother is sick so I am taking him out for a constitutional."

"I wonder if you would not like to attend some of the meetings here at the Eighth Avenue Mission, and bring Harry to Sunday School," enquired the missionary.

"I love Missions," answered the woman, her voice indicative of education and refinement, "for I was saved in one."

"I am so glad," was the quiet response.

"Yes," continued the woman, heaving a deep sigh, "I was a thief for forty years, and have been saved eight months!"

It was a startling admission, and seemed incredible; but as one looked into her face they could see that God's work had been real, and that this was indeed a redeemed soul at peace with God.

Sympathetic tears were blinding the missionaries eyes as she said, "How wonderful it is that Jesus loved us enough to die for us when we were sinners!"

"Yes," the woman murmured; and there was such a flash of spiritual understanding in her eyes that the missionary kissed her, and said, "I love you."

"The story of my life would fill a book," said the woman sadly; "and perhaps you would not love me if you knew it all."

"O, yes, I would," she replied, "for Jesus' blood cleanseth from *all* sin."

They had now found a quiet corner in the Mission in which to converse, and the woman went on calmly, saying, "If you ever find anyone who thinks they have sinned beyond redemption, my story might help them, for no one could commit greater sin than I, and yet I know God has forgiven me, and that I am His child, for my life is completely changed, and all my desires."

"Would you like to tell me about it," was the thoughtless interrogation, little thinking what it would cost her to think about the past.

"It is not pleasant to dwell upon," she replied; "but I have often thought if my story could be published—say in tract form—it might help someone else, so I will tell it for His glory."

"I was born here in New York City on Forty-third street. My parents were respectable Catholics. As I was an only child they gave me every advantage; in fact spoiled me, for my mother dressed me too well. As I grew into womanhood I though more of fine clothing, and having a good time than I did for anything else."

"Permitted to attend balls, I became infatuated with a young man, with whom one night I quarrelled, and then (at 15 years of age) deliberately married another fellow (whom I did not love) thinking to punish the one with whom I had the tiff."

"My husband, however, chanced to be one of God's best men, and did all he could to make me happy; but I chafed under restraint; and when God sent me two daughters I left them evenings for my husband to care for while I went to dances."

"Then I commenced to tipple with wine, until at the age of 19 I cared more for wine and dancing than I did for my reputation; consequently my name became entangled with that of another young man."

"All this brought things to a climax in the home! Like an ugly nightmare I recall the two shots my husband fired, which missed the mark and went over my head."

"That night the home was broken up and my mother took the eldest child to her home. My husband was determined to have the control of both children, and under the circumstances I had no recourse but to depart and seemingly acquiesce."

"Leaving husband and children for a time I plunged deeper and deeper into dissipation. It was an easy step from the Haymarket (a dance hall) to a questionable house in Baltimore, where theft was soon added to my category of crime."

"Arrest for robbery, drunkenness and assault followed in quick succession; but I was always able to escape incarceration because Madam had plenty of money to bail me out, and the judge himself frequented her establishment."

"Meanwhile my husband secured a divorce, and I consulted a lawyer (even more wicked than myself) who instructed me how to get my youngest child. As if rehearsing for a play, I was drilled in the part I was to say. At length I called upon my husband and demanded the child. Strenuously he refused, until I told him the lie I had rehearsed: that the child belonged to another man. I shall never forget the

look upon his face! He had a razor in his hand, for he was shaving. He turned whiter than death, looked me in the face, laid down the razor, took down his Bible, and in a sepulchral voice said, 'If what you have told me is true, put your hand upon God's Book and swear it.' God forgive me, I did it."

No wonder the story could not be at once continued! "The wages of sin is death!"

At length she went on: "The child was mine at last, and until my husband's death he never knew that I lied!"

"Better for the child if she had died, for I took her at once to an assignation house, (the only home I knew) until she also became versed in crime, and we stole together."

"From time to time liquor overpowered me, and as a result my nose was broken."

"At length I went into a Mission, simply to look for a man who had taught me a great many tricks about stealing that I never knew before. I heard that he had been released from prison, and was at that place. It was planned that I should go into a certain family as a maid, and incidentally relieve them of their diamonds; but God, whom I had insulted from tenderest youth, kept this man away that night, while His Spirit so deeply convicted me of sin that before I realized it I was in despair, thought of committing suicide, and told the superintendent all my sin. I thought they would turn me into the street; but O, they were so kind! A missionary put her arms around me and told me God loved me, and that He would forgive every one of my sins if I would ask Him in the name of Jesus."

"I could hardly believe it! But I was broken-hearted, told it all to Jesus, and He healed me."

"I know I am saved, for when I met the old associates and they asked me to go into a distillery to drink, I replied, 'What, after asking God in Jesus' name, to take sin out of my life? Never!'"

"They could hardly believe it, and said, "How are tricks?'"

"God sent the answer: 'There will be no more tricks in my life for I have joined Jesus Christ!'"

"Since then I have been unmolested. My youngest daughter has given her heart to Jesus too; and I hope Harry will grow up to be a Christian man."

"We live very simply—not far from here—and are trusting God for our daily bread. He has never failed to supply our need, and I am confident He never will."

The story was finished and God's great love magnified.

As the shadows lengthened, and the calm of twilight stole into the Mission, missionary and visitor knelt together to worship the mighty God, the everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace, who giveth "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Is there sin in your heart, dear reader? "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from *all* sin."

A. F. M.

God broke our years to hours and days
That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders,
And the future rife
With work and struggle
Meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop; and so
God lays a little on us every day
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep
Or pathways lie so threatening or so steep
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour.

—George Klingle

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

WE were all greatly blessed the second Wednesday in February by a visit and message from Mr. Faircleugh of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Faircleugh has spent twenty years in East China and had many interesting stories to tell our mothers who listened with breathless attention. Among other things he told us that the women of China are keenly anxious to hear all about the women of America and when they have received the Lord Jesus in their hearts and accepted the simple truths of Christianity and ceased worshiping idols these dear women of China become very prayerful.

It was this subject of "Prayer" that our dear brother chose as his subject. The Chinese labor under the great error of thinking that they are heard not only for their much speaking but they must appease their idols with sacrifice. Think what peace and joy is theirs when they are taught to the contrary and the words of the Lord's prayer are explained to them in all their beauty and simplicity. Do you wonder when they once grasp the truth they become so devout and enthusiastic? China needs our prayers, Mr. Faircleugh told us, especially the women who are kept in such darkness. As the meeting closed with all reverently bowing their heads and softly repeating "Our Father" then rising and singing "What a Friend we have in Jesus" each and all felt they had received a fresh blessing and an impetus to be more faithful in their own daily devotions.

Each Wednesday at the Mothers' Meeting the leader requests all those who have had a definite answer to prayer to raise their hands and we are always greatly impressed when more than half of those in the gathering thoughtfully put up their hands, then rise to testify of God's wonderful goodness to them in spite of the hard testing through which many are passing. Our dear brother Mr. Faircleugh made a very definite point in his talk to us of God's willingness to hear and answer prayer, although the answer does not always come in just the way we may have looked for it, but in a way that is for our deepest good. What does the dear Lord say so sweetly and so truly to each one of us? "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

Our hearts have been burdened with the troubles of one of our own faithful mothers and she has most earnestly asked us all to remember her in prayer although she is patient and perfectly resigned to the trial that has overtaken her and is trusting God every minute of the time. Following are the facts: Sometime ago the Superintendent sent a worker upon a special visit to this dear mother. Upon entering the very poor but very clean rooms, there were but two, we discovered that there was neither food nor fuel, the oldest girl feeding the stove with paper. The father of the family was pronounced tuberculous and was to be sent away in a few days. He sat shivering, huddled up in a chair, trying not to cough. The mother told us that the Board of Health, in all kindness it is true, had decided that she must let two of her children be taken to a Preventorium as one of them at least was infected with the dread disease. Of course she was willing to consent to this although they had never been separated from her a day in their lives and her heart was heavy at the thought of their grief, for both children were sobbing. They left

her the baby boy, and, as her only support a boy of fifteen, who earns but four dollars a week. In order to keep her little home together this dear brave mother waits until her boy gets home from work and while he takes care of the baby, she scrubs in an office building from five to ten P. M. Nevertheless she smiles through her tears and is trusting God every moment. This entire family found the Lord in the Mission, the children having for years attended the Sunday School and the mother coming to the Wednesday meetings most faithfully. Well may we with gratitude thank God for the privilege we have in helping in every way we can to keep these doors wide open and send out the blessed news that we have a Saviour who is able to keep us sweet, safe, and sane even in the hardest places.

* * *

As we go in and out of these congested streets and look up into the windows of these very, very poor and ofttimes desolate homes, our hearts are touched and heavy to see often just one service star shining out of a window telling us the whole pathetic story of a boy gone from home to war. When these dear mothers come into our meeting on Wednesday to get a bit of cheer how glad we are that God has sent us these past days so many foreign missionaries or men of God who have been to the front and are in a position to tell us from their own personal knowledge how these dear sons have their mothers on their hearts every minute, never ceasing to try and find opportunities to write home or to get in touch with some one from America. It is mother first, last and all the time, and the men tell us who take part in the spiritual services, that many a thoughtful young man is constrained to go to a religious service knowing it is the one thing that his own dear mother would desire. We are glad at this time that the Wednesday meeting is so helpful, to all of course, but first to those who have that brave little service star shining out of their basement or garret window. No Christian can see it without breathing a prayer for the absent one.

* * *

As we watch the mothers so faithfully plodding with their needles, careful to make small and satisfactory stitches, as they put together their aprons during the sewing period on Wednesday, somehow that sweet old hymn sings itself because you must know it is not a very easy thing to learn to take your first stitches when you are married and have a big family of children, and are not accustomed to handle soft materials, being so busy with pots and pans and other commonplace, if necessary, utensils. Sometimes after a seam is sewed and it is all wrong and you are asked to rip it and begin all over again it is not easy to obey when you do not really have to, and it takes a great big trust in God to be faithful in all these little things. That is just what our mothers are doing, never refusing even when they are asked to make buttonholes at the last moment, and we and they too are really proud of the beautiful white aprons they are taking home. You ask why it is that this group of mothers in all Settlements and missions cannot sew at all? It was just this very question we asked one of our mothers and as the answer is enlightening and interesting we pass it on. In the days when these mothers were girls there were no stringent laws to protect children from working and there are surely those of us who remember seeing the big stores filled with such very small children that our hearts used to ache. They were serving in all kinds of capacities, the few dollars they earned often being the only steady support that flowed into the family exchequer. There were not so many settlements provided with sewing classes, nor were the philanthropists so interested in supporting sewing classes, nor were the children taught sewing in the schools as they are now.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 10. Number 4

Mission Tidings

April, 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Wilfred S. Hackett—

No interruption ever comes which God cannot teach us to profit by.

❖

In God's hands even time is elastic, and what is lost in extent may sometimes be made up for in intensity.

❖

He may teach us to pack the future far more full than we should have done without the reproach of vacant hours remembered.

❖

There is no room for despair under the rule of that God "who redeemeth thy life from destruction."

❖

Every life that ends well is a miracle.

❖

A boy's glimpses of fine possibility are prophetic.

❖

What God engages to do He does.

❖

Nothing cleanses the eyes like tears of contrite sorrow.

❖

He may be barred out of a thousand hearts, but He need not be barred out of thine.

❖

The blessings of Providence are not for idlers, but for those who are willing to learn wisdom.

❖

The sun and the shower are both helping to make the cowslips.

❖

Nothing is more foolish than to limit prayer.

❖

Those who believe Christ's doctrine will pray about everything.

❖

Make a noble program. Fear not to put your arm out farther than you can draw it back.

Take up a duty in which you must fail if He fails you.

❖

The Spirit will not come where there is nothing for Him to do.

❖

Nothing happens by chance in the kingdom of grace.

❖

It is very wise to be a Christian but wisdom alone never made a Christian.

❖

Look long and steadfastly at the Cross, and thou shalt not fail to find that way for thine own feet to tread.

❖

Dignity of character lies in serviceableness.

❖

Money is the best earthly servant of the sound mind and the most terrible master of the mind enslaved.

❖

Circumstances seldom tell the whole truth about people. It is not the black coat that betokens the gentleman, nor the chain that proves the slave.

❖

We meet no sterner taskmaster and no more fretting discipline than financial difficulty on a small scale.

❖

'Tis a small soul whose desire never outruns its possibilities.

❖

Dwell on the affirmatives of life, not on its negatives; on what you can do, not on what you cannot do.

❖

He who willingly serves the Eternal shall never be the slave of the transient.

❖

Circumstances are but the scaffolding of the soul upon which the feet of God's workmen rest while they build and adorn character.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, APRIL, 1918 No. 4

A Personal Testimony

MY parents were Christians whose home was in Florida, but one day my mother journeyed to visit her sister in Alabama, and there I was born. I was not the first-born, nor was I the last, but the sixth (out of eight) that came to the house of Crandall.

The first years of my life were like a passing dream to me, but to my mother they were fraught with much anxiety, for when I was nine months old, and cutting my eye teeth, I went into convulsions. A physician was summoned, and his diagnosis was "hip disease."

Bowing humbly to the will of God, my parents immediately consecrated me to Him, and I doubt not I would have been saved from that moment if my own will had not got in its work later. As soon as I was old enough I was carried to church and Sunday School, and when my parents could not take me, my grandparents would.

When I was two years and nine months old, my parents moved to New York City, but as the climate did not seem to agree with the family they moved to Paterson, N. J., but before they had been there a year that awful cry of "fire," which blanches the cheek, was heard by my mother. Buildings began to fall, and those who could leave the city took flight. My father had gone to work, but Dr. Ames, our pastor, rang the church bell, and mother took all the children and went to the church to pray.

Suddenly down the street came a man on horse-back shouting, "Fly for your lives, the dam has broken!" Simultaneously the water poured into the church. The minister ceased praying, took a chair and broke a window; but already God was answering prayer for the church was built against a rock, and as quickly as possible women and children were put through the window upon the rock.

The flood kept rising, and everyone was in imminent peril! My father left his work and tried to locate his family, but it was over a month before he could find any of us. Through the Mayor's committee he finally found my mother in a hospital, and I was in another. My eldest sister, with two children had been taken into the home of a police officer. Another sister had her legs and arms broken, which later resulted in her death; one brother also died later of tubercular trouble as a result of these awful experiences, while two other children were drowned.

These terrible scenes, however, did not shake the faith of my parents, but at eventide they would gather the family together, as of yore, and thank God for saving so many of us from the water. Later we moved to New York city.

From my earliest recollection I was taught to reverence God's Word for we always had morning and evening prayers, and I was also taught my own little prayer.

As I could hardly stand alone, and could only get around on crutches, my education was undertaken by our different pastors, who were godly men like Dr. Van Houghton and Dr. Moffatt, and many were the Christian talks I received.

One day Dr. Van Houghton arranged for me to go to "the little church around the corner" and see a man who received wonderful answers to prayer by believing in Divine Healing.

My mother and sister went with me,

FRANK CRANDALL

and this great man said, "Do you love the Lord?"

I replied, "Yes."

Then he said, "If the Lord cures you will you believe on Him?" and I said I would.

It was three weeks later that I arose for the first time alone. Mother saw me, and she said, "Frank, I will come and help you."

"No, mother," I said, "I can walk," and demonstrated the fact by walking from the bedroom into the kitchen.

There was great rejoicing in the house, and hymns of praise were sung. From that day to this, praise God, I have not needed the fourteen-year-old boy's crutches.

I began at once to go to church and Sunday School, and was faithful in my attendance until I enlisted in the U. S. Army when I was eighteen years of age. While I was away from home I did not have Sunday School experiences, and when I came home I felt a bit uncomfortable under my jacket to be near my mother; in fact she said to me one day, "Frank, are you going to break my heart?"

I tried to look innocent, and said, "Why?"

She soon proved she had detected the odor on my breath, for she said, "Your father's family and my family never drank! Are you going to tarnish their unsullied names? It would have been better for you to have died than to have tasted drink."

I could not stand that, so I promised her I would quit, and I did, and began to resume my attendance at church; but I did not know what it meant to be "born again" until the year 1917. Mother had been attending the Eighth Avenue Mission and at length two missionaries called. She had told them about me, and when they did not find me in, they patiently waited until I returned. When I did come in they gave me the straight Gospel, and in response I definitely and gladly surrendered myself to the Lord Jesus Christ.

I love the meetings at the Mission, and the Bible class, but I am now in a ship-yard and cannot come. Please pray for me that I may not only be faithful in the service of my country, but in the service of the King. Pray also for my dear mother, so brave and loyal; my father, who is far from well; one sister who is in the Red Cross work in France, and for a brother in the medical corps.

FRANK CRANDALL.

The Hermit

"A hermit there was, and he lived in a grot.
The way to be happy they said he had got.
As I wanted to learn it I went to his cell,

And when I came there the old hermit said: 'Well,
Young man, by your looks, you want something, I see.
So tell me the business that brings you to me.'

"'The way to be happy, they say, you have got.
As I wanted to learn it, I've come to your grot.
Now I beg and beseech, if you have such a plan,
That you'll write it all down, as plain as you can.'
"At this the old hermit went to his pen,
And brought me this note when he came back again:
"'Tis *being*, and *doing*, and *having*, that make
All the pleasures and pains of which mortals partake.
To *be* what God pleases, to *do* a man's best,
And to *have* a good heart, is the way to be blest.'"

Send the Light

"SEND the Light," rang out our missionary hymn appropriately, for on the platform were a goodly number of young missionaries who had given their lives into the Master's keeping, and were trusting Him to take them far across the treacherous seas, to bear the Light of God into the darkness of heathendom.

Director Boggs quoted Luke 1:14, "Many shall rejoice at his birth." In his own unique and happy manner he spoke of the many who had rejoiced at the birth of Jesus, and used the life of President Lincoln as an illustration, skilfully turning the tables to make the application, that many today, enslaved by ignorance, superstition and blindness, would rejoice at the birth of these missionaries, because they were to be the means, under God, of their emancipation from idolatry.

The missionaries who were to sail immediately were introduced this first night, leaving ten to give their addresses the following Tuesday.

Miss Evangeline Metheny was the first to be presented, and most interested was her audience in the song she sang in Turkish, which she said "portrayed the story of Good Friday and the Crucifixion. The piano melody was weird, but above it rose her voice in full tones, and rhythmic cadence, as if prophetic of God's power on that darkened continent to lift benighted ones above the weird practices of unenlightened obscurity, into the glorious liberty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Miss Florence Mearns followed the first speaker, and rejoiced in the privilege of doing her bit for Jesus. While she realized she was leaving behind many who were near and dear to her, she was comforted by the thought that she was taking Jesus with her.

Intensely interesting was the address of Rev. Samuel Edgar, who said "Prayer helps things here, and it helps over there."

In Turkey his congregation sits on the earth, and they leave their shoes at the door. His school room was 12x14, and was windowless. Reaching up one could touch the ceiling. Girls are not permitted to attend school, as it was thought "a girl has no soul and no mind." The girls taught in the Christian schools were a surprise to the Mohammedan.

Persecution follows those who carry a Bible, and many were arrested and fined for this misdemeanor; but there, as here, by the Word of God changes are wrought.

During the massacre Christian natives were foully murdered because they would not again embrace Mohammed. One brave girl said, "I can never go back on my Saviour," and was driven into the desert to die.

"Nothing but God's Book, and the Lord Jesus Christ will make Turkey fit to live in," said Mr. Edgar in closing; and when we stop to consider it—

that is the only thing that makes our own homes fit to live in.

The following Tuesday the rest of the missionary contingent, together with Mr. Boggs, and James D. Husted held a farewell meeting at the Mission.

The earnest song service, led by Miss Wray, was followed by an altar service, when precious souls yielded their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ.

After a few fitting preliminaries, Director Mann introduced Miss Winifred Williams of South Dakota.

God had wonderfully led her from a Congregational church, where she taught a Sunday School class, to the present hour, when she was happily going forth to do the Master's will under the direction of the African Inland Mission. At one time she built air-castles of college, and a home of her own (which was in sight) but as she was one of ten children, she taught school instead, first starting out with a little tin trunk tied on behind the wagon. Later she attended a Bible School, and responded readily to the definite call of God to preach the Gospel across the seas.

Miss Harriet M. Halsey of Syracuse, N. Y., followed, and she said, "I have been saved for ten years. Soon after I made a full surrender to God he called me to be a missionary, and I said, 'I will go where you want me to go, dear Lord.' Since then He has filled my life with joy, and with a great love for my sisters who have never had any chance to learn of Jesus."

Mr. Oscar S. Lehman of Goshen, Ind., was just bubbling over with contagious enthusiasm. He said he was the youngest of ten children, and lived on the crumbs the others left. Incidentally he caused a bit of anxiety in the home nest because he was so unsettled in his habits; but three years ago he went to the Moody Bible Institute, and had been settled ever since. He said it was just a miracle that he secured a permit from the local board, for he was told he was just the kind of a man they wanted in the army. He remembered Livingston's words: "Africa is the open sore of the world," and being convinced that he was in God's will, it was arranged that he should sail with the present party.

Miss Rosalind Brown of Covington, Ky., had worked in a Mission in Toronto, Can., was also rejoicing in the privilege of going forth in Jesus' Name.

Dr. Roy C. Woodhams of Clovis, Cal., (a young man of deep spirituality) said "God in grace redeemed my soul," which was followed by a helpful message from the Word of God.

Mrs. Roy C. Woodhams, also deeply taught in the Word, said, "I realize we are facing perils, but if we meet sudden death it will simply mean sudden glory." Mrs. Woodhams also based her talk on the Word of God, quoting "I am the true vine," and saying, "We must be connected with God before we can bring souls to Him."

Miss Teresa Whittal of Chicago, Ill., was one of thirteen children reared in Catholicism. Her girlish dream was to have a fine house; a grand piano, and a servant to wait on her mother, who should never have anything harder to do than press a button; but, lo, God called her to surrender all to him, until the time when He should give her, not a mansion on earth, but one in His Father's house.

Rev. Leroy E. Farnsworth of Rochester, N. H., had been most definitely called from his flourishing church to the foreign field. He had bravely said good-by to many who felt his place was with them, and steadfastly set his face toward Africa, fraught with more or less hardship and danger.

Mrs. Leroy E. Farnsworth was given to the Lord by her mother when she was born, so that at an early age she realized that she belonged to God, and she was very happy in His will.

Mr. Chas. T. Youngken of Los Angeles, Cal., who had been on the field in British East Africa nearly four years, was the last speaker. He gave a birds-eye view of the country, which

was most interesting. He said it was a beautiful country, and as one rode along in the train they could look out upon high ridges, water-falls and streams below, while zebras and the ostrich would run along with the train; but the spiritual conditions were inexpressibly sad as there were hundreds of tribes who were demon worshipers, and they were without one missionary.

Mr. James D. Husted of Colorado, was then introduced, and his charge to all was most pointed as he said: "We cannot all go to the foreign field, but we can be branches bearing fruit."

The cry of every missionary was "Pray for us." We publish, therefore, these names in full, that you—dear Reader—may put them on your prayer calendar, and remember them as regularly as you do those of your immediate family.

"Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," was sung, the vast throng joining hands, and the Chatauqua salute bespoke, "the fellowship of kindred minds," as white handkerchiefs waved in farewell greeting.

Pray For These

While, as Jesus said, "Ye have the poor with you always," and there are many problems to meet every day of the year, we are glad there is no longer intense suffering because of lack of fuel.

One extremely cold day one of our missionaries called on a poor family, in order to learn if they had coal. There was a sick child, and the mother had sat up all the previous night burning paper to try to keep the room warm.

The mother and the grandmother of the child have both been saved within the year. Both had gone deep into sin and degradation, but are now rejoicing in the great change that has come into their hearts and lives.

The mother stands as firm as a rock, and no matter how hard pressed they may be she still believes that "God is able," and that He will deliver them out of their hard places, and so goes on praising Him through it all.

The daughter is not yet quite established, and sometimes grows quite discouraged and tempted to give up, but "cannot get past her mother's life and testimony." Both are hungry for the Word of God, and are as eager as little children to be taught the things of the kingdom.

Shall we not remember them at the throne of grace, for "Whatever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Extract from Letters

"Have just been reading MISSION TIDINGS for February and I have been so blessed by it that I feel I must write you a word. When I began to read it I could not put it aside until I had finished it. What splendid work you and your missionaries are doing and how wonderful the power of God's saving grace through Jesus Christ. I mark the things that touch me most so that when I pass it along others may get blessing from it also."

"So glad to hear of you and the Lord's work by way of the MISSION TIDINGS which I receive. I wonder if I shall ever be permitted to see you at the Mission again. I do hope so. I am doing all I can in the Lord's work here and have a ministry amongst the merchants and officials that a missionary could never get. I preach regularly in the Church Missionary Society's native church, also the Y. M. C. A. Give my love to all who know me at the Mission."

This extract from a recent letter will interest those who will remember our brother Mr. Carpenter before he went to China. It was through the street corner meeting that he received the call to service and we can never forget his love for perishing souls and his abundant joy as he ministered to them.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Vol. X APRIL, 1918 No. 4

A Distinguished Guest

"Exceedingly gracious is the Lord," announced the superintendent, "in sending to us his honored servants from time to time. I should never have thought of asking Mr. S. D. Gordon to give to us an hour out of his exceedingly busy life, but someone else did, and he is coming!"

When he came, the auditorium (as usual on Saturday evening) was filled.

Great in his very simplicity, and great in his child-like faith, he talked with the Lord, saying "Thou hast the habit of coming in here"; and he thus made the presence of the Master very real.

Naturally, as though quietly conversing with his family, he spoke of John, saying, "John was bothered: not about death, for the Jesus man is not afraid of death, but because he could no longer stay down here to tell people about Jesus; so he wrote a simple story about Jesus that simple folks could understand."

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not," was the text about which was woven a word-picture so complete, and so full of application that we will not soon forget that "Jesus came: He did not send someone else; Jesus was God coming down to get close; Jesus was God on a love-errand to earth, and Jesus was the voice of God; saying believe, receive and confess HIM, that the gospel—according to you—may lead others to receive HIM without delay."

Sunday School Rally

Rally Day at the Sunday School was observed with appropriate exercises.

Supt. Huston, and the committee in charge, spared no pains to gather in all the lambs of the flock, together with a few stray sheep (always sadly missed in their absence).

All were well repaid for any special effort they may have made to be present.

The music (led by one of our best teachers) was full of earnestness and spirit, while the interest in the lesson period was marked.

The memorizing of Scripture, so graciously urged by the superintendent, received gratifying attention, in which both adults and children were participants.

Special music was also an uplifting feature: Mr. Monico, an Italian composer, sang so in the Spirit, (accompanied by his guitar) that his numbers were most worshipful. There was also a marvelous echo from Elsie Wood (a tiny tot) who made real the words of Jesus: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." At the close Mrs. Haberman sang so sweetly, "He walks with me and He talks with me" which we trust will be the key-note of individual experience "Till He come."

In Memoriam—
Rob McAllister

Words are inadequate to express the closing scenes of our "Rob." McAllister's life on earth.

So young, so pure, so full of faith, love and loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ was he, that the earthly heartache seemed to quietly and quickly give place to perfect peace as his friends realized this was indeed his day of coronation.

For weeks he had been slowly, but surely entering "the valley," but it was difficult to realize it because of the hectic flush upon his cheek, his exquisite smile, and his tender hold upon those who were nearest and dearest.

When he could not longer speak, the name of Jesus (spoken by our beloved Superintendent) brought the color to his cheeks, and the far away expression in his eyes gave place to one of glad recognition, leaving those on earth to wonder whom he saw (Jesus—or his baby Brother) as he fell asleep in the everlasting arms Friday morning, February twenty-second.

A large concourse of people, reaching to the door, filled the commodious parlors at 223 Eighth Avenue, March 26th, at one o'clock, to pay loving tribute to the memory of "Rob." McAllister.

Profoundly beautiful was the service: Prayer was offered by Rev. Paul Barnhill, Assistant Pastor of the Marble Collegiate church (of which "Rob." was a member.) The organ breathed a harmonious melody as the words "I'm nearer home today than I've ever been before" were sung, guiding one to heart-searching meditation. Comforting words of Scripture were read by Mr. Barnhill, after which Miss Wray, our beloved Superintendent, arose to speak:

"It is with difficulty I speak today," she admitted; and one could realize why, as they considered that "Rob" had been one of the lambs of her flock, when as a little boy, with yellow curls, he sang with his brother in the Sunday School.

Her life had also been closely associated with that of the family for many years, while it was her voice that continued to encourage him through the last days of his illness, and was a benediction as in "the valley" he realized the truth of the Shepherd Psalm: "Thou art with me."

God gave strength, however, as unfalteringly Miss Wray indulged in tender reminiscence, and so graphically gave a word-picture of "Rob's" pure life that eyes filled with tears; but it was also so mingled with the glory side that one seemed to catch John's vision of the "City of Gold," where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." These sayings, "faithful and true" were full of comfort, and the cheering discourse, with its triumphant accompaniment, ended with precious words of encouragement to "steadfastly look for the blessed appearing of our Lord," when "the dead in Christ shall rise first."

Rev. Mr. Barnhill, with rare tact, and quiet forcefulness, added a word of sympathetic recollection as he told the way the Lord led him to the home of "Rob." McAllister (a young man like himself); how sacred was the remembrance of the Lord Jesus, "Till he come," in the communion service conducted by his bedside; and how sublime was this young man's faith in his Saviour throughout all the trying experiences of his illness.

"Abide with me" was the prayer hymn at the close, followed by the benediction by Rev. Mr. Barnhill.

"Rob" left behind many relatives to whom life will never seem quite the same again; a devoted mother, fond father, married brother and fiancee, together with a multitude of friends.

Mission Items

ANY one troubled about the possibility of Col. 1:27 "Christ in you the hope of glory," will be able to grasp the spiritual interpretation through the trite illustration given by Director Winant.

"Christ is in me, and I am in Christ. Put a poker in the fire, and if you do not believe the fire is in the poker, take hold of it and you will believe."

God is very mindful in sending to us many consecrated musicians, not only from time to time, but all the time.

Miss Wing, a finished singer, has been with us so long we feel she belongs to us, as does Mrs. Boyle. Mr. Dindl is our faithful violinist of exceptional talent; Mr. Dressler, from Hepzibah House, (a skilled musician, who plays many instruments, among them piano and cello) has graciously and unostentatiously fallen in line when there was a vacancy; while a word of grateful appreciation is due Miss Gerwin; the Misses Scott, Mrs. McCloud, Director Winant, Mr. Cummings, Mrs. Haberman, Miss Beale and others, who have gladly consecrated every talent for the Master's use.

Then too, on several occasions, we were privileged to hear Mr. Monico, the Italian composer who wrote his testimony in the words of a beautiful hymn, as follows:

"I was lost, but Jesus found me;
I was dead, but now I live,
Oh glory, glory, glory
To the faithful Son of God."

Mr. Monico has also written "The Great King's coming soon" and "I found a Great Friend." The harmony is beautiful, and the guitar accompaniment is full of sweetest praise to Him, "Whom having not seen we love."

Our dear Mrs. Robert McAllister was greatly missed from our meetings, and by the young ladies of her Sunday School class, during the illness of her youngest son.

It speaks well for Mrs. McAllister's efficiency as a teacher, that two of her class (Miss Berkquist and Miss Emma Jesser) have developed into valuable teachers.

Superintendent Huston has reason to be proud of the attendance in the Bible Class of the Sunday School; and has exclaimed, "Splendid!" as its membership increased from week to week. He is deeply appreciative of the quiet, but untiring workers who have this department in charge.

The Sunday School has been most fortunate to secure Miss Helen Stain (who was graduated from the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago); and Miss Ethel Montsieger, (another consecrated young woman) as teachers. We trust Miss Montsieger will be with us permanently, but we regret Miss Stains' work is only until the last of April when she will fill engagements out of the City.

We certainly thank our God upon every remembrance of our President, Mr. Sleeth, who does not forget us, and has no greater joy than to know that his children walk in truth. So like the Master's love is Mr. Sleeth's, (including the least unto the greatest) that every child in the Sunday School was made inexpressibly happy by a beautiful card from far away Florida; and every officer and teacher was also magnanimously remembered by a card.

We would express our thanks through Mission Tidings; assuring both Mr. and Mrs. Sleeth of our continued love and prayers, and of a warm welcome when God graciously brings them back home.

Rev. Harry Whittington of the Inland-South-American Missionary Union, gave a thrilling account, March twelfth, of his work for the Master under the tropical sun of South America.

It was wonderful how the Gospel of Jesus Christ had changed savage

Indians into noble Christian men and women, willing to dare and suffer for Him.

Mr. Whittington gave a heart-searching appeal for more missionaries, saying "There is now a tribe entreating us to come and tell them about Jesus, who have never had a missionary in their village, and the need cannot be met because of the lack of missionaries and of funds."

Perhaps God is now speaking to some heart, and calling them to South America; or to give as God has prospered them. Shall we not say, "Lord, is it I?"

It was good to hear from our own dear Ellen Olsen ("Nurse Olsen" as Mr. Whittington called her) and to know of the good work she is doing in the village to which she is assigned.

Shall we not be faithful in intercession for Miss Olsen, and for the other needy villages, for they are facing many problems which only the wisdom of God can solve.

We miss our friend, Miss M. T. Thomas, from our meetings, and from the Mother's Meetings, where her messages in song encouraged our hearts, and her ministry to her class of mothers has been hard to substitute; but we trust when she returns from the South, where she is resting with a sick sister, that she will return to her work here in the Master's vineyard, refreshed in spirit, soul and body.

Three Happy Birthdays

There have been some recent birthday celebrations when we rejoiced together over the transformations God had wrought.

Capt. Noble has not only been walking and talking with the King for a year now, and more, but by his quiet loyalty to his Saviour has won the respect of the Mission family, of which he is an honored member.

As the superintendent called him to the platform to give his testimony, Sunday evening, Feb. 24th, so unconsciously clothed was he with humility that out of the spontaneity of his heart, he said, "I do not enjoy this job; I would rather tell some brother—down and out—what Jesus can do; but I owe it to the Lord to tell just what He has done for me, and that is why I came tonight.

"I was one of the worst of sinners the night I came into this room, one year ago, and I was not looking for salvation, but I got it before I went out. This I attribute to answered prayer for I have a good Christian mother waiting for me in glory."

"As a child I was endowed with an awful temper; and that, together with a propensity to fight my way through the world, kept me in trouble all the time.

"I have made my living ever since I was eleven years old, first on a canal boat, and sticking to the business until I could master anything that floated.

"I depended upon myself, and boasted that I was not afraid of God, man nor the devil. I knew nothing about God's love until I came in here. I was on my way to play a game of cards, and to indulge my appetite for drink; but, thank God, I have never touched a card, liquor nor tobacco since I received the Lord Jesus as my Saviour.

"The Lord has taken me through many trying experiences. I had one hour of severe testing three months after I was converted, and in desperation I started for a gin-mill, when a chorus we sing here at the Mission—'He will not let me fall'—came to mind, and I came to the Mission, and He did not let me fall."

Capt. Noble is now filling an important position for the Government, and we miss his face and his helpful testimony, and we know he misses the Mission; but "greater" is the One who is with him, "than he that is in the world."

* * *

Mr. Lissner celebrated his seventeenth birthday anniversary March sixth.

Mr. Lissner is an excellent Bible teacher, and his ministry along this line, when a teacher has been needed, has been greatly appreciated.

Our brother's loyalty to the Friday evening meeting, and faithful attendance in hospital service, as well as other places, keeps him in line (if not abreast) of many who some of these days will hear the welcome acclamation "Well done . . . enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

* * *

Mr. Cooper is quite a veteran in the Master's service, celebrating his eighteenth birthday, February fifteenth.

As a boy our brother had a Christian mother whom he loved with all his heart. When she died, he promised her that he would be God's boy, and be a Christian, but he soon forgot his promise, and tried to find joy in the pleasures of the world, at length conceding, as did Solomon, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

His companions were ungodly, and his haunts the corner saloons.

One day his attention was arrested by a peculiar sign, which announced that a lawyer would speak in a church near 14th street. A lawyer a preacher! What a contradistinction! But it made him curious, and he went in, to find that God had really saved a lawyer, and had worked through his spirit-filled message to bring conviction to his own heart.

Mr. Cooper made his way out of the church, but had only reached the first street corner when his mother's prayers were answered, for then and there he surrendered his will to God, to be His through time and eternity. The work was so real that he turned from his ungodly companions, from the saloon and from drink, and from that day to this God has honored him with many blessed ministries. We are always glad when Mr. Cooper gives a message, and can heartily join with him in prayer, because we know he is talking with God, and that he is true.

A Billy Sunday Convert

SAID a lady, "I invited unconverted friends to come to the Mission, March 9th, because I thought the superintendent's message would surely be used of God to convict them of sin, so I could not help but be disappointed to see a strange man on the platform; but it proved to be God's plan after all, for Mr. Frank Goodman's testimony was certainly wonderful!"

Yes, it was Mr. Frank Goodman, one of Rev. Wm. Sunday's converts, who spoke; and the marvelous story of his life increased our faith in the promise "With God all things are possible."

In youth Mr. Goodman had a godly mother, who did all she could to train her boy for heaven, and encouraged him also in his business. For some time he was very successful in his chosen vocation: that of a hotel proprietor, but cards, begun as a pastime, so fascinated him that he became a professional gambler, and a denizen of the under-world, losing all he possessed. Determined to familiarize himself with the tricks of every known device, he soon became the cool, calculating devourer of the souls and possessions of those who frequented these haunts, indulging in all the practices of the place, until, as he expressed it: "I had gone so low into the pit I had to look up to see bottom."

So great was his mother's distress, however, that again he tried legitimate business, using her last penny in the venture, but long ago he had lost his taste for that which was honest, so that he soon squandered his mother's fortune on the race track, and the devil's inventions. Then his mother died of a broken heart, but this did not stop his mad career.

Although he lost as fast as he won, gambling so enthralled him, and the drink habit so fastened upon him, that he had no power to stop.

One night, with five boon companions, he planned a job that, as he expressed

it, "would have netted me fifty-thousand dollars, but I would have lost my soul." "Drink flowed as freely as water; and as the night waned there was a free fight, with five big gorillas on top of my 122 pounds."

Mr. Goodman knew an exit from the place that the others did not, so finally slipped away to his own home where a patient Christian wife, who had stuck to him through better and worse awaited his return.

When he had sobered up a bit she asked him to go to the new Tabernacle and hear Billy Sunday preach. He was in no condition to go anywhere, and had no desire to go there of all places; but to keep peace in the family he consented to go the next Tuesday evening, and bring back some kind of a leaflet to prove that he kept his word.

None were more surprised than he to find himself on the fifth row from the front that memorable night; but many were praying that souls would be saved, and prayer was answered.

It seemed to Mr. Goodman that Mr. Sunday was firing his volleys right at him, for he said, "You miserable scoundrel, you broke your mother's heart!" Somebody must have told him all about me, thought Mr. Goodman, and he was so completely broken when he realized the enormity of his sin that he staggered up the sawdust trail, feeling that every eye in the house was upon him. O, how good our dear Heavenly Father is, for just as He forgave our sins, He forgave Mr. Goodman; took away all desire for evil; put a new heart within him, and saved him from that awful deal that would have ruined him, spirit, soul and body.

When he went home his wife knew what happened as soon as she saw him, and putting her arms around his neck, sobbed, "O, Daddy!". But, they were different tears than she had known before—filled with rainbow tints. The pictures on the wall were straight for the first time in years, it seemed to him; and he found his own boys were positively handsome! Even the cat and dog knew he was converted, for they rubbed against his legs, no longer expecting a kick or a blow.

The good old Book was read; the family altar erected, and there was rejoicing in heaven and on earth that Frank Good-man was no longer a bad-man, but saved by the power that comes from above when one believes from the depths of their heart in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Since then Mr. Goodman has been privileged to tell of God's wondrous love to his acquaintances in the underworld, and has had the great joy of seeing thirty-two come up and exchange the slime of the pit for the garments of salvation.

We thank God for Mr. Goodman's testimony, for many of us are still praying for unsaved loved ones, and it encouraged us to keep on believing.

Mr. Goodman gave an earnest appeal to parents and home-makers to discard cards, saying it was the first step to hell, then added: "But the greatest sin is to reject the Lord Jesus Christ." Our prayers will follow him in his blessed work for those for whom Jesus died.

* * *

There is never a day so dreary
But God can make it bright;
And unto the soul that trusts Him
He giveth songs in the night.
There is never a path so hidden
But God will show the way,
If we seek the Spirit's guidance,
And patiently watch and pray.

At Easter-Time

At Easter-time, oh, who can doubt
That He who calls the violets out
Of their brown graves beneath the rime
Will wake us, too, in His good time?
Are we not more than many flowers?
Oh, sweet the lesson of the hours
At Easter-time.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

AT the regular monthly Gospel meeting the first Wednesday in March we did praise God for sending to us Mrs. Henry Frost whose husband Doctor Henry Frost gave our mothers such a wonderful message some weeks previous and who is Director of the China Inland Mission.

In the very practical talk of how to serve Christ in your life, the merest drudgery was most beautifully illustrated by texts from the Bible showing the love of Christ for us all as the brooding tender love of a mother for its child. Bringing the message home to the individual heart of each mother within reach of her voice, Mrs. Frost told us the following incident of her own personal life. Her own little boy was constantly in the habit during the day of running into her with all kinds of trouble and childish complaints. One day as usual he came to her at a very busy moment, and, to her amazement, said nothing at all. "What is it, son?" she finally asked. "Why, nothing at all mother, I only came to love you," he replied. These tender words need no paraphrasing at all from our pen. They simply teach us to cease our complaining, our rebellion, and trust God to plan our lives His own way.

* * *

We know it will be of interest to all the friends of the mothers to know that since Christmas our cradle roll has been increased by four members and each one of these precious infants has attended a meeting and paid its respects to the Eighth Avenue Mission. It would delight you to see how proud these mothers are to lift back the veil from the faces of their babies and show them to us. They trust them to our care throughout the entire meeting, so that they are free to sew. We were edified to know that when we were obliged to go through the sewing bags and take back the aprons from the absentees of four weeks, in order to conserve the thrift end of the work and have no "left overs" at the end of the season, not one of the names of these mothers were on the list.

We do thank God for the faithfulness of these dear women who with us rejoice and praise God that the Mission service on Wednesday afternoon has met a definite and very real need in their lives.

* * *

A word is a seed. Sow dear mothers by passing the good news along that on the first Wednesday of each month there is a special Gospel meeting in the Mission for women only, and it is always planned that the message be adapted to meet the spiritual needs of those who have no other opportunity to attend a religious service. You cannot estimate the good that might be done for a neighbor or friend who could be induced to come in with you some Wednesday. We pass on to you a little word our Superintendent uttered in public because like her we believe it. That is, "No man or woman could ever come into the Mission, hear the word of God as it is given in its simplicity and directness, then heed the invitation and go out, and ever be exactly the same person." The Mission does its part; let us all do ours by not only coming ourselves but bringing the one nearest to us, be it neighbor, relation or friend.

* * *

God has indeed wonderfully blessed the ministry of our leader by sending to her four most efficient personal workers who labor with her cheerfully

in all departments. From early morning until the Mission door closes, these dear associates are going in and out of these congested streets, bringing not only comfort and good cheer as far as possible, but praying with and encouraging the sick and discouraged. Prayer is not a very practical method of help you say. If it were not, why would our sick friends send to the Mission for a missionary for no other reason than to kneel by their side and pray? God hears and answers prayer and we are proving it every day.

This is the banner year for our children's playroom connected with the Mothers Meeting. Ever since Christmas we have been having at least forty children all under six years of age. We want to say officially that this playroom has a definite place in the work, being established for the benefit of the mothers who could not come at all if we did not arrange to care for their children; and this is exactly what is done, by supplying this nursery playroom with consecrated women in charge who are proud and privileged to absolutely forget self and meet the needs of these tiny tots entrusted to them. The mothers deeply appreciate the rest it gives them and leaves them free to sew and also give undivided attention to the scripture lesson given in the classes. We do not encourage the school children as their place is in school at that time. It is a great temptation for them to come however, and during the holiday season, when school is closed, we make them welcome. They may come and meet their mothers after school any time so that they need not be left on the streets alone. In every way we aim to adjust the work to the needs of our mothers.

* * *

We are planning to give our children a very happy Easter, and we feel in this matter we are representing the faithful friends who are interested in just this special group of the mission children; that is children not yet identified with school life. It then becomes another proposition. Last year we gave a big fat chocolate egg and a yellow chick peeping out of another egg. This year we are hoping to place in their tiny hands a pot of flowers, as surely they never had such a gift in their lives, but we will tell you all about it in our next number.

As yet no plans are definitely decided upon for our summer work for the children. We are just in the position of trusting God moment by moment believing that the children are under His wings. On all sides we are learning that the children who were under our care last summer have passed a splendid winter having received at Lynbrook, rest and just the care they needed for their upbuilding. This year we want to help the children who need it and not to conflict with other organizations who are equipped to help the older and stronger. The convalescent and helpless little ones need the summer rest we hope to give them, if it is God's will to open a door for us again.

What Counts

'Twas a long, hard day when the world was gray,
And everything had gone wrong,
That a little air from I know not where
Came haunting me like a song;
'Twas a simple thing, with a jingle ring,
And I smiled as I listened to it—
"It is not the amount of the work that counts,
But the spirit in which you do it."

I had felt that life was a futile strife,
And I but a baffled fighter,
So I gladly caught at any thought
That would make my burdens lighter;
And I conned that thing, with its jingley ring,
Till, heart and soul, I knew it—
"It's not the amount of my work that counts,
But the spirit in which I do it."

—*Selected*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

MISS

Volume 10. Number 5

Mission Tidings

May, 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By I. M. Haldeman—

The world has accepted Jesus Christ as a good man. The evidences of His goodness are manifold.

❖

He never looked upon the people as a crowd. He never thought of them as a mass. He saw them always as individuals.

❖

Multitudes of men are benevolent, but now beneficent. Benevolence is well wishing. Beneficence is well doing.

❖

Jesus Christ emptied himself and made room in his soul for other lives.

❖

He had no office hours and never interposed secretaries or major-domos between himself and the people.

❖

No mere man can forgive sin. Again and again the Scriptures teach us that forgiveness is with God.

❖

Jesus Christ was the most intellectual man the world has ever known.

❖

To every question he gave an answer having in it spiritual truth, but bearing the unmistakable stamp of rare wisdom and intellectual superiority.

❖

Only God can atone to God. Only an infinite being can satisfy an infinite being.

❖

After all! Not one self-respecting, authoritative lip has uttered a charge against Him.

❖

That Jesus Christ was God is the testimony of the men who lived in intimate communion with Him and knew Him best.

❖

The moment the social condition enables a man to discover the divine things in Him, he will live right by preference.

Social redemption! That is the watchword.

Social salvation! That is the crying need.

❖

The Gospel is the heart beat of Christianity.

❖

The value of a deed depends upon the person who does it. The quality resides not alone in the act, but in the actor.

❖

The value of the death of our Lord Jesus Christ is not to be measured by its duration, but by Himself.

❖

The Christian's death is not a defeat, but a begun victory.

❖

Jesus Christ is the forerunner, the prototype, the sample and prophecy of immortality for the Christian.

❖

Until the Christian is made immortal his redemption is not complete.

❖

By virtue of the abolition of death, immortality is assured to every Christian.

❖

No one will be forgotten, even though centuries may have broken into dust above his grave.

❖

There are three important things every preacher should preach. The first thing is doctrine. The second thing is doctrine. The third and pre-eminent thing is doctrine.

❖

It is time for preachers to arouse if they would have the hearing, and not the indifferent ears.

❖

The Bible hates sin. The very leaves of the book seem to curl and grow crisp under the fire of its hatred.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, MAY, 1918 No. 5

A Personal Testimony

THE Capitol City of Albany is to me fragrant with sacred reminiscences, for it was my birthplace.

My parents were members of the Dutch Reformed Church, and although they had nine children, each child's spiritual development was carefully nurtured.

Certainly there was no reason why I should stray away from the fold, and I have often regretted the easy going nature that seemingly had no power in itself to steer away from the shoals of life.

Although while my parents lived I was taken to church and Sunday School, at the age of 18 or 19 I began to go around with boys to saloons, despite the loving warning of relatives and friends, until I was submerged in the vortex, and found myself at the age of 21 years overpowered by the drink habit.

Both my parents died of cancer, so I felt all broken up, and free to go where I pleased, consequently I came to New York City, the year of the great blizzard—1888. At the earnest solicitation of a Christian Aunt I took up my abode with her, but I am sorry to say that she dreaded to see my pay day come (once a month) knowing my earnings would soon be swallowed up in drink.

Into such a state of mind and body did I get that, New Year's, 1908, I stopped drinking by my will power; but I soon found that it was all used up, and going to Philadelphia I began drinking heavily again.

As a result, for some time I did not communicate with my relatives; but their anxious thoughts and prayers followed me.

At length I met John Allen, a Salvationist, who at first said nothing about his being a Christian; but one day he turned to me and said, "What is the matter with your writing to your sister?" When I had recovered from my surprise, and had pulled myself together a bit, I decided—as I was pretty well dressed at that time—that I would go and visit my sister. Of course she was overjoyed to see me; but our meeting was tinged with sadness, as another sister had died. This set me thinking, but it did not keep me sober.

At intervals I attended the Salvation Army, and one time I saw Adjutant Wray there, and her pointed, heart-searching appeals moved me; but I did not yield until later, when I came to the Eighth Avenue Mission. One night, at the earnest solicitation of Miss Wray, I put up my hand for prayer, and I meant it from the bottom of my heart.

I was invited to kneel in front of the platform, and Mr. Marran, a saint of God, knelt beside me and pointed me to Jesus.

For several years now God has kept me, and I have found there is power in the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse and to keep.

I sincerely hope that my testimony will help some other discouraged and

lonesome individual to come to Jesus and find comfort and peace.

I do not seem to have the courage to stand on my feet and tell what Jesus has done for me, but I love to come to the Mission; deem it a great privilege to belong to the Men's Bible Class, neither do I miss the Bible Chapter Class if I can help it.

PETER VANDENBURGH

Pray for me, for I do not have Christian fellowship where I am employed, and sometimes these acquaintances say, "Do you kneel down and pray at the Mission?" "I suppose you get paid for that sort of thing!" I am not gifted in the ready answer; but in my heart I am glad I belong to Jesus, despite all persecution, for "He hath not rewarded me according to my iniquities."

With God's help I will pull steady and true until I see Him face to face, and tell the story, "Saved by grace."

PETER VANDENBURGH.

Keep your *fears* to yourself, but share your *courage* with others.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Psalm 121:8

The Lord preserve thy going out,
The Lord preserve thy coming in;
God send His angels round about
To keep thy soul from every sin,
And when thy going out is done,
And when thy coming in is o'er—
When in death's darkness all alone
Thy feet shall come and go no more,
The Lord preserve thy going out
From this dark world of grief and sin,
While angels standing round about
Sing—
"God preserve thy coming in."

The Storm Stilled in Hearts and Lives

THE work of the "Reading Room" and "Trouble Bureau" of the Eighth Avenue Mission goes quietly on.

Daily, nay, hourly, there come from all points of the world, folks with problems, for whom there is but one answer—Jesus.

The soldiers and sailors belonging to "Uncle Sam" and the "Allied Nations", find their way to us; and remember, these soldiers and sailors, after God, are the nation's defense in this hour of peril.

They have a right to come to us who profess the name of Jesus, for they have their privations, their dangers and their trials, which it is our bounden duty to mitigate if we can.

These men are not starting out on a holiday parade, but are facing serious danger, even death in many and varied forms. Our prayer is that we may do our best, by God's grace, and we request you to assist us by your prayers, sympathy and encouragement.

To the men who come to us for help, advice, comfort, yes, and material help (discouraged ones who joined the service with much enthusiasm and hurrah, but found stern realities that dampened their ardor) we are able to show forth

the praise and power of Him who hath redeemed us.

We can prove that Jesus is today all He ever was, and that He still has the power to quiet the storm in every heart and life. It is a blessed privilege to tell these men that Jesus is not only a Saviour, but He can heal diseases, as well as search the hearts of men, for He is not only the Master of life, but of its environment. Daily we are witnessing His power to still the storm of unrest, dissatisfaction and hopelessness in human lives. Thank God, there is no diminution of His power to save and help those who call upon Him! He rebukes the storm in the heart, and calms anxious fear, for He comes with a great heart of love as well as with the hand of power.

Sometimes the boys are homesick, but after a little talk with Jesus it is right—all right, and they go on their way rejoicing.

One dear boy hailed from St. Louis, Mo. He had married before enlisting, and felt ashamed to ask for exemption, thinking he might be considered a "slacker," consequently he was sent to one of our camps in the vicinity of New York. The separation from loved ones disheartened him so that Satan had him ready for any diversion. When he came to this big City, he resolved to forget his sorrow in dissipation; but passing along Eighth Avenue our sign attracted him, and he came in. After a while he opened his heart, and we were thus enabled to point him to the Master, who alone could bring to his heart consolation and the balm of healing. He showed us the picture of his dear little wife (a mere child herself) and his baby daughter, whom he had never seen, as she was born after he started East.

After reading together God's own Word, and having a season of prayer, he cast all his burden upon Jesus. Suddenly there came a new light into his eyes, there was also a perceptible straightening of his shoulders, and seemingly a manliness not seen before.

During our conversation we noticed he had some trouble with his throat, consequently we suggested a visit to the New York Hospital. When the doctor, with extreme courtesy, swabbed his throat, and gave directions as to future treatment, we returned to the Mission, had another heart to heart talk, with prayer, and then, acting upon our advice, he curtailed his visit in the City, and went back to camp. As we parted, he said, "Things have changed." He promised to read the Testament we gave him; and to talk over matters with God every day. There was then a hearty handshake, as he exclaimed, "God bless you, old man, you have wonderfully helped me!"

Is it worth while? Surely it is!

While the work primarily is for enlisted men, yet scores of civilians also find their way to us. O, the pathos of it all! Most of them never think of their money nor their health until neither are left. One case in point: A Mr. M., a big, upstanding fellow, splendidly educated, and a mining engineer, who had been in every mining camp in California, Australia, Africa and Alaska, and who but recently had returned from a two years' sojourn in Ecuador, where he had been prospecting for a syndicate, had traveled eight or ten thousand miles on horseback, enduring all sorts of hardship; but, arriving in New York City with plenty of money, he started in to assuage the accumulated thirst of two years with that which never satisfies. He was going the pace that kills when we spoke to him and tried to reason with him, but seemingly to no purpose. He was made a subject of prayer at the Mission, and after another week he came back a sadder but a wiser man. He had been trimmed of hundreds of dollars, and was all broken up, finding himself nearly at the end of his tether.

For three days he sat with us, but the end was not yet, for the devil desired to whip him to a finish, and he surely did—he always does! Repeated trips to the gin mill for a "bracer" soon

relieved him of his valuable gold watch, and his ring was also taken. Finally everything was gone, and he was down and out, where Satan usually leaves one. The poor fellow was shaking, nervous, broken and bruised in mind and body, but at last disposed to listen to reason. After much prayer for guidance we persuaded him to go to "Chester Crest," at Mt. Vernon, where the Rev. Mr. Avery is recommending the "blood cure" for broken lives.

Our beloved superintendent, Miss Wray, when consulted, at once acquiesced, and our dear Brother Willy, who is always ready to help, escorted our friend to his destination.

Another brother reports that Mr. M. is "doing splendidly"; and so, through the mercy of God, and the aid of His children, another wanderer has come back to "Father and Home".

Another man in the toils of "John Barleycorn", a University graduate, also came in. He was a clean-cut chap; a man who had done things all around the world (at one time a high commanding officer in the Portuguese Army) an accomplished linguist, and one who had been at Plattsburg at his own expense, training to be an officer in the army, and who had promoted big things in the moving picture world, yet he was "up against it hard"' because of the drink.

By the grace of God, again we were able to help, and he is now holding a position, and "making good".

Indeed it *is* worth while!

There is, however, a drawback about which I am constrained to speak. Men come in broken and bruised; nervous wrecks, hungry, homeless and they need help. Where can we send them? If they go to a lodging house, they find a motley, cursing crowd. There is nothing helpful in the lodging house where the bottle of booze is freely circulated. This problem, we believe, has been upon the heart of our superintendent for a long time. God grant that a way may be opened, for His name's sake, whereby a building, and means will make it possible to keep these men away from vile associations, and where they can be built up by His Word, and grow in "grace and in knowledge".

Pray for this work, for it needs your prayers, sympathy and co-operation. In this work we find courage, backbone and unswerving loyalty to Jesus Christ; and the Bible all the time is the great need of every hour. Kindly remember us at the throne of grace, for to our minds kindness is a master-key, and the Christian who does not possess it is poorly equipped for helpfulness. When the old world sees more of Christ in human lives it will encourage those in the world to come to Him.

Praise God, we are not worshipping a dead Christ, but a living, reigning, powerful, resurrected Christ, who can, and does, still the tempest in hearts, as of yore.

"Yesterday, today, forever, Jesus is the same." Hallelujah!

We desire to improve this opportunity to thank those who from time to time have helped in this work: President Sleeth, Superintendent Wray, Brother Tucker, Brother Bernard, and others, who have prayed wisely, encouraged sagaciously and helped untiringly.

The stars in our service flag are still gaining in number, as eighteen of our dear boys are now doing their "bit" for God and their country.

We are still feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, housing the homeless, and proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ, and scores find their way to us for help of every description.

H. H.

Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then fill the cracks and crevices of time with holy service.

—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

A Double Anniversary

BOTH interesting and helpful was the double anniversary, March 26th, in honor of the conversion of Mrs. R. W. Havens and Miss Carrie Rahskopff.

Sweetly rang out the chorus, "Jesus is Now, and Ever Will Be, Sweeter Than All the World to Me", after which Mrs. Havens gave her testimony.

In her youth she had been carefully instructed in the Catholic faith, and vividly remembered her first communion; but her heart hunger for God was not satisfied by these services. After a little, attracted by the apparent earnestness of the Salvation Army, she surreptitiously attended their meetings, until the Spirit of God so stirred her that she definitely accepted Jesus as her personal Saviour. It was on a Good Friday night that she took this step, and she felt rather nervous about returning home, not knowing how her mother would receive her, so on the top floor she knelt down and prayed that her mother would not hear her come in.

Her prayer was answered, but when they learned at the Salvation Army what she had done, one of the officers told her that the first thing she ought to do was to tell her mother. Finally she summoned courage, and was comforted a bit by the fact that her stepfather was glad that she had decided to be a Christian; but her mother considered her daughter should be disciplined, and punished her by taking away her jewelry.

"After that I backslid," said Mrs. Havens, "and wandered around for a long time."

At length she attended the Eighth Avenue Mission, and one memorable night, when the invitation was given, she exchanged darkness for light, and superstition and unrest for eternal life and peace.

God has certainly wrought wonders throughout the years, for now Mrs. Havens' mother delights to come with her daughter to the Mission, and is comforted by the Word of God, read at the family altar in Mr. Havens' home, as well as at the Mission.

Mr. Havens, a man of refinement and education, fittingly followed his wife in words of praise to God for salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, while both Mr. and Mrs. Havens received the heartfelt congratulations of many friends on this, the 13th anniversary of Mrs. Havens' conversion.

Miss Rahskopff's testimony is always uplifting and helpful, as is her consistent daily walk with the Master.

First of all Miss Rahskopff thanked God for the 107th Psalm, quoting the first two verses: "I give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth forever."

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy."

Miss Rahskopff thanked God for a sainted mother who took her to Sunday School when she was a child. Great was her sorrow when her mother was taken away from her, and for a long time she refused to be comforted, "but one night," said she, "I accepted a friend's invitation and came here to the Eighth Avenue Mission. The prayers seemed different from any I had ever heard before, and I noticed the testimonies were given with no uncertain sound. At last I said to myself, 'If I could have what these people profess to have I know I would be happy!' That night I yielded my life to the Saviour, and He sent me on my way rejoicing. That was fifteen years ago tonight. Not long ago I lost my father. Oh, how I loved my father; but God is more to me than my earthly father, and I want to be faithful."

Sincere were the wishes of many friends that the way might grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Vol. X MAY, 1918 No. 5

But A Little While

Just a few days—and our tears will have ended;
Just a few hours—and our task will be done;
Yet still hear them calling,
From darkness appalling,
While we rest in the light of a setting sun.

Just a few days—and the gifts we've withholden,
Just a few hours—and the call we refuse—
Will rust on forever
Or return to us never,
And Eternity's crown we no longer may choose.

Just a few days—and then nought will avail us,
The thought of the crown that we might yet have won;
And ah! what the sorrow
If we miss on the morrow
Our share in that joy, when He whispers, "Well done!"

Just a few days—Oh Lord, strengthen our courage;
Just a few moments—to publish Thy Name.
If our weakness enfold us,
Through darkness uphold us,
"Till He Come," make us faithful Thy love to proclaim.

—*F. C. Glass.*

Thank You

IT is with deep gratitude to God and heartfelt appreciation of the beautiful response to our Easter appeal that we say thank you. Not only from our own dear Mission family, but from our faithful friends in many parts of the country came generous gifts, many of which represented sacrifice and self-denial.

It was the largest Easter offering we have yet received, amounting to two thousand dollars ($2,000.00). This, as is our custom, is to be devoted to the Building Fund and will reduce our indebtedness on the building to thirteen thousand dollars ($13,000.00). May God's richest blessing be upon every giver and their loving gifts.

Rules of the Game

The ten commandments, or "The Rules of the Game," given in a series of addresses by Mr. Frank Mann, were concluded by the eleventh rule, so graphically delineated March 26th.

Mr. Mann's engagements had been so commanding that much time had elapsed between his tenth and eleventh address, consequently he said he feared some might have lost the connection.

Apropos was his usual humor as he told of a certain man by the name of

McGregor, who was asked how he liked the new minister. Promptly came the answer: "Six days he is invisible, and the seventh he is incomprehensible!"

To the contrary, however, Mr. Mann's points had been so plainly sealed upon the hearts and minds of his hearers, that it was not difficult to see that the whole ten commandments were embodied in the new commandment: "That ye love one another; as I have loved you," and "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

Mr. Mann's recapitulation was most comprehensive. In brief:

"Love to God will admit of no other God."

"Love resents every effort to make crude images to represent Him."

"Love will never profane His name."

"Love to God will reverence His day."

"Love to parents makes one honor them."

"Hate, not love, is a murderer."

"Love will not break the seventh commandment."

"Love will not steal."

"Love will not slander nor lie."

"Love's eye is not covetous."

At the close of the meeting a gentleman said: "Mr. Mann's discourse was fine, and it was just what we needed. God help us to love our neighbor as ourselves."

The Jew

Scattered by God's avenging hand,
  Afflicted and forlorn,
Sad wanderers from their pleasant land,
  Do Judah's children mourn;
And e'en in Christian countries, few
Breathe thoughts of pity for the Jew.

Yet listen, Gentile, do you love the
    Bible's precious page?
  Then let your hearts with kindness
    move
To Israel's heritage;
  Who traced those lines of love for
    you?
  Each sacred writer was a Jew.

And then as years and ages passed,
  And nations rose and fell,
Though clouds and darkness oft were
    cast
  O'er captive Israel,
The oracles of God for you
Were kept in safety by the Jew.

And when the great Redeemer came
  For guilty man to bleed,
He did not take an angel's name
  No—born of Abraham's seed.
Jesus, who gave His life for you,
The gentle Saviour was a Jew.

And though His own received Him not,
  And turned in pride away,
Whence is the Gentile's happier lot?
  Are you more just than they?
No; God in pity turned to you;
Have you not pity for the Jew?

Go, then, and bend your knee to pray
  For Israel's ancient race;
Ask the dear Saviour every day
  To call them by His grace;
Go, for a debt of love is due
From Christian Gentiles to the Jew.

SELECTED.

The Kind Word

Is there a heart among us
  Without some secret chord
That vibrates unto kindness,
  From just a simple word?
Its rays are like a sunbeam
  That parts the gathering gloom,
Then shed those beams of kindness,
They'll shine upon thy tomb.

—Selected.

Our dear Brother Adams (The Cricket) was greatly missed from the Mission services during his prolonged illness, but we thank God for answered prayer, and that Mr. Adams has been saved to "Bless the Lord" as of yore, and to continue to encourage people, by his life and testimony, to take Jesus as their Friend and Saviour.

Translated

FOR weeks our dear brother, Mr. Gustav Neubeck, had been seriously ill, and yet the news of his abundant entrance into eternal life Wednesday, March 13th, seemed difficult of realization because he had been for so long an honored member of our Mission family.

Attracted by one of our open-air services, Mr. Neubeck came into the Mission more than ten years ago. Convicted of sin; gripped by the testimonies he was moved to immediately and unconditionally yield his life to the service of the King. From that hour to the memorable one when he went to be with his Lord, he was saved from the cup that inebriates, and gained the loving respect of all who knew him.

The night he was saved he came into the Mission discouraged, out of work and crippled by rheumatism, but he was quickly enheartened when Jesus came into his heart; soon found employment, and God proved the truth of his promise, "No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly." Very soon Mr. Neubeck was able to establish a prosperous business for himself, and God blessed him in innumerable ways.

The home of the late Gustav Neubeck, 430 West 48th Street, was thronged with representative people from the Gospel Tabernacle and the Eighth Avenue Mission, Friday, March 15th, to pay one last tribute of profound esteem to their beloved brother.

Miss Wray, the superintendent of the Mission, had charge of the solemnities, as usual, lifting aching hearts above the personal loss, which everyone felt so keenly, to "Lay hold on the hope set before us"; in the midst of sorrow "Rejoicing in hope," even "The hope of eternal life."

Tender and heartfelt was the affectionate eulogy by Mr. C. A. Pope, of the Gospel Tabernacle, who truly said, "The life of our beloved brother, Mr. Neubeck, was clean-cut for God, and it will be difficult to fill his place, not only in the hearts of his friends, but in the house of God."

With warm-hearted spontaneity came Miss Wray's words of sympathetic commendation of Mr. Neubeck's Christian character. Ever since his conversion at the Mission his walk had been steady and true, while many had been wonderfully helped by his testimony.

Mr. Neubeck leaves a devoted wife, a son, a sister, grandchildren, and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Mr. Daniel Martin Webster was born in March and died in March. On his birthday, March 7, 1918, he was taken seriously ill, and went to be with Jesus March 15th.

Twenty-nine years ago—also in March—he took unto himself a bride, and now Mrs. Webster loves to remember that all through the twenty-nine years Mr. Webster never raised his voice to her.

It was truthfully said of Mr. Webster that "He was always a gentleman; a loving husband and kind father."

Mrs. Webster and their son, twenty years of age, keenly feel their loss; but do not grieve like those without hope, knowing in whom they have believed, and being persuaded that He is able to keep that which they had committed unto Him, against that day.

Mr. Webster will also be greatly missed from Saks & Co., where for some years he held a position of responsibility and trust, and by a host of acquaintances and friends.

Many choice friends of Mrs. Webster's from the Eighth Avenue Mission gathered at their home, 415 West 30th Street, March 17th, to honor the memory of Mr. Webster, and to express their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

Profoundly impressive was the service conducted by Mr. Alwyn Ball. Comforting words of Scripture fell like balm upon wounded hearts, and the prayer by Mr. Cooper brought deep peace in the midst of sorrow.

Easter in the Sunday School

EXCEPTIONALLY commendable was the Easter programme of the Sunday School, showing that the wisely chosen committee had spared no pains to see that every number selected should not only exalt our risen and ascended Lord, but that every participant should be thoroughly instructed to deport themselves creditably.

The Easter songs, led by a young lady who was evidently the master of the situation, were full of sweet harmony, as well as of joy and praise, while the accompaniment played so beautifully by Miss Melby, added much to the life and spirit of the music.

The opening chorus was followed by a prayer, after which there was an appropriate Bible reading by Theodore Daniell.

Wonderful were the renditions of the tiny tots in the primary department:

Elsie Wood, with rare ability, sang the glory chorus, which would have borne repetition more than once, so pleasing were her baby tones and accent.

Phenomenal seemed the solos sung by Georgette and Calista Haberman, so sweet and flexible were their voices, as they carefully sang in perfect rhythm with the piano accompaniment played by their mother.

The recitation, "He Lives," by David Robinson, was given with no uncertain sound; and his brother William received a murmur of approval as he clearly gave forth another Easter message.

Herbert Daniell, with captivating unconsciousness in his fourth year, also spoke with telling effect.

The recitations and songs by the juniors were also creditable. Hope Bater, Beulah and Christine Daniell, Sara and Edward Leoffler, Benjamin Throux and Mildred Greene shared these honors.

A word of commendation was also merited by the older girls, among them Mary O'Connor, Mary Wilson, Elizabeth and Bertha Jesser, and Magdalene Lengenfelder.

The memorized solo and recitation by Jeannette Wilson was most praiseworthy, as was the Scriptural dialogue between Miss Didaglia (acting as mother) and Gladys Hargrave (her little daughter of an inquiring turn of mind).

One of the most important and far-reaching features was the devotional hour, when an appeal was made—as on all decision days—for those to rise who desired to accept Jesus as their personal Saviour. Several teachers were made glad by the fact that some of their pupils took this stand.

Superintendent Huston led in prayer; there was an invitation given by Miss Bater to all who did not attend other Sunday Schools, to join our classes, for all ages, after which there was a solo by Mrs. Haberman, who has a trained voice of high range and exceptional sweetness.

There was the closing song and benediction, after which, best of all, perhaps (from the children's viewpoint), a beautiful carnation and fern for all.

Items of Interest

Mr. F. A. Steven, Home Secretary of the China Inland Mission, unconsciously divulged the secret of his success as a preacher, by his opening remarks March 16th, when he came to address the meeting. "I love to preach here," he said, "for there is always a manifestation of God's presence that helps a man mightily." "Pray while I talk!"

Walking and talking with God brings ultimate success to all those who "abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

On several occasions Mrs. Scott Robertson has come into our meetings, and has sung songs of praise to her Redeemer. Her high notes are very clear, and her enunciation so perfect that the words of the hymns she sings penetrate mind and heart; but best of all, her life is an incentive to faith, for she continued to pray for an unconverted husband—until he was saved. Now her testimony rings exultantly as she says: "I am the wife of a converted actor; he was saved through prayer! There is nothing too hard for God!" Surely, one with God *is* a majority.

The last 4 o'clock service at the Mission (in order to resume the summer 4 o'clock open-air services at Madison Square), was a most impressive one, and took the unique form of a heart-searching class meeting. Led by Miss Wray, one and another praised God for victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, or laid the burden of their hearts upon Him in the sacred moments of closing prayer, realizing the Master alone could comfort and help. Throughout the winter the 4 o'clock service at the Mission has been replete with blessing, which will bear fruit in reconsecrated lives, and those built up by the power of His word, for which we praise God, at the same time expressing our appreciation of the faithful ministry of our beloved superintendent who has patiently and indefatigably instructed the workers and converts how to win souls for the Master. We would also thank God for Director Winant; his faithful ministry at the piano, and for his spirit filled messages when Miss Wray found it impossible to be present.

Because of the surprising snow in 1916 and 1917, it was impossible to begin the open-air services at Madison Square and 24th Street on Easter Sunday, but propitious indeed was the glad Easter, March 31st, 1918, with its balmy atmosphere and cloudless sky.

A hundred people, perhaps more, promptly grouped themselves around the portable platform and organ, and heartily sang hymns of praise, while the birds in the park also added their notes of praise as people left park benches to augment the audience in the Eighth Avenue Mission's open-air cathedral. Patiently they stood for over an hour, and attentively listened to the fervent testimonies, rousing choruses and animated messages which exalted Christ, who "died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living."

At the close 50 or more hands reached out eagerly for the gospel portions which were given to those who came to the platform, and hands raised were also indicative of an earnest desire in many hearts to be remembered in the closing prayer, believing God, for Jesus' sake, would forgive their sins, and the resurrection life might be to them a reality.

From Our Mail Bag

American Red Cross.

On active service with the American Expeditionary Force.

"My dear Miss Wray:

"It is a strange place I am in now, but you know we are liable to wind up any old place in France. I am in Base Hospital. I have been here for about three weeks pretty sick. I got out of bed yesterday and am feeling much better. I know you people at home are holding me up in prayer. It is precious to have a friend we can lean upon in trying times away from home and a bit lonely. The American nurses have been very good to us and they are doing a wonderful work for our sick and wounded boys. Miss Wray, I need not tell you how much I miss the Mission and the fellowship

of the dear people there. I have been having meetings at our school in the Y. M. C. A. hut. I wish you could see one of these meetings. We hold them in an old stable with just a few candles and a few old benches to sit on and say, you would need a gas mask to sit in the place for one hour. We have an old piano. I wish Miss Mason was here to play for us. She would have to sit on an old water bucket for a stool and would have many more troubles too, but somehow we manage to pull through. I hope the work of the Mission is still growing from day to day, and especially the open air work. I expect to be in the trenches this summer, while you are in Madison Square. Although far away from all of you, I feel I am still part of the Mission. I have not seen a soul I know, but there is lots of mud. It almost seems as if there were enough to fill the Atlantic Ocean. When I come back I shall hardly know how to walk on Eighth Avenue. The Y. M. C. A. is doing a wonderful work here. No matter where we go we find a Y. M. C. A. man and his little corner. Sometimes it is a stable, sometimes a chicken-coop and sometimes an old barn with a hundred holes in the roof, but he is there to help us boys. I have been working in the Y. M. C. A. at our camp trying to help some of the boys out of troubles. The sun seems to shine on the installment plan here. How is the Men's Bible Class? Have they got one hundred men yet? I hope so. Kindly remember me to all the friends. Yours in Him,

"PRIVATE R. BEATTIE.

"No 95, Battery A, 1st French Mortar Battalion, American Expeditionary Forces, France."

Coshocton, Ohio.

"My dear Miss Wray:

"'All things work together for good to them that love the Lord.' God proved the truth of it just as soon as I gave Him a chance. We are very happily situated here in every respect. There is a splendid Presbyterian Church with a lot of people in it who know what it is to be saved and have the victory. The S. S. is immense-graded from the Cradle Roll to the Adults. I have had charge of the boys' work since last July and Spencer is my right hand man. In addition they have just made me Superintendent of the Intermediate Department. Spencer has a class of boys almost as old as himself. He is director of the athletic work and has just been elected V. P. of the C. E.

"Mrs. I. is supremely happy and very, very busy with her missionary and other societies and the Red Cross. She says if the Eighth Avenue Mission were only accessible two or three nights a week that, with all that she now has and enjoys, would leave nothing more to be desired. So far as business is concerned everything is working out well and as I expected.

"This is all personal, but I believe you will be interested in it, rejoice with us, and with us thank God for it. There are just two things that coming here took out of my life and which nothing has replaced in quite the same way. One is the Mission and the other is the work with John Unkles and his brigade. However, there is loads and loads of work here and I am taking on every bit that I can handle.

"Please remember us to all the friends and I send a specially warm greeting to the teachers and pupils of the S. S. Tell them I have never missed one day to pray for them.

"Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) "STEWART I. IRWIN."

"'I count no time,' the Shepherd said,
'As thou dost count and bind
The days in weeks, the weeks in months; my count
Is just—until I find.'"

"Be patient cheerfully whatever comes, thanking the Father . . ."

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

WE are all congratulating ourselves upon the return of our dear Mrs. Cleveland, not only to the Mission but to the Mother's meeting, where her messages in song have proved so helpful. Mrs. Cleveland sang to us on her first visit, but also told us she would feel condemned if she did not add her word of testimony to the goodness of God, whom she believed had given her the desire of her heart in bringing her dear husband as well as herself to the Mission, one of the dearest places in the world to both of them; and, added Mrs. Cleveland, the best of it all is "We have come to stay." At the close of the meeting Mrs. Cleveland told us that it was impossible for her to come to the evening meetings very often, she had decided to do some missionary work at home by starting at once to sew for the children whom we are planning to take away this Summer. Mrs. Horton, who is always so ready to do anything for the children, has joined this little club, and has the pattern we have decided to use for the dresses, as it is a style both simple and easily laundered. If anyone else is desirous of being very helpful in this direction we should be glad to see you at the close of the Mothers' meeting Wednesday afternoon, or you can communicate with us by mail and we will be glad to give you a list of necessary articles.

There is always a song of rejoicing in our hearts when we see one of our mothers definitely give her heart to God, because we have the assurance of God's word that "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out" and from experience we know what such a step will mean in the home to the husband and children. We have in mind a dear mother who a few weeks ago came in so worn and tired, careless in attire and discouraged, the child by her side whimpering. She requested that some one pray with and point her to the way of truth and light. At the close of the meeting she remained a long time on her knees with one of the missionaries who is so blessed and privileged to do just this kind of work for the Master, and surely we know of no better place to bring our burdens than at the feet of Him who so loved us that He gave His life that we might live. How we do thank God that these Mission doors are open for these needy souls that are reaching out for the light of the Gospel that we who are longer on the way have proved is all powerful to meet the need of body, soul and spirit.

Owing to the high cost of everything we were unable to give plants as we planned to our children at Easter, but we made them all very happy by giving each one a great big chocolate egg to take home; so big that many of them could not carry it themselves. We have to be a bit thrifty these war times and then there is a long Summer coming when we want to do just all we can for the little ones who without us would have no pleasant outing. We tried in many directions to get plants, but even seeds had reached prohibitive prices; so when we show all our children the flowers growing in field and garden, as we hope to do, they will not mind the small sacrifice they had to make at Easter time.

For many years the Flower Guild has been very thoughtful in sending our name to the many friends of the women and children, with the result that we have been deluged with flowers throughout the season, and could distribute them freely in the neighborhood; but this year the express com-

panies have so much transportation for the soldiers in the various camps that it will be impossible for them to give space to the free Guild label that has always been so thoughtfully honored by the several different express companies. Any one wishing to send flowers for the sick of the Mission will, if they live out of the city, have to send them in some other way this Summer.

In our March issue we told you about one of our mothers who found it necessary, through the advice of the Board of Health, to send her two children away, so that they might be watched for any tubercular symptoms, as the father had been stricken. This dear mother, throughout the trying ordeal, was trusting God and at a recent meeting told us that through the influence of the neighborhood her two little ones had been sent to Rhinebeck to Holiday Farm, the most beautiful children's home in the country, and watched personally and supported by Mrs. Vincent Astor. The mother's face was wreathed in smiles as she told us the children were pronounced to be perfectly normal and the oldest one had gained six pounds and the youngest two pounds in two weeks and were to be returned in a short time. Moreover, while she was planning to take night work so that she might remain home in the day time to care for her little boy and was praying God to open some door to make things a bit easier, her oldest boy came home with the news that he had obtained work paying well enough to permit his dear mother to remain home in the future altogether. Yes, God does answer prayer, and we are rejoicing at the marvelous way she has established this little family, who has put its trust in God and learned the plan of salvation at one of our Wednesday afternoon meetings.

It is doing us all good to see Mrs. MacAllister back in her place Wednesdays, because she is needed to give not only the mothers the benefit of her knowledge of the Scriptures, but to bring us all a blessing by the sacredness of her recent sorrow and the sad experience she has gone through so bravely. All those who know our dear sister and have been blessed by the example of her consecrated life know also that the prayer of her heart is breathed out in the chorus of one of our most beautiful hymns:

"Dear Saviour, let me trust my hand in Thine,
And let me know Thy steps are guiding mine;
Life's changing way is oftimes dark to me,
I fear no ill if I may walk with Thee.

At Easter time a little red pocketbook came to us filled with pennies saved, we are sure, by some little child, at a great sacrifice. May me tell this generous one that the pennies were faithfully distributed at the Easter Mothers' meeting, just quietly slipped into the hand of each child as she left the hall. We breathed a prayer that the one who trusted this commission to our dear Superintendent will know that the precious coppers went just where they wer intended to go, into the keeping of the little ones who no doubt treated themselves to the biggest lolly-pop in the nearest candy store.

We hope during the month of May to find a desirable house for the use of our little ones during the summer months. We are just at this time giving our entire time to this work, although we are planning to concentrate a bit this year on the most needy children who can be kept for as long a period as is necessary to establish them physically. The record of the children from last season has been so satisfactory that we feel encouraged to go ahead with fresh courage. At each meeting the mothers are urging us to see that the names of their children are on the list. The first group is practically made up, but there is plenty of time and plenty of room for all.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 10. Number 6

Mission Tidings

June, 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Charles G. Finney—

Religion is the work of man. It is something for man to do. It consists in obeying God with and from the heart.

❖

Unless God interposes the influence of His Spirit, not a man on earth will ever obey the commands of God.

❖

If Christians have deep feeling on the subject of religion themselves, they will produce deep feeling wherever they go.

❖

If Christians are cold, or light and trifling, they inevitably destroy all deep feeling, even in awakened sinners.

❖

Knowledge is essential to religion, but it is not religion. The devil has doctrinal knowledge, but he has no religion.

❖

Prayer may be an expression and an act of piety, or it may not be.

❖

Religion does not consist in desires to do good actions. Desires that do not result in choice and action are not virtuous.

❖

The wickedest man on earth may have strong desires after holiness.

❖

Many, doubtless give themselves great credit for desires that never result in choosing right.

❖

The apostles planted the Christian religion among the nations by the exercise of self-denial.

❖

Sanctification is obedience, and as a progressive thing, consists in obeying God more and more perfectly and perpetually.

If a man is truly converted, he will continue to obey God.

❖

Young converts should be taught to be religious in everything.

❖

Obedience to God consists in an obedient state of heart, a preference of God's authority and commandments to everything else.

❖

If a young convert does not exhibit his light, and hold it up to the world it will go out.

❖

Let him hold up his little twinkling rushlight boldly and honestly, and then God will pour in the oil and make him like a blazing torch.

❖

God will not take the trouble to keep a light burning that is hid.

❖

The great object for which Christians are converted and left in this world, is to pull sinners out of the fire.

❖

Holiness consists in obeying God.

❖

Backsliding in heart is the leaving, by a Christian, of his first love.

❖

There may be a backslidden heart, when the form of religion and obedience to God are maintained.

❖

If we love Him supremely, it is impossible that we should not enjoy His service at every step.

❖

While the heart is full of love, no book in the world is so precious as the Bible.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, JUNE, 1918 No. 6

A Personal Testimony

LADEN, Switzerland, was my birthplace, and there is yet a penchant in my heart for that beautiful country, although America has been my home for many years, and its topography and people I have made mine own.

My parents were very fine people: Jews who kept all the orthodox customs: prayer three times a day, and strictly attended to the passover rites, thoroughly cleaning their houses, and purging out even the cracks in the floor. With quiet solemnity they strictly adhered to each ancient observance.

My mother was certainly a wonderful woman, with such a big heart of love that when four of my sisters married Christians, and a brother also married a Gentile, she plainly and conscientiously explained the gravity of the situation from the ancient view-point, but, after the marriages were consummated, instead of practising persecution and ostracism, she told her children that they had made their choice, and as irrevocable as was the marriage ceremony, just so unalterably, we, as a family, must dwell together in love, fidelity and loyalty. Firmly she adhered to these high 'deals, mothering both Jew and Gentile, affectionately and wisely, until God took her to himself.

Mother and Father walked together in love, leaving an untarnished example to their progeny. Besides this, they also took an equal interest in the education of each offspring, so that I received a High School education, and continued my studies in Italy and Spain until I was twenty years of age.

After Mother and Father died, my sister Fanny and I concluded to come to America. It hardly seems that twenty-five years have passed since we came to New York City for the years passed swiftly and uneventfully until the sad day when Fanny was taken desperately ill. Like a horrible nightmare seemed her going to the Polyclinic Hospital, and the knowledge that she must undergo an operation for gastritis. Sweet, however, was her spirit of yieldedness to the will of God, and wonderful her fortitude through the six weeks she was at the hospital.

Finally came the staggering information that it was only a matter of time, and that Fanny could live but a few weeks. With the patient courage of our Mother, she faced the inevitable. Tenderly I brought her home, and we had six more sacred weeks together before she closed her eyes, and left me alone in this big City.

My sorrow seemed greater than I could bear! After all was over, out I went—walking, walking, walking, I knew not whither, until I came to an open-air service at the conner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, and heard people singing "Jesus is mine." I was a Jew, and their Jesus was surely not my Messiah; but it seemed as if I just had to stand still and listen.

Presently one of the men taking a prominent part in the service, seemed to pick me out from the listening

throng, and coming to me said "Won't you come into the service at our Mission and hear the Word?"

"It is not possible" I replied, "for I am a Jew." On I walked to Twenty-third St., thinking of my loneliness and breaking heart, when it seemed as if

E. DREYFUSS

someone tapped me on the shoulder and said "Go back to that Mission." The voice came from within, and so intense were my feelings a cold perspiration enveloped me as I turned slowly to obey.

I had been into the Eighth Avenue Mission before, and had listened to the messages, songs, and testimonies, but tonight for the first time they asked me if I believed in Jesus. "How can I believe in Jesus?" I replied, "I am a Jew!" Mr. Schluenzen was leading the meeting, but matters were suspended to deal with me, and laying hands upon me, they prayed that Jesus would reveal himself to me. I do thank Mr. Schluenzen and Mr. Cranston for their patience with me! For twenty years or more I had sailed through many rough waters alone: had often sought rest, and found it not; but in answer to prayer, Jesus was revealed as my Messiah. It had been a black Friday until Jesus came with healing in His wings, and bound up my broken heart with hope and love, so that from that day I have experienced no more black Friday's, but have been happy in believing God's Word, from cover to cover.

Of course my Jewish friends immediately said "Bloomingdale for yours," but I do not mind what they say because I have at last found rest, peace and contentment.

Many Jewish people engage me in argument, but listen attentively when I tell them my experience. I go to different places to speak, trusting God to convert and convince my own people that Jesus is also their Messiah.

I only wish I had found Jesus twenty years ago, then I would be a missionary for Him. Pray that I may be used of God to lead many to find Jesus.

E. DREYFUSS

Both Hands in The Hands of The Guide

(From a true incident at the Falls of Niagara)

The torrent was strong and fierce
  The bridge where I stood seemed weak
Bewilder'd I clung to its sheltering rail
  In a dread which I could not speak.

Then calm o'er the thundering roar
  I heard a voice at my side—
A voice with a note of strong command,
  "Your hand in the hand of the guide."

Though fearful and trembling still,
  I unloosed one anxious grasp,
Not venturing more, though I felt the gain
  Of that strong, sustaining clasp.

And as there I wondering stood
  Again o'er the deafening tide
That voice rang forth, more insistent now—
  "Both hands in the hands of the Guide."

I ventured to trust Him then;
In a moment all was peace,
And I onward moved in assurance calm
And the joy of a great release.

And we—in Life's storm to-day,
In sorrow, or praise, or fear,
One waits to help us, and only One
Oh, trust Him for He is near.

Not with half-yielded heart,
Nor a heart where doubt doth hide,
But surrendering all, to find all in Him—
Both hands in the hands of our Guide.

—CONSTANCE COOTE

Jakie's Call

"WHOSOEVER shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea." Mk 9.42.

Jakie was a child of singularly keen intellect for one only four years of age. Remarkable also was his love for his precious mother for the tender tendrils of his young life were so closely woven around her that when God took her to himself he refused to be comforted.

Next to the mother's love was that of his grandmother, who was also one of God's saints. When her daughter died she took Jakie and baby Margaret into her heart and home; but unfortunately Jakie's father was a profane drunkard, and true to her convictions of right, she did not invite him to share her home, desiring that the children should not hear profanity, or be mastered by the erratic mind of an inebriate.

The adversary, never adverse to offending God's little ones, subtly dominated the life of the father, stirring him to command the situation, and to tear Jakie's tender heart strings by placing him in a Home.

Naturally the grandmother visited him as soon as possible, and her heart was strangely stirred by the spiritual development of the little boy's mind.

"Are you treated kindly, Jakie, and are you happy here?" was her anxious query.

"They are nice to me" the child replied, nestling contentedly in her motherly arms, "but," he whispered confidentially, "I keep wanting my Mother." "Grandmother," he went on to say, "I cannot sleep at night for God keeps calling 'Jakie.'"

It seemed cruel to let this child die of a broken heart amongst strangers, so his grandmother sought her son-in-law and pleaded that Jakie might again come to her home.

The father's spiritual education had been sadly neglected, consequently he concluded the boy did not know what he was talking about.

To prove the matter, another visit was made to the Home, and the grandmother said "Jakie, who is God?" His serious face assumed an interrogative expression and his eyes were wide open with wonder, as he replied "Why God is up in heaven, Grandmother, where Mother is; and He keeps saying 'Jakie, come too.'"

Even the father was awed by the unwonted intelligence of the child; and as the little fellow did not seem well, consented to his return to his grandmother's home.

The following day they noticed his little foot dragged, and consulting a physician they found his hip was broken. Henceforth Jakie would be a cripple: the result of falling down stairs at the Home. Facing the little man was a life of unmitigated pain. Formerly he loved to come to the Mission, but now, all done up in a plaster cast, he could not sit down; but it was some compensation to see his father occasionally, and to be permitted to stay with Grandmother.

There were two songs he loved because the name of Daddy was in them, and he never tired of hearing his

grandmother play and sing them; but when his father enlisted and went away, he surprised his grandmother by saying "Don't sing, just play something." "What do you mean?" she enquired. "Don't sing anything with Daddy in it" he said. "Why Jakie," she replied, "I thought you loved those songs." Sadly he replied, with an understanding far beyond his years: "Not now, for Daddy went and left me when I needed him most."

Despite his broken hip and tubercular bones, Jakie was persistently conveyed from one Home to another by the command of the Father, that the grandmother's punishment for not housing him—when in drink—might be complete. It seems unbelieveable, yet it is true that after Jakie's mother died he was consigned at intervals to eight different Homes. The grandmother tried litigation, but the Father had the lawful, and first right to his children, and they certainly suffered the consequences.

No wonder at the hospital, only a few weeks before his death, he waved away two missionaries, who, with hearts full of love, had come to comfort him, for in his distress he did not understand but what they were of the company of people delegated to again move him.

God was indeed calling Jakie for he went to be with Jesus when the birds were singing their happy springtime songs; but his life of six years and eight months was not lived in vain for every breath of pain was but a paean of faith in God which those who loved him will not soon forget.

Neither will the story of his life have been written in vain if each dear reader will reverently and prayerfully commit the lonely, heart-broken grandmother to the God of all comfort; and follow the godless father, whom Jesus loves, with believing prayer.

—A. F. M.

"Let your glance shine with gladness and meet your friends with cheerful words."

A Present Saviour

I have Thee every hour
Most gracious Lord
That tender voice of Thine
Doth peace afford.

I have Thee every hour,
Thou stay'st near by;
Temptations lose their power
Since Thou art nigh.

I have Thee every hour,
In joy and pain;
With me Thou dost abide,
And life is gain.

I have Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
All Thy rich promises
Thou dost fulfill.

I have Thee every hour,
Most Holy One,
And I am Thine indeed
Thou blessed Son.

(—Altered by J. M.)

Mission Items

POINTED, pithy and profitable was the dissertation on "The teachings of Jesus about sin" by Frank H. Mann one Tuesday evening.

Quoting Dr. Jowett, he said "Jesus came not to describe sin, but to deal with it."

Mr. Mann comprehensively went on to say that "Jesus said very little about sin, but He realized its blighting effect, and was keenly conscious that His great mission was to deal with it." "He talked in the concrete and not in the abstract."

Amazingly true was Mr. Mann's assertion that "sin had corrupted the very sources of life." But, how triumphantly he turned from the statement "Sin is a damning thing!" to point to the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ as "the only thing" which "cleanseth from all sin."

There is irretrievable loss to the one who misses any of Mr. Mann's lectures.

Very welcome was Mr. Cleveland—just back from Texas. His testimony was most refreshing as he said "It is one thing to listen to an address, and another to give one:" "If the Kaiser is half as scared as I am now the war would be over!" "When I first came to the Mission I was about one tenth saved, but through the spirit-filled messages by the superintendent, my soul has been enlightened, and I now thank God for being ten-tenths saved." "I know a real work has been done because I no longer love the pastimes of the world, but delight to come instead to the Mission, and engage in things worth while."

Re-animating faith came through the evidence of a returned missionary as he told how God led him to India, and of his obedience to the call, although he lacked three-hundred dollars passage money the day the boat was to sail. First God held the steamer three days, then, miraculously, in the shade of Brooklyn bridge, sent a man to him, who was intensely interested in India. As it was revealed inadvertantly that the steamer had been delayed three days, and money was surely coming in answer to prayer, the man said he would be glad to meet the need, and before the steamer sailed the requisite amount had been supplied. As a result many souls in India, and also China, had been saved.

What is your part, dear Reader, to go or to give? "With God nothing is impossible."

"Jesus can and will do what he says" witnessed Brother Davies. "He spake and it was done. He commanded and it stood fast." Mr. Davies had been out of employment for six weeks, and had asked God for a position. One day while he prayed he was so confident God would answer, that happily he exclaimed "Thank you, Lord Jesus, I am going to get a job today!"—and he did.

Almost every night the Holy Spirit so mightily works in hearts that many kneel at the altar to indicate their purpose to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. It was an interesting fact that one night a Laplander, Spaniard and Englishman found Jesus the only One who could save, help and comfort them.

One lad about fourteen years of age has been saved in our meetings, and it is a refreshing sight to see him safe in the fold, away from the profanity, gambling and other harmful habits with which one comes in touch on the streets of New York City, and to also hear his testimony, given with no uncertain sound "Fourteen nights ago I gave my heart to Jesus, and am saved."

Rev. Rufus Howard Bent of Jamestown, N. Y., while attending the Conference at Hephzibah House, visited the Eighth Avenue Mission, and was intensely interested in the work. Although accustomed to preaching, he knew how to give a testimony as well, and it was pleasant to hear that as a boy God spoke to his heart so loudly that he crawled up on a hay-mow, and told God that He would live for Him if He would take Him, and forgive all his sins. He has never regretted his choice, and the presence of the Lord Jesus grows sweeter through the years.

Fortunate indeed were we to have with us one Saturday night a Mr. Campbell from the Ford Automobile Plant, Detroit, Mich. Although a young man, he had been mightily used to bring men to Christ, and gave a Gospel message straight from the heart of God—because it hit us, and helped us.

Mr. Samuel R. Boggs, (our Director from Philadelphia) and five of his friends, visited the Mission Monday evening, April 29th, and a great season of refreshing and blessing followed. Mr. Boggs gave one of his unique,

(*Continued on page* 10)

MISSION TIDINGS

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Faith

The Holy Spirit born on the Day of Pentecost dwells in the hearts of Christians. Jesus said: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Can faith die while God's Spirit lives in the hearts of men? It is also promised that the Spirit shall reveal to us the things of Christ and upon this foundation the Christian rests his faith. We may say in the springtime that there are no violets because we do not see evidences of them everywhere, but we know they exist somewhere, although they do not announce their presence with flaming banners, yet in some shady nook or quiet spot they raise their fragile forms toward Heaven and in their own language say: "We are here. Death has been all around us but from the graves of last year's flowers we have sprung." In some such way as this, as if by Divine touch spiritual faith steals into the hearts of men. If we liken Faith to a flower, it is exotic and not indigenous, being the Gift of God. It therefore needs Heavenly, not earthly, soil for its growth; the elements of selfishness, worldliness and sin should be removed, and in their place there must be complete submission to the Divine Will. The sun of prosperity often withers it and the shock of adversity will sometimes stunt its growth unless it has this soil of Divine submission. It is not a talisman to prevent suffering. In fact it often grows to perfection through affliction. We know that it existed in the hearts of the founders of the Early Church and the martyrs of all ages and thrived amid the fires of persecution. * * *

—CHAS. E. LYMAN

Wrong Again

More than a hundred years ago Voltaire declared that there would not be a copy of the Bible on earth in a hundred years. Voltaire is dead, and one may barely recall the date of his death. The Geneva Bible Society is using the very printing-press on which his infidel prophecy was issued. To-day hundreds of millions of copies of the sacred Scriptures, in fully 500 tongues, are in circulation, like leaves in the forests for multitude, scattered for the healing of the nations.

—*Missionary Outlook.*

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place.
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it may be,
Think He has chosen you for it,
Then walk loyally.

—*Selected.*

Just Be Glad

For we know, not every morrow can be sad;
So, forgeting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just Be Glad.

The Anvil of God's Word

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime,
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor,
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

How many anvils have you had, said I,
To wear and batter all these hammers so?
Just one, said he, and then with twinkling eye,
The anvil wears the hammer out, you know.

And so, I thought, "The Anvil of God's Word,"
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon
Yet though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The Anvil is unharmed, the hammers gone.

Glad Surprises

'Twas long ago I read the story sweet—
Of how the Christian mothers, o'er the sea,
Wind in, throughout the yarn their girlies knit
Some trinkets small and tiny shining coins,
That when the little fingers weary grow,
And fain would lay aside the tiresome task,
From out the ball will drop the hidden gift,
To please and urge them on in search of more.

And, so I think, the Father kind above
Winds in and out the skein of life we weave,
Through all the years, bright tokens of His love,
That when we weary grow and long for rest,
They help to cheer and urge us on for more;
And far adown within the ball we find,
When all the threads of life at last are spun,
The grandest gift of all—eternal life

—Selected.

Burdens Made Easy

God broke our years to hours and days
That hour by hour
And day by day
Just going on a little way
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders
And the future rife
With work and struggle
Meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep
Or pathways lie so threatening or so steep
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour.

—George Klingle.

God's Best Friend

God's best friend in the world today is the man who frequently isolates himself from the world life about him, wears the threshold of his prayer room a bit flatter, and changes things the world around by his prayer—*S. D. Gordon.*

The best things are nearest. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

—Selected.

Mission Items

(*Continued from* page 7)

helpful and uplifting messages of faith and victory, after which he introduced a young lady who was on her way to France as a Red Cross Nurse. She was indeed on fire with love and sympathy for the poor helpless women and children in France and Belgium; and it will not be in vain because she said "My hope and stay is Jesus, and under His guidance I fear no evil."

Mr. Wright, of Louisville, Ky., was next presented. He was a business man who had found Jesus to be a living reality in his heart and life, and his testimony was a spiritual incentive to all who have to conform to business habits, and yet preach Jesus by thought, word and deed.

Next came a gentleman from the Twin Cities of Minnesota, and his song was the sweet story of old of a Saviour "mighty to save and to keep."

Most enheartening were the remarks of Dr. Wilson of New Rochelle who said he had found the Lord Jesus Christ to be an ever present help in every phase of his busy life.

The Doctor was followed by another business man from the same place (New Rochelle) who said Jesus was his silent partner in business, whom he consulted regarding all his affairs, and therefore he knew nothing of failure or lack.

The testimonies from the people of the Eighth Avenue Mission, which succeeded the helpful visitors, were also full of enthusiasm, and told the same sweet story of Jesus and His love.

Mr. Frank Mann, the Vice President of our Mission, gave us much about which to think in his address Tuesday evening, April thirtieth. It was a bright, snappy presentation of the power of God to keep under adverse circumstances. His remarks were the result of meditation after he had heard a blasphemous remark of a bootblack; and he gave us several propositions to consider: He proved that evil had always been in the world; and that sin and the adversary existed (before the war as much as now,) although at the present era it may seem more manifest.

Mr. Mann was followed by Rev. J. Entwistle, who came to bid us farewell before leaving for the Catskills, where he is to be the pastor of three churches. With bated breath we feel like saying "What hath God wrought!" Surely Mr. Entwistle's life is a mighty object lesson of the power of God, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Seven years ago drinking himself into oblivion and delirium, he came into the Mission lost and undone, and found a friend in Jesus. From that day to this he has been kept by the power of God; worked nights, and studied daytimes until today he is an ordained witness of Jesus. Hallelujah! His innumerable friends at the Mission tender heartfelt congratulations; and pray that God will bless him and make him a blessing through the years, if Jesus tarry.

Our beloved President, Mr. Sleeth, appeared Sunday night, April twenty-eighth, after a prolonged rest in Florida, and was warmly welcomed by his many friends. His health demanded his absence for almost six months, and during that time he was sadly missed; but God has graciously answered prayer in his behalf, for which we praise Him.

Mr. Sleeth came back, as usual, full of fire for God, and gave us a strong talk on our duty to God and country. Everything he said was backed up by the Word of God; and we felt glad to belong to the Eighth Avenue Mission with its eighteen stars on its service flag which stands for God and our country. Every one of our men voluntarily enlisted, and some of them have been on the firing line for three years, every one of whom will be glad to give the last drop of their blood for God and native land.

At the close, as all arose and sang "My country 'tis of thee," eyes were moist and lips quivered; but with our

President we felt strengthened to go on to victory through undying, undivided faith in Jesus Christ.

Mr. A. Ball, our Men's Bible class teacher (and by unanimous consent of the men one of "the best Bible teachers in New York City") brings us the message not only Sunday morning, but Thursday nights. At the mid-week meeting we are studying the book of Acts which is proving a help and blessing to all.

Mr. Ball's teaching has encouraged our hearts in the Lord, and fired some with an unswerving fidelity to God's written Word, which has become a living Word in some of our hearts.

Mr. Ball is always willing to answer any fair question, and is helping to clear up doubts and perplexities which have haunted the minds of some honest doubters.

Come out and hear him; and circulate some of our Bible Class cards. They are one of the best things printed in a long while.

Finally—we thank God upon every remembrance of Mr. Ball.

We hear regularly from our "old pal," Captain Noble, who, under most trying conditions, is lifting up the blood-stained banner of Jesus Christ. Our dear Brother, (an ardent hater of all sham and pretense) is out and out for Jesus Christ, so satan tries to make him suffer for it; but, praise God, "He who is for us is greater than he who is against us." Our fervent prayer is that God's richest blessing may rest upon Captain Noble as he battles manfully for God and the right.

Detective Smith is now a beloved and esteemed member of our Mission family, and is always present when he finds it possible to come to the meetings. He is always ready to sing, speak or pray in the meetings, and on every occasion (in his great work) to point poor, lost, deluded men and women to Jesus, as the only solution of all the ills to which they are heir. We often say "Would to God we had more men of that stamp in the Police Department." It is refreshing to hear of the kind and Christ-like methods (common-sense methods also) which Detective Smith puts in practice when dealing with the unfortunate victims of crime under his care; and from the depths of our hearts we say God bless and encourage his heart by giving him added strength and courage from above.

Love is First

It takes great love to stir a human heart
To live beyond the others and apart.
A love that is not shallow, is not small,
Is not for one, or two, but for them all.
Love that can wound love, for its higher need;
Love that can leave love though the heart may bleed;
Love that can lose love, family, and friend;
Yet steadfastly live, loving, to the end.
A love that asks no answer, that can live
Moved by one burning, deathless force —to give.
Love, strength and courage—courage, strength and love;
The heroes of all times are built thereof.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Another Life Transplanter

Mrs. Fletcher Hedges of Belleville, N. J. fell asleep in Jesus April fifteenth.

At half after two Saturday, April twentieth, relatives, friends and acquaintances reverently gathered at the home of our beloved President, Mr. Sleeth, to pay their sincere respect to Mrs. Hedges (Mrs. Sleeth's Mother) whose sweet personality had won the unfeigned love of many choice friends.

Fitting indeed was the absence of gloom and funeral pall in the appoint-

ments, for this beloved Mother—one of God's saints—seemed to be asleep in a halo of glory so tastefully blended were the harmonious tints of her resting place, robe and the room.

On every hand were beautiful flowers, bespeaking the affectionate esteem of a host of friends, while palms, ferns and rare exotics suggested a conservatory of rare beauty.

The profound and dignified service, conducted by Rev. Wm. Y. Chapman, D. D., of the Roseville Presbyterian Church, N. J., began with the reading of choice selections from God's Word, followed by the invocation, commending at the outset bowed and burdened hearts to the God of all comfort, and closing with the definite petition that they might be sanctified through this discipline.

The male quartette sang with exquisite cultivation and expression "There's no night in the Homeland," through which a sympathetic vein of hope was communicated to those who felt crushed; yet confident that God's Word was true, and the "effect of righteousness quietness and confidence forever," as Dr. Chapman so ably wove into the Scripture eulogy which followed.

Full of blessed assurance were the words of the next hymn, so beautifully rendered by the quartette: "There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; while the refrain, "He is calling, come to me," "Lord, I gladly haste to Thee" found its echo in worshipful hearts who knew there was no other place to go, but to Him who hath the words of eternal life."

Wonderfully uplifting was Dr. Chapman's closing prayer, so full of adoration for our triune God; thanksgiving for the atoning blood of Jesus, and the presence of the Comforter, together with panegyric assurance of the virtue, integrity and many admirable qualities of the departed sister, because her life was "hid with Christ in God." Sincere and profound was his commitment of the two sorrowing daughters, and other bereaved relatives, to the eternal Father, "Who doeth all things well."

"Still, still with Thee" was the melodious response by the quartette, so suitably succeeded by the rich tones of Dr. Chapman's voice in heartfelt benediction.

Silently and reverently the people looked upon the face of Mrs. Hedges, beautiful in life and in death, and passed out under the canopy of God's blue sky, where budding magnolia's, green grass and spring flowers were silent witnesses of resurrection life.

Many automobiles conveyed relatives, members of the Eastern Star (of which Mrs. Hedges was an honored member,) representative people from the Mission, and loving friends to the beautiful cemetery, where beside her husband (Sergeant Fletcher Hedges, who served his country so bravely in the Civil war) will repose her casket of dust until Jesus comes, and the dead in Christ rise first; while her translated spirit is already "absent from the body and present with the Lord."

Under a wide spread canopy the Eastern Star held its picturesque farewell service, emphasizing the story of the broken column: purple violets for fidelity; yellow everlastings typifying constancy; white carnations the emblem of light and purity; evergreen the symbol of eternal life, and red carnations the sign of fervency and zeal. Flowers strewn upon the casket; prayer, and the singing of "Nearer my God to Thee" closed this emblematic rite.

Hardest of all would seem the home going, and the taking up again life's commonplaces; but we do not sorrow as those without hope, for with Job we can confidently say "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and with Paul "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

But no good hope dies without leaving a child, a younger and fresher hope, behind it. The year's fruit must fall that the next year's may come, and the winter is the only way to spring.

Today

Sure this world is full of trouble,
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough, and double
Reason for complaint.
Rain and storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road—but say,
Ain't it fine today?

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine;
Life, it ain't no celebration;
Trouble? I've had mine—
But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago,
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but say,
Ain't it fine today?

—*Douglas Malloch,*
American Lumberman Poet.

He Knoweth All

The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story, yet I kneel;
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close,
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

And He has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on His breast
Who knows and pities all.

—*Selected.*

Scatter Sunshine

In a world where sorrow ever will be known,
Where are found the needy, and the sad and lone;
How much joy and comfort we can all bestow
If we scatter sunshine everywhere we go.

Slightest actions often meet the sorest needs,
For the world wants daily little kindly deeds;
Oh, what care and sorrow we may help remove,
With our songs and courage, sympathy and love.

When the days are gloomy, sing some happy song,
Meet the world's repining with a courage strong;
Go, with faith undaunted, through the ills of life,
Scatter smiles and sunshine o'er its toil and strife.

—*L. W. Smith.*

"Man proposes but God disposes
And in Him our hope reposes
Who in war time still makes roses."

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

THE last Wednesday in May the sewing circle of the mothers meeting will be closed and during the summer season the Gospel meetings will be continued with leaders appointed by the Superintendent. This has been a banner year for the sewing, a marked improvement being noticed in each garment made. Mrs. Ross who is in charge of this part of the work has been very particular and no work has been taken home that has not first been submitted to the class teacher and then to Mrs. Ross. The patience of the mothers has been very edifying and touching.

Our dear Superintendent who has been very ill with a complete breakdown has been away with friends convalescing but before leaving she planned as usual for our mothers outing to take place some time at the end of June. The outing really consists of an automobile ride to Van Cortlandt Park followed by a picnic on the grounds, when all that can be done to make the day a happy and pleasant one is done. It means very much to these mothers to get away for a whole day, away from the hot kitchen stove, away from the grind of the wash tubs, away from the hot streets into God's own open with their babies and children; so we are thanking God for giving us the privilege of ministering to our dear people in this way. The very sudden "Going Home" of the mother of our dear Miss Mason has touched all our hearts with grief and our prayers and sympathy have followed this dear worker every step of the way. After the death of Miss Mason's father, her mother came to live with her much to the relief of Miss Mason who did not like to leave her in the old homestead alone. Mrs Mason was incomparably happy in the Mission, attending the services whenever she was able and last summer when she went home she told us her only regret was leaving the Mission. We shall miss our dear friend who always had a smile and a pleasant word for us all.

It is with joy unspeakable that we can tell you that after visiting almost every town in Long Island we were able to find a house for the summer for our "Tiny Tots." We are going to call it the "House in the Woods" because it is just that. While it is only about ten minutes walk from the Station it practically stands alone, thus giving the children the privilege of having plenty of liberty. While the house and grounds are not so large as last year, they are well suited for the kind of work we are planning to do with our very young and very needy children, who without this opportunity would have to remain in the city throughout the entire summer. The first group leaves Monday June 3rd, although the real opening day is Decoration Day when we are hoping the Superintendent will be there to open the official doors with her prayers, good wishes and God's blessing.

The Mothers Meetings during the month of May have been so very well attended that we feel God has answered our prayers in this regard. The Gospel seems to draw the mothers as never before and it is with rapt, earnest faces they drink in every word that is spoken evincing much interest also in the bible verses taught to them while they sew. Many of these mothers have joined the Sunday afternoon bible class connected with the Sunday school. There have been fifty children almost every week in the play room. How do you manage them? you ask. This is our answer:

We don't manage them at all, we just love them into wanting to be good and happy and create an atmosphere around about them that just naturally leads to this result. When we open the playroom again next November just come in yourself and see what a really wonderful meeting this Wednesday meeting has become with Gods blessing poured out upon it.

To those who have so generously contributed to the summer work of the Mission we are giving a very short report of the work done last summer at Lynbrook. We were able during the season to care for at least seventy-five children recommended to us by the visiting nurse or one of our own missionaries.

The children who came to us were indeed needy, broken down in health and spirits through the continual strain of poverty and adverse conditions and who needed just the tender watchful and individual care we were able to give them and for which the home was provided.

Through these blessed doors at least two hundred persons passed throughout the season to be helped and comforted and to go home refreshed and grateful for what they had received from the hour, day, or week spent with us.

The little family was constantly under the guidance of two physicians who took a keen interest in the physical welfare of our children, and we closed the doors with a clean bill of health. The spiritual welfare of the children was under the care of the local pastor who hardly missed a day as he passed our gates of calling in for a chat with our babies who flew to meet him with open arms. The children attended the Sunday school and were members of the classes in the Primary department.

The new home is situated at Freeport on high ground where the air is absolutely pure and sweet. We are to be equipped with swings, hammocks, a sand pile, and we are hoping to be able to have a tent for sudden showers. We do not want to tell you too much because we want you to be surprised when you come and see us. Probably in the July number we will have some photographs of the house and the children, or just as soon as our Superintendent can come to us and care for that part of the work.

A number of our dear workers are busy making little slips for our children, just the very simplest kind. We would be glad if any one cares to join this sewing group. It is very simple; buy a few yards of some pretty material, the simplest pattern so it can be easily laundered, run the garment up in your leisure moments and send it by parcel post to Miss Wray care of the Mission, who will see as she did last year that it reaches us quickly and safely. Better still come to the evening service and hand it to her in person. The meeting will benefit you and the dresses will benefit the children.

We trust that all those who read Mission Tidings will pray for the boys of our mothers who are now being sent either to France or the training camps. Our mothers hearts are very heavy and they are constantly asking us to pray for these boys and as we see them each week at the meeting we promise to remember their sons in prayer and to ask others to pray also.

Noble Deeds

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
  Our hearts in glad surprise
  To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
  And lifts us unawares
  Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
  And by their overflow
  Raise us from what is low!

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 10. Number 7

Mission Tidings

July, 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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THE EIGHTH AVENUE MISSION
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—By W. L. Watkinson—

Pride easily blinds us to the truths which most deeply and immediately concern us.

❖

If we have no other desire than to know and to do God's will, the whole field of life and duty will be illuminated.

❖

The love of pleasure is a cause of blindness.

❖

To see clearly we must wish to see clearly.

❖

We must keep the soul in health if we are to see things as God sees them.

❖

The luster of the eye is dependent upon the purity of the heart; true seeing is the reward of true living.

❖

You will not turn cruel Winter into glorious Summer by throwing out the thermometer; neither will you get rid of sorrow and death by rejecting the Bible.

❖

We know no more reasonable interpretation of the universe than that given by Isaiah and Paul.

❖

Let us in these days of restlessness and vagrant fancy listen to the great Master.

❖

What a terrible price the world exacts for its empty shows, its vain titles, its purple and gold.

❖

Sweet flowers spring in pestilential marshes.

❖

The life without God is substantially the same everywhere, and however subtly it may be disguised, it works out heart-sickness and infinite sorrow.

❖

Fox's "Book of Martyrs" is not a large book, but if ever the devil's book of martyrs should be written, what library would contain it?

❖

The majority of men are martyrs, inglorious martyrs, martyrs by the pang without the palm.

❖

Life in Christ is free, blessed, bright; it brings peace; it will bear thinking about.

❖

Life in Christ is the life of the skylark singing in the blue; it unfolds like a flower.

❖

Self-will is captivity and ruin; loving obedience to the will of God in Christ, is health and peace.

❖

The tree in the wilderness is free; it grows at its own wild will. And what does it bear?

❖

Like the disciples, we sleep until some great opportunity is over, and then, after feeble regrets, we sleep again.

❖

With what fiery energy the bird, the bee, or the butter-fly, carries out the special commission with which it is entrusted.

❖

When an artist understands the science of omission, he leaves out the trivial, the vulgar, the irrelevant.

❖

The defect in our moral life is that in our science of omission, we too often leave out the primary, the highest, the essential.

❖

Invited to make our duty our delight, we are ingeniously intent upon making our delight our duty.

❖

The things undone are things for which we must be held responsible.

❖

Let us be at once more enthusiastic and more methodical.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, JULY, 1918 No. 7

A Personal Testimony

I AM a Slavak by birth, born and brought up in the northern part of Hungary; or, as we call it, "Slavakland."

I was reared in a Catholic family of many priests, and was carefully nurtured in that awful dark, idolatrous devotion, being taught that there was no salvation outside the Roman Catholic church, and that the way to heaven was partly by good works, and partly by grace: that first of all I must confess my sins to a priest, and then he could anoint and absolve me, but even then I would have to go through purgatory to be fully cleansed.

From early childhood my heart longed to be right with God, so I assidiously practiced all the Catholic ceremonies, and at the age of twelve years made a pilgrimage over the Carpathien mountains that I might buy an image, but my only recompense was sore feet.

February, 1917, I came to this country, and again devoted myself to all the Catholic requirements, often going to confession and communion and trying to believe that what the priest said was true: that I received the very body of the Lord Jesus Christ: nevertheless He was to me only a dead Saviour (only a name) very far away.

How many Catholic churches there are in Manhattan I do not know, but I do know that from old St. Peter's church on Barclay St., up to St. John the Baptist on 76th St., I found 45 Catholic churches: could name them and tell to what saint they were dedicated. In one on 61st St. I was confirmed by the Bishop, and was told that I received the Holy Spirit—but I did not! Although I was a devout Catholic I was very sinful, and after every confession fell again and again into the same sins.

Often I passed a Protestant open-air meeting, but I would not stop to listen to anything that was said because I had been instructed that that was "the devil's work."

About seven years ago I was so definitely led by God, however, that I stood and listened to the testimony of people from the Salvation Army, and received my first glimpse of light. From that moment the Holy Spirit began working in my heart, and as a result I lost my ardor for the Catholic rites.

My especial delight was the open air services of The Eighth Avenue Mission at Madison Sq. Sunday afternoons; but at the same time the adversary vigorously prosecuted his work in me—knowing the day was approaching when I would be saved. Consequently, for a time, I yielded to the subtle temptation to value the opinion of my associates; to give first thought to success in business, until, through bad companions, I acquired bad habits; entered enthusiastically into the social affairs of Slavak American societies and clubs, rejoicing in worldliness and prominence, but was simultaneously drifting steadily away from God.

When war was declared against Germany I was leading a movement in the midst of Slavak Bohemian young men to enlist in the U. S. A. Many of my former associates enlisted, but when they asked me why I did not enlist, I gave them all sorts of excuses, but did not tell the truth (revealed to me by the Holy Spirit) that I was anxious because I was not saved.

The following Sunday I was so troubled that I sought an open air service, and definitely heard God's voice calling me to yield myself to Him, but resisted the Spirit's pleading. All through the Summer the devil continued to enslave me, and finally urged me to think no more of Christ but affiliate myself with a socialistic club; but, praise the Lord, although I was sorely tempted, He never forsook me!

Again in September, 1917 the Holy Spirit called me to surrender myself to Jesus at the Eighth Avenue Mission open air service, but I still resisted, and yielded to the power of the adversary. No longer, however, could I find satisfaction in worldly diversions or amusements for the only place where I could find any degree of peace was an open-air service.

Every Sunday I would go to Madison Sq., and would also make up my mind that I would respond to the leaders invitation and go to the Eighth Avenue Mission; but the power of the enemy was stronger than my will, and again and again I was led away.

Finally, in October, I decided I *would* go to the Mission, but the battle was so strong that the devil turned my steps toward Fourteenth St. to a place of amusement; but an unseen hand turned me aside and started toward the Mission. At Twentieth St. again the pull of the enemy was strong, but the unseen hand kept me until I reached Twenty-fourth St., within a stone's throw of the Mission. By this time a mighty battle was raging, and the power of evil so great that I yielded and went into the saloon; but, as if realizing my soul was in the balance, and hell had almost triumphed, I got quickly out: God's Spirit conquered, and there was no more vacillating but a firm walk into the Mission—where God dwells.

The song service was simply beautiful, and then followed a prayer. I had a strong desire to raise my hand at the invitation and go forward for prayer, but I did not heed the invitation at the beginning. I felt very weak for there was still a fight between the devil and me, but at the close one of the brothers (Mr. Cummings) came to me again, and urged me to go forward. I started, and thank God the power of evil was broken, and I knelt at the penitent form, cried to the Lord from the depths of my heart to be merciful to me a sinner, and definitely accepted Jesus as my personal Saviour.

Words cannot express the peace and happiness that came into my heart as I arose: the joy was marvelous! It was blessed to know my sins were forgiven and forgotten by God! As I left the Mission and looked up it seemed as if the stars shone brighter than ever before, but the real change was in me, and I began to understand the tremendous power of God to make a man a new creature in Christ Jesus, according to His promise "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17.

The things that once had a strong hold upon me immediately lost their attraction, and spiritual things became realities. The habits of my life, as well as the thoughts of my mind and the desires of my heart, were greatly changed.

I had never had the privilege of reading the Bible as the priests had said, "It it a dangerous Book!" But, praise the Lord, His blessed Holy Spirit interpreted it to me, illuminating its pages with heavenly light which gave peace to my conscience and liberated my soul. I cannot thank God enough for the Bible because it meets every need of my life; it is food and medicine; shield

and sword, and makes real the wonderful love of my Lord and Saviour to shed His precious blood to redeem me from all sin.

I can truly say that I am happy in Jesus, and He is my all and in all. In Him I trust; and I know that He will care for me in the camp—and "over here," for today I am not only a child of the King, but a soldier of the U. S. A.

New Years morning God gave me this blessed promise: "Certainly I will be with thee." Again February fifth, when I was called by my Local Board for examination, and I passed it No. 1 A., He gave me another promise: "I will take care of thee, all the days and all the way, and my angles will watch over thee." I love God's "I will" for His promise is sure and true.
SIX—July Mission Tidings.

My testimony will not have been written in vain if someone, now enslaved by the adversary, will throw off the shackles of sin, and enlist in the army of the Lord, for it pays. For this I am praying.

Yours in his name,

JOSEPH CERVENANSKY.

A Precious Service

"WE have had a precious service," said one and another in varying terminology as they left the Mission Saturday evening, June eighth.

In the first place Miss Wray, our superintendent, was sitting on the platform for the first time in many weeks. She had been so ill that prayer had been ascending daily in her behalf; and one could almost feel in the atmosphere God's presence, and the reverent gratitude of His people for answered prayer in bringing her back in safety: that they might look again upon her dear face, loved "for her works' sake." Still the rejoicing was not jubilant, for she did not yet look very robust, and it was rumored that she was under orders to take on less work than formerly, and to go slowly for fear of another breakdown.

As usual, however, Miss Wray soon directed all thought to the One whom we had come to worship, and heartily and happily the audience sang, evidently meaning every word they uttered: "Jesus may come to-day, Glad Day!" Full of reverence was the prayer hymn "Open my eyes that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;" followed by a prayer from Miss Moulton which so touched God that we knew without doubt that the young man who had come forward and was kneeling at the altar would be born again, and saved, for His great name's sake.

Quietly, with great expression, and in the Spirit, Miss Wing sang "Child, I loved thee long ago," which was a fitting prelude to the prayer of Miss Wray, filled with profound reverence as she said "O God our Father, we thank Thee for this message in song, and for the truth of it, for 'having loved His own, He loved them unto the end.'"

Turning to the 121st Psalm, Miss Wray read it in such a way that it conveyed to hungry hearts a new meaning, and for the help of those who regret their inability to be present we will pass on a few thoughts for their encouragement and uplifting:—

Our attention was first called to the heading: "The great safety of the godly who put their trust in God's protection; and then to the marginal reference connected with the first two verses: "Shall I lift up mine eyes to the hills? Whence should my help come?" Restfulness was the thought. If ones eyes are tired because of close confinement to any task it would rest them to look off to some distant object.

A lady who thought that she had no time for recreation was told that she *must* rest her eyes if she would preserve them. Demurring, her physician enquired if she had any good view from her home. "None better" was her reply. Wonderfully true was this because

from her front porch could be seen the Blue Ridge mountains. The doctor insisted that for 20 minutes each day she should drop all work and just look away to the mountains.

Beautiful was the application! When our hearts cry out because of the pressure on every side, or we look too closely at our needs, we must take our eyes off from circumstances, and rest ourselves in Him. We must not look at ourselves or our weakness, but look up, for He has promised, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." "He will not slumber nor sleep."

A boy coming down from a dizzy height well-nigh fainted, but when his Father exclaimed "look up," and he obeyed, he was all right. Our Father will not slumber nor sleep: and apropos was Miss Wray's realistic description of her visit to the Children's Summer Home, where on one of the pillow slips she noticed these words: "Sleep sweetly. God is awake."

Going on, Miss Wray read "The Lord is thy keeper." "Oh, how that has comforted me" she exclaimed. "We are no match for the enemy; but the visible things cannot hurt us, (revealed by the sun) nor by the treacherous things of night (when only the moon shines) because the Lord is our keeper."

Last, but by no means least, was the reference to God's preservation under all circumstances, "from this time forth, and even forevermore," "which," said Miss Wray, "is right up to date."

The testimonies which followed were also precious because they came from hearts overflowing with gratitude: Mr. Adams a veteran in the army of the Lord said "Bless the Lord for saving me;" and the same story came from Jimmy Palmer a young lad 12 years of age, who also sweetly sang "There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus."

Mrs. Thompson, the widow of our late Director Thompson, praised God for His comfort and His enabling, while in the midst a visitor from Seattle straightened up, and with glowing face whispered to her neighbor "How different this is from a fashionable church!" Yes, it was, and the homelike, heavenly atmosphere was warming her heart!

All hearts went out to Mr. Trowbridge when he arose to speak for there was crepe upon his sleeve. Very tenderly the leader said, "Perhaps you do not know that Mr. Trowbridge's brother has paid the supreme sacrifice, and has given his life in the aviation corps."

Many were the heartfelt testimonies, and many more would have testified if there had been time; but a minister of the gospel requested prayer for a young man he had brought in, who was suffering great pain because his fingers had been cut off, and all business, so to speak, was suspended that he might give his heart to Jesus, and claim His power to alleviate pain as well. Miss Ruth Linrud sang very softly, "Does Jesus care," and sacredly pathetic was the scene at the altar as the minister knelt beside the young man, and others, among them a young sailor boy, knelt beside them and accepted Jesus as their Savior. Mr. Alwyn Ball and Capt. Noble prayed that these boys might be saved, and Director Winant tenderly asked the dear Lord to also take away the pain of the injured hand.

Thus one more "precious service" in the Eighth Avenue Mission closed, but we believe its influence will be eternal, as will all the services of the Mission, because God is there.

I Am Not Dead

A Highland chief of the Macgregor clan fell wounded at the battle of Sheriff Muir. Seeing their leader fall, the clan wavered, and gave the foe an advantage. The old chieftain, perceiving this, raised himself on his elbow, while the blood streamed from his wounds, and cried out: "I am not dead, my children; I am looking at you to see you do your duty." This roused them to new energy and almost superhuman effort. So, when our strength fails and

our hearts sink within us, the Captain of our salvation cries: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. I will never leave, nor forsake thee. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—*D. L. Moody.*

Isn't It the Truth?

"Boost and the world boosts with you,
Knock and you're on the shelf;
For the world gets sick of one who'll kick
And wishes he'd kick himself.

Boost when the sun is shining,
Boost when it starts to rain,
If you happen to fall, don't lie there and bawl—
But get up and boost again.

Boost for your own advancement,
Boost for the things sublime;
For the chap who's found on the top-most round
Is a booster every time."

Selected.

At Rest

The following is copied from a New England paper:—

"Julia Anna Mason, widow of the late Sergt. Samuel Burley Mason, a veteran of the Civil war, Atkinson, N. H., passed away in New York City, at the home of her daughter, Ada Frances Mason, May 9, only a year and eight months subsequent to the death of her husband. There was an impressive service in New York City, Friday evening, May 10th, conducted by President Sleeth of the Eighth Avenue Mission, at which Mrs. W. G. Cleveland sang. Sunday, May 12th (Mother's Day) another service was held at the Congregational church, Atkinson, N. H., of which Mr. Mason was an honored deacon for more than thirty years. Rev. Mr. Tuthill, pastor of the church, conducted the service, assisted by Rev. Mr. Merrill. Hymns were sung by a quartette, and one composed by Rev. Mr. Merrill. Simple, but most effective was the eulogistic address by Rev. Mr. Tuthill, who truly said, "Mrs. Mason was a capable and consecrated woman and a faithful mother." Again beautiful flowers, banked around the pulpit and casket, bespoke the love of relatives and the esteem of many friends. Mrs. Mason leaves two daughters, Mrs. Moses Perkins of Epping, N. H., and Ada Frances Mason, of New York City, also a son, Carlisle Burley Mason, of Atkinson, N. H., and five grandchildren to mourn her loss.

The interment was in the family lot at Atkinson, N. H. A committal service was held at the grave by Rev. Mr. Merrill; "Sometime we'll understand" was sung by members of the quartette, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Tuthill."

Although quiet and unassuming in manner, Mrs. Mason always had a smile of welcome for her friends, and especially for those in the Mission family, in whose hearts she had won a place for herself.

Mrs. Mason loved the Mission, and as she looked forward to going to her New Hampshire home for the summer, her one regret was the thought of leaving the meetings.

It is with comfort we recall her last testimony, given in the Sunday afternoon four o'clock service: "I have left all with Him." Truly she was ripe for Heaven! In the last hours of her life Mrs. Mason felt that she was going Home, and sang softly—for voice was failing—"Everylasting life is free; Simply by believing on the Son of God, Everlasting life is free." Her dying message to her children was this: "Live close to God and Jesus."

"Worry? Wave your hand to it. Kiss your finger tips and smile it farewell a little while."

MISSION TIDINGS

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Editors { ------- SARA WRAY
---- FRANK H. MANN

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Vol. X JULY, 1918 No. 7

Do it Now

"If you have a kind word—say it,
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest;
If you owe a kindness—pay it,
Life's sun hurries to the west.

Can you do a kind deed—do it,
From despair some soul to save;
Bless each day as you pass through it,
Marching upward to the grave.

Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then to-day fulfill your vow;
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it—do it now."

Something to Pray About

AT BELLEVUE Hospital the Gospel is faithfully ministered every Sunday. A number of wards are visited regularly, and the patients eagerly look forward to the Gospel meeting, and are much disappointed if for some reason we are not able to come into their ward.

Several new wards have recently been opened up to us: the alcoholic, convalescent and the one in which are the drug addicts. In this latter ward the patients are generally young men; and to minister there has quickened us into a deeper realization of our great responsibility to lift up Jesus Christ, who alone is "able to deliver."

We are especially grateful to the New York Bible Society, through Dr. Carter and Miss Bowne, for supplying us with Gospels in all languages, so that the printed WORD may be freely distributed.

Earnestly we solicit the prayers of all the readers of Mission Tidings that through the Word that is sung and preached many souls may be saved, for His glory.

A. L.

A Cog in the Wheel

Kindness, the gear wheel of humanity, has many cogs—chief among them the cog of cheerfulness. A Christian has no right to say: "I cannot appear cheerful when I do not feel so." Remember, every "heart knoweth his own bitterness," and it is a poor Christian who will embitter other lives with the bitterness wherewith his own heart is embittered.

"I'm but a cog in life's vast wheel,
That daily makes the same old trip;
Yet what a joy it is to feel
That but for me the wheel might slip!
'Tis something after all, to jog
Along, and be a first-class (kind-hearted, cheerful) cog."

On the Level Plain

One of the chief dangers of life is trusting to great occasions. We think that conspicuous events, striking experiences, exalted moments, have most to do with our character and capacity. We are wrong. Common days, monot-

onous hours, wearisome paths, plain old tools, and everyday clothes tell the real story. Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The vision may dawn, the dream may waken, the heart may leap with a new inspiration on some mountain top, but the test, the triumph, is at the foot of the mountain, on the level plain.—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

Under the Stars

Abram sat moodily in his tent! God "brought him forth" beneath the stars. And that is always the line of the Divine leading. He brings us forth out of our small imprisonments and He sets our "feet in a large place." He desires for us height and breadth of view. . . . He wishes us to exchange the tent for the sky, and to live and move in great, spacious thoughts of His purposes and will.

How is it with our love? Is it a thing of the tent or the sky? Does it range over mighty spaces seeking benedictions for a multitude? Or does it dwell in selfish seclusion, imprisoned in merely selfish quest? How is it with our prayers? How big are they? Will a tent contain them, or do they move with the scope and greatness of the heavens? Do they contain just our own families, or is China in them, and India, and "the uttermost parts of the earth"? "Look now toward heaven!" Such must be our outlook if we are the companions of God.—*J. H. Jowett.*

"Trouble's a ton or trouble's an ounce;
Or trouble is what you make it;
And it's not the fact that you're hurt
that counts;
It's only—how did you take it?

Other Friends Gone

Mr. Robert Gibson, for thirty-three years employed as truckman by Baker and Smith, was suddenly killed at the corner of Houston and Varick Sts. May 22nd. The wheels of his truck caught in the tracks, overturning the truck, which fell upon him. He lived but about five minutes after the accident.

Many beautiful flowers, bespeaking the deep sympathy of the firm by whom he was employed—as well as numerous friends, filled the room of his home at 24 Grove St., May 23rd.

The impressive funeral services was at St. Lukes.

To Mrs. Gibson (one of our dear Mothers) and her children, we tender our deepest sympathy, commending her to the God of all comfort, who would say to each one of us, "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Our Friend and brother, Mr. Waldron of New Baltimore, Pa., entered into eternal life in April.

Many will remember his cheerful countenance; the confident way he quoted God's blessed promises, and the beautiful light upon his countenance as he gave his testimony.

For many years he held a responsible position in the Garfield Bank in this City, and came to the Mission whenever opportunity afforded.

Beautiful was his going Home as he sat talking with his daughter, Mrs. P. Thorne, at her home in New Baltimore. Without any pain or any moan his heart failed, and as his daughter ran to him he breathed his last in her arms.

Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to Mrs. Thorne in her grief and loneliness, while at the same time we rejoice with her that her dear Father has entered into rest, where there is

"Light after darkness, Gain after
loss;
Strength after weakness, Crown
after cross;
Sweet after bitter, Hope after
fears,
Home after wandering, Praise after
tears."

What Has Happened Lately

BLESSINGS are manifold at the Eighth Avenue Mission. The Thursday night men's meeting is aways enjoyable, but is no place for "slackers." Our President, Mr. Sleeth, always brings a practical and helpful message which exalts the Lord Jesus Christ, but he is also intensely patriotic and loyal. "For God and Country," is our slogan and Mr. Sleeth's stanch enthusiasm along every line worth while is a constant source of encouragement to give God first place in our hearts, and to give our lives, if need be, for our country.

Night after night the street corner meeting attracts large crowds of people, and not a few fish are caught there. One needs only to be filled with the Spirit to be eligible to speak, sing or pray. A preacher, be he ever so eloquent, is not always the man who reaches the heart of the listener; but the one with the simple, straightforward testimony of what God has wrought in their lives. Even the children with their bright, upturned faces, know when a man or woman is dead in earnest. One Jewish girl about twelve years of age was torn from the crowd one night by her Mother, who wrathfully exclaimed, "Why do you stop to listen to those people? It seems as if you wanted to get all the evil you could!" The child's eyes filled with tears as she said, "Mother, that was beautiful! That man was a drunkard and God has saved him!" Our prayers followed the child that the vision of life beautiful, with Christ within, might not depart from her. Later we found her, and she responded to our invitation and came to the Sunday School; but her Father heard of it, and gave her a beating that she will never forget. Again she ran away to our home, and kneeling, definitely received the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. We advised her to return to her parents and be subject unto them until she was of age, but will you not pray with us that this child may indeed know Jesus as her Messiah as long as she lives, and that her parents may also be saved by believing on Him.

One Thursday evening, when Mr. Sleeth was unable to be present, he sent a capable substitute, Mr. Edward C. Jacobs, from the Newark Y. M. C. A., who brought an uplifting and helpful message regarding the new birth, based on third chapter of John's Gospel. Beautifully woven in was the story of his own conversion a little over three years ago, and deliverance from the thraldom of gambling, prize-fighting and drink. Mr. William Soutar, a clean-cut young man, and a friend of Mr. Jacobs, also gave a thrilling testimony of the power of Christ in his life since he was converted last January. Prayerfully we say, "God bless both these men in their ministry for Him."

Fortunate indeed were we on a recent occasion to listen to Rev. L. D. Ziemer, pastor and evangelist from Mansfield, O., for his address was soul searching from start to finish. With him were four extremely bright, clean, and strong young men, three of whom he had led to Christ. Our hearts were filled with praise for what God had wrought, for one is going as a missionary to the Jews in Palestine, another to the Soudan, and the third to China. It rejoiced our hearts, and must be a source of joy to the Master, to know that in the heydey of youth they have consecrated their lives to His service. From the depths of our hearts we say, "God bless them every one!"

Our testimony meetings are always intensely interesting, and from time to time there are glad surprises. On one occasion a strong, virile appearing fellow stood up and said, "Six months ago I began to come to these meetings, and for fifteen weeks I have been a sober

man! Before that I had never done a stroke of honest work, but lived by dishonest methods: in fact I was lazy; but one night I listened to the singing and testimonies at the street corner, then came in here, and finally surrendered my useless and wasted life to the Lord Jesus Christ. Since then I have found great satisfaction in earning an honest living, and am praising God for a perfect salvation for spirit, soul and body."

We are studying the book of Acts Monday nights with Mr. Alwyn Ball as teacher, which is an unspeakable privilege. Here is a good chance, sisters, to hear Mr. Ball. "A word to the wise is sufficient." That Mr. Ball teaches on Monday nights should be made known to as many as possible for it is a time of uplift, and a source of growth to the body of Christ, of which He is Head.

Our Sunday morning Bible Class, also taught by Mr. Ball, still holds the unswerving interest of the men. Weather nor distance does not prevent the men from convening early to glean the precious truths from the 1st Book of Corinthians which we are now prayerfully considering.

At a recent open air meeting at 24th St. and 8th Ave. a gentleman handed one of our earnest workers a ten dollar bill, and said I have heard a great deal of the good work the Eighth Ave. Mission is doing amongst the poor and helpless and desire to have a share in it." May God bless both gift and giver, and He will, for this is His work, and his seal has been real throughout the years.

Mr. Whitesides, a minister of the Gospel who has been preaching the riches of Jesus to the prisoners in the jails at Pittsburg, Pa., and who is also connected with the Christian Alliance, was one of our welcome visitors not long ago. He had two hours to wait for his train for Pittsburg, and thought the time would go swiftly and pleasingly at the Mission. He said he was well repaid for coming as he had been blessed and strengthened by the encheartening singing and soul-stirring testimonies. Let us continue praying for Mr. Whitesides' corner of the vineyard.

Our own dear Mrs. Boyle has come in lately and cheered and gladdened our hearts with her sweet solos, so full of the grace and power of the Lord Jesus Christ to save and to keep. May God continue to bless, guide, guard and enrich our dear sister's life, and give her many stars in the crown she will so gladly lay at His dear feet.

It rejoices all our hearts to hear from Capt. Wm. N. Noble from time to time. He is surely doing his "bit" for God and Country in the service of Uncle Sam, in a responsible position in one of the government shipyards. He is out and out for Jesus, and in his busy life often finds time to say a 'Guid word for Jesus." Although often tempted and tried our dear brother is proving the all sufficiency of our Lord to make him more than conqueror. God bless him and make him a blessing is our earnest prayer.

The new choruses, taught by Miss Scott, go with a snap and a vim which breathes of untiring earnestness in the cause of the Master; and we thank God for the words and music that tell the story of love redeeming, and for all His consecrated musicians as well.

Brother Cummings was found at his post every night, leading the singing when our dear Superintendent was ill. Mr. Cummings' desire to see souls saved is stimulating, and many men and women have responded to his earnest entreaty and accepted Jesus as their personal Saviour. To Him be the glory!

Harry Haines has been privileged,

and wonderfully blessed of God, in his work done in the Master's name at the Naval Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn; the receiving ships—Morse and Adrionack in the Brooklyn Navy Yard; also at Port Jay, N. Y., Fort Slocum, N. Y., Camp Merrit, N. J., Camp Dix, N. J., Camp Alfred Vail, N. J., and Camp Upton, N. Y. Mr. Haines' plain, simple story of the love and power of Jesus Christ is being wonderfully used of God to bring men, in the service, to Himself.

We wish to thank our friends who faithfully stand with us in the open-air work. It is one of the most fruitful fields for the Master. Come out, absent ones, and as you help others it will revert upon yourself in greater blessing.

When Miss Wray was ill we felt that no one could fill her place; but we found that God was faithful, and while no one *could* fill *her* place, each had their own place in the Master's vineyard and God's presence was manifested all the time. Our dear brother Winant, one of the Directors, graciously gave out God's word with no uncertain sound Saturday and Sunday nights, and his originality was both pleasing and helpful. The old time songs (which Miss Wray previously taught us, and which have helped us in time of temptation and stress) were revived, and many, tired and weary after a busy week, found rest and refreshment in the different services.

Mr. Frank Mann, our Vice President, out of his busy life, comes Tuesday evenings to bring us good tidings of cheer and consolation. Grand as are all his addresses, the one delivered June fourth bore immediate fruit in heart-searching and knee-bending. Mr. Mann said, "As I seached for a message for you tonight, God spoke to my own heart, and my words will be more from my own experience than anything else." "What is the greatest need in my own life," was the question Mr. Mann asked himself, and the answer was: "My greatest need is a more personal, vital, quiet confident communion with God, through Jesus Christ." Honest testimony after this soul-stirring sermon revealed that this was the greatest need in all our lives, and we know of many instances where concentration, confidence and communion have been increased because of Mr. Mann's talk—from his heart.

The Friday night meetings are replete with blessing, and the Gospel, straight from the Book, can be understood as it is elucidated by Mr. Schluenzen, one of the Directors, and Mr. Cranston, a veteran in the service of the King. A word of appreciation is due Mr. Schluenzen also for his helpful interpretation of the Book—in Miss Wray's absence—at the Wednesday Bible Chapter Summary Class.

May 12th, Mother's Day, Mr. Winant tenderly spoke of the mother of Jacob and Moses, and then of Timothy's good mother and grand-mother, Eunice and Lois. One of the beautiful things Mr. Winant said concerning mothers was "My conception of a good mother is one who tells her children about the Lord Jesus Christ." In the testimony meeting which followed a number of God's children were on their feet at once, and praised God for praying mothers who told them of the Lord.

A Welsh Y. M. C. A. man was in the audience a few nights ago, and gave a splendid testimony, saying, "I am a stranger in this City; but this meeting has been a great uplift to me. A few years ago I was three-hundred miles from home, and Oh, so homesick! I sought a place of worship, but could not find that for which my heart hungered; but in blessed contrast tonight is this Mission, and I feel that I am indeed in a soul saving atmosphere, and thank God for it."

Saturday evening, May 18th, we rejoiced to see Mr. Adams (whom we loving known as "the Cricket") with

us again. There was a chorus of "Amens" in response to Mr. Adams' "Bless the Lord!" which always precedes his testimony. On account of severe illness Mr. Adams had not been able to attend the meetings since early last winter, but God in answer to believing prayer has raised him up, and we use his own words when we say, "That I may go on telling how God can save poor old drunks."

From a Western Y. M. C. A. came Mr. H. W. Lewis the other night, and most thrilling was his testimony. Six years before God had saved him, after the devil had robbed him of everything, and had wonderfully prospered him. With spontaneous and refreshing gratitude, Mr. Lewis was leaving all: wife, children and a good home, that he might go to France and tell the boys "over there" that "Jesus saves," and "His blood cleanseth from all sin."

Rev. Mr. Daly of the Marble Collegiate church addressed us one Saturday night in June. Mr. Daly introduced himself to the people as one of the Fifth Avenue ministers, but, said he, "We need the gospel the same as those on Eleventh Ave." His text was Romans 12: 2, 3: "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," etc.

Reverently he spoke of the great condescension of God to call us "brethren," and to beseech——to come and beg us to present our bodies, and it was a soul-stirring appeal to reasonble minds from start to finish.

Although an extremely hot night the hall was well filled.

A charming old lady, past three-score years and ten, sat on the platform one Sunday evening in June. She was none other than Miss Jennie Smith, National Railroad Evangelist, Washington, D. C. When a child she was converted—against her parents wishes. Forty years ago she was carried through this City a helpless cripple, but while present at a physical convention in Dayton, Ohio, God gave her a wonderful vision of Himself, and His power to heal. Although she had not been able to walk for sixteen years, she put her faith in the Great Physician, and was healed, in answer to prayer, in one night's time. Since then she has been proclaiming to thousands, God's miraculous power to save and to heal, and many precious souls have been saved in return. Miss Smith emphasized the necessity of obedience to God and His desire to make us free children in Christ Jesus.

Prominent members of The Business Men's Brigade gave us a pleasant surprise one Tuesday evening. They said they had received much enheartenment from Mr. Mann's message, but they left with us an uplift also which will not soon be forgotten. Adjt. G. H. Cook from Newark sang some solos with his usual clear enunciation, and appealing fervor. Mr. James Phyfe, from Chestercrest (but whom we feel belongs to us also, so many friends has he amongst us) spoke with such earnestness that we all received a fresh glimpse of the Saviour, not only mighty to save and to keep, but Almighty in His power to make the countenance shine forth the peace and joy that His presence brings. Mr. John Uncles, from East Orange, with a big rich voice, sang with such telling effect that it elicited this exclamation in open meeting: "Mr. Uncles certainly has a 'peach' of a voice!"

"Come over some night and help us in the open air service." And, best of all, he promised that he would. Mr. J. B. Brokaw, another man whom God has honored with a wonderful testimony, was also present, and told a story which seemed unbelievable. He said a few years ago he was begging five cents on the streets of New York, and lived a decidedly up and down life; but now God had saved him. Good, he looked the part!

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

THERE is in our hearts a hymn of gratitude and praise to God for settling our dear needy tiny tots in his really ideal spot for a long season of rest, and giving them the opportunity of building up their delicate bodies so that they may become strong healthy women and in due season find a place in His vineyard where they may become a blessing to others.

It is not necessary to go into detail of the many problems that had to be overcome or the endless labor of finding a suitable place and getting things in order, but it is very important to tell how we felt in a very miraculous way the presence of God at every step we took; making the work, not work but a privilege and pleasure. Were this not so we could not have had the strength or the courage to have stood the tests that, as children of God, were our daily portion.

But thank God here we are in one of the most beautiful spots on Long Island. Out in the woods, yet near enough to the village for shopping and maketing. The house is wonderfully adapted for the work, being equipped with our own furniture and having large airy rooms flooded with sunlight. The children have a playroom in a grove of trees where from early morning until night you can see them at play from all the windows in the house. We have been especially blessed in securing helpers competent to take care of the portion of the work allotted to them while they themselves are in need of the rest and peace that the place affords.

The blessed task of finding just the children who need the food, air, rest that this home plans to provide is the part of the work that has been especially committed to the tender care of the loving Savior who always reached out to the lambs of His flock, and in selecting the children we know we have made no mistake.

These children of our own Mission and neighborhood come from homes where the problem of living has overtaxed our brave mothers and not only are these dear mothers being helped and rested and relieved from the responsibility of watching these tiny ones during the great white heat that overtakes us in midsummer but have the satisfaction of knowing their children will be returned to them happy, well, and strong in the Fall.

We hope to reach out to fifty of the children during the summer, keeping them in groups of from twelve to fifteen at a time. We have splendidly equipped playgrounds with three swings holding six at a time, a great big screened porch with a swinging hammock where the smallest can sleep, and these children seem to need sleep more than anything else. Some of them the first days after their arrival sleep eighteen hours out of the twenty-four but it is wonderful to see their strength coming to them hour by hour, their little faces growing round and rosy as the good food and fresh air begin to do its work of healing.

Our dear Miss Wray accompanied by her young friend Miss Sadie Blakeborough spent an entire day with us. This precious work is very close to the heart of our superintendent and as she went over the house from garret to cellar helping us at every step with her suggestions and advice, our only regret was her health prevents her with her many other imperative duties from giving us more of her time; but as she assures us her prayers and thoughts fol-

low us moment by moment, and we are in very closest touch with her through letter and telephone and from time to time we hope to have her here because we need her. We are most earnestly praying God to open the door before the close of the summer, to give us a place of our own so as to eliminate in the future so many tiresome details of starting anew each season, although we believe we have needed just the experience and discipline we have gone through in the past. Truly the back is fitted to the burden and God will not withhold one good thing from those who serve Him faithfully in the hard places and where the eye of man does not see the bitterness and hard struggles of those who pilot this precious little bark, so we are praising and thanking Him every moment for what He is permitting us to do these days when the world is all in confusion.

It is on our hearts now to thank with all our hearts those who have supplied our children with clothing and we never open the doors of our clothes press that our eyes do not fill with grateful tears for this real labor of love. We have such a splendid stock of simple dainty dresses that our little ones can really be kept spotless at small expense. We send all our laundry out of the house to avoid the confusion of washday and they are returned to us rough dry so that the ironing is a simple problem to solve with willing competent hands to do the work. It has been a great relief to the mothers to have the children dressed by the Mission as material this year has grown to prohibitive prices and caring for the clothing of children of school age is about all that can be accomplished in the dressing line. May God abundantly bless those who have so lovingly contributed to the needs of the work in this direction.

A number of the citizens of Freeport have called upon us and some have very kindly entertained the children as it is the custom of this kindly town to invite the soldiers to tea Sunday nights and the children seem to be in demand as entertainers; the soldiers many of whom are far from home take a deep interest in our babies and really many of them are but that themselves, being away from their mothers for the first time in their lives. We are planning a little entertainment for the soldiers ourselves sometime during the Summer as we feel convinced bringing them in touch with our tiny tots will help them and be a keen pleasure to recall when they are called to the trenches. It will be interesting to know that we are in a very isolated restful place at least five minutes walk from our nearest neighbor thus giving the children the opportunity of having perfect freedom, and it is a sight to make one grow young again to see them romping in the daisy fields, the soft breezes blowing about, the birds singing, and the wild flowers growing at their feet. Thus they will pass the long summer away from the congested streets, away from disease, away from evil influences. Do you wonder we are singing with joy that God has not only raised up generous friends to make the work possible but has chosen the humble workers in the Mission to be not only co-workers with Him but servants to the very precious lambs of His flock, for after all the servant of all is the greatest of all.

"God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite;
To change their course, retard their onward way,
Nor wind nor wave hath might.
"Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait
E'er they can come to port. And if it be
The tide is low, then how canst thou expect
The treasure ship to see?"

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

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sp. 2

Volume 10. Number 8

Mission Tidings

August 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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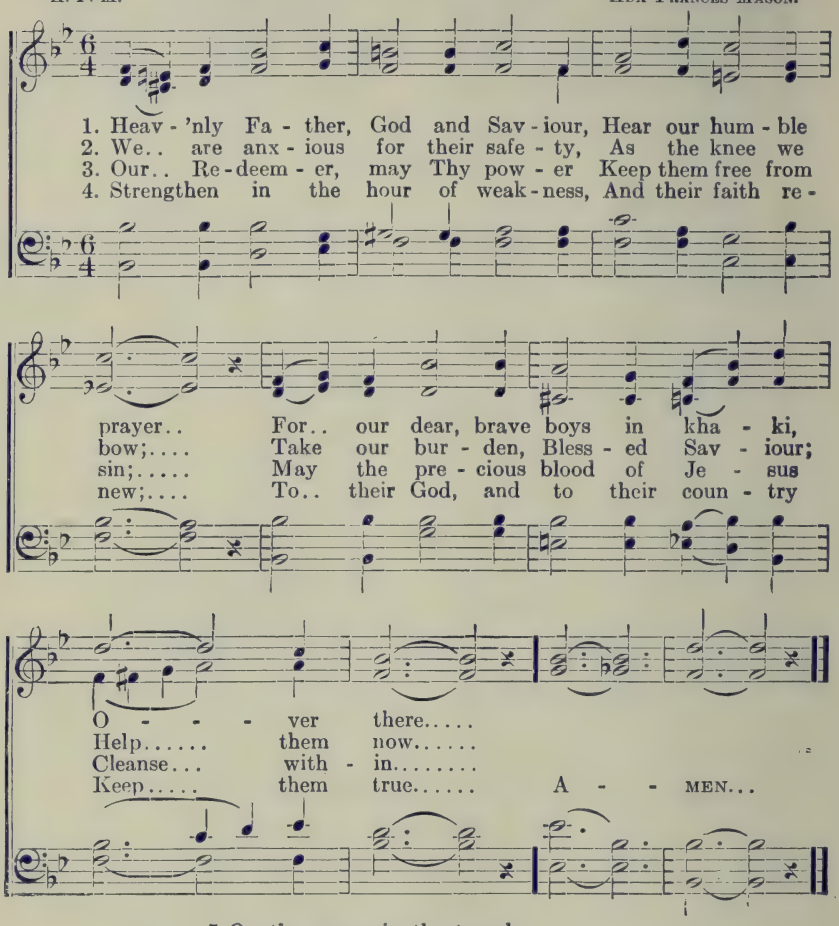
A Prayer for "Our Boys."

A. F. M. ADA FRANCES MASON.


1. Heav - 'nly Fa - ther, God and Sav - iour, Hear our hum - ble
2. We.. are anx - ious for their safe - ty, As the knee we
3. Our.. Re - deem - er, may Thy pow - er Keep them free from
4. Strengthen in the hour of weak - ness, And their faith re -
prayer.. For.. our dear, brave boys in kha - ki,
bow;.... Take our bur - den, Bless - ed Sav - iour;
sin;..... May the pre - cious blood of Je - sus
new;.... To.. their God, and to their coun - try
O - - - ver there.....
Help..... them now.....
Cleanse... with - in.....
Keep..... them true..... A - - MEN...

5 On the ocean, in the trenches,
With them there abide;
Keep them ever when in danger
At Thy side.

6 When they think of home and Mother,
Cheer their loneliness;
May their upward look be steadfast
In distress.

7 Send them back unharmed, O Father,
If it be Thy will;
But, if not, make Thy salvation
Very real. AMEN.

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For extra copies of music, address Miss Mason, 290 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1918 No. 8

A Personal Testimony

ROME, N. Y., was my birthplace, and naturally throughout the years has occupied a sacred place in my memory.

Fortunate indeed was I to be brought up by a fine Christian mother who prayerfully guided my young feet to church and Sunday School. Her upward walk was not always an easy one for my father was not a Christian; but under all circumstances my mother was steadfast and true.

Although my mother gave God first place in her life, and spiritual training precedence, she was also keenly alert to the necessity of mental development as well, giving me an academic course, supplemented also by careful training in a commercial college. However, I was a typical country boy with wonderful dreams of the outside world, which with all the intensity of my nature I wanted to see.

About ten years ago this desire was gratified for I came to New York City, and saw all sides of life, but the recompense was not satisfaction.

As I was a retail furnishing salesman I tried to get a position in that line, but to my surprise I found that about all the people here in that business were Jews who preferred to employ people of their own nationality.

The first question they asked was if I had had any New York City experience. I certainly had had plenty of experiences in New York City (but not all along business lines) however, as I was determined to secure a position, hopefully I told them just what I could do, but to no effect for again and again I was turned down. In desperation I told one man I would come in and work for him a week, and he could pay me what he thought I was worth. Do you think he consented? No, indeed! He would not give me a chance! Believe me! (excuse my slang) I felt like telling him where to get off!

Realizing at last that I did not have a ghost of a chance to get in on my own line, I took what I could get; turned to other lines, and made good until I began to lose my hearing. My battles then began in earnest! From that time on all the money I could earn (over and above my expenses) was expended for scientific treatment, hoping to regain my hearing, but with little encouraging results.

It is hard enough to get along in this world if one has the possession of all their faculties; but handicapped by deafness one is seriously hampered.

At one time I was so deaf I could not talk to people, and all the diversion I had was to read, or go to the movies, which was a great cross to me for I always enjoyed mingling with people, and trying to have a good time.

Finally I got to the place where I could not see any future for myself for I could not take the positions which were offered for advancement, consequently I was getting thoroughly disheartened and discouraged: tired of everything and everybody!

In addition to this I received a de-

spatch about a year ago, saying that my dear mother had been called Home to her Father in Heaven. When I read it I said to myself: "Now I have nothing to live for!"

Not long after, while living in New Jersey, I received a letter from my brother, Capt. Noble, saying that he had accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. I surely did not know

RALPH H. NOBLE.

what to make of it; nevertheless I was glad, and when I saw him, and the great change God had wrought in his life, I was more than glad.

After that, every letter he wrote me contained an invitation to The Eighth Avenue Mission, saying he would be there. I did not care anything about the Mission then (Thank God I do today), but I wanted to see him, so I accepted the challenge.

The first night I came the only thing that impressed me was the pretty, catchy hymns, but they set me thinking. The meeting was really so enjoyable that I kept coming, and kept thinking (especially of the wonderful change accepting the Lord Jesus Christ had made in my own brother), until I began to wonder if God would do the same for me.

To make a long story short, I determined to give God a chance, and definitely asked Him to forgive my sins for Jesus' sake. O how glad I am that I took this step for power divine has made a new man out of me, too, and in my heart is unspeakable peace, joy and happiness which only comes by believing on the Son of God.

My heart is just filled with thanksgiving because my life is brighter than it ever was before, for "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day:" that glorious day when I shall see Him face to face; and also my dear mother, whose prayers have been answered, because the Captain and I are lined up for glory.

RALPH H. NOBLE.

A Birthday Party

JUNE tenth was a night of storm and stress. Rain was falling heavily and steadily; everything out of doors was soaked, yet everything in the Eighth Avenue Mission was bright and cheery.

Surprisingly many had gathered just to rejoice with our dear young sister, Miss Eva Staubach, and congratulate her upon the seventh year of her conversion.

Refreshing indeed was Miss Staubach's simple and unaffected testimony. Miss Staubach was brought up in church and Sunday school, yet God had to definitely deal with her for her Christian life was the average one of the formalities of religion.

Dissatisfaction was the result; but God in great love sent into her life a dear Christian girl who invited her to the Eighth Avenue Mission. When He spoke to Miss Staubach's heart, through the hymns, the Word and testimonies, she was so yearning for something that would satisfy her longing heart that she yielded her life to the Lord Jesus Christ, to find that He

could and *did* satisfy, even the longings of a young girl, and from that night she went forth to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

Strange to say it was the testimony of redeemed drunkards and former outcasts that impressed Miss Staubach the most (she who had no act or part in such things) but they revealed the mighty love and power of God in giving lost humanity such a great salvation, and in this she did desire a part, so that she immediately surrendered her young life to Jesus, and for seven years has been a big blessing and help in the Mission Sunday School, where many young girls have been led to the Saviour through her faithful teaching and example.

That she has grown in "grace and in knowledge" through the years is evidenced by the fact that she is ever ready to sing in the open-air service; sell Mission Tidings, deal with the lost; or do anything she can for the Master.

Hearty and sincere were the congratulations tendered Miss Staubach; and the blessed words of our dear Superintendent as she spoke so feelingly and fervently of her consecrated life, wishing her much fruit for her serving, found an echo in every heart.

Just as a great dynamo is the light of a city, Christ is the Light of the World, and he can, and does shine through the bulb of our human lives. God grant He may always shine through Miss Staubach's life is our earnest prayer.

H. H.

Apple Blossoms

God might have clothed the apple trees
In scentless brown or gray,
Such frail and fleeting blossoming
So soon to pass away.

Instead of this, fair springtime garb
Of fragrant pink and pearl
That flutters down like rosy snow
On every breeze a-whirl.

His goodness gives the pleasant fruit
On laden boughs down-bent;
His loving kindness adds the bloom
Its beauty and its scent.

He loads us with His benefits
Until no want we know,
And then He sends the little more
That makes our cup o'erflow.

He opens wide His hand of love,
He gives no stingy dole;
His tender mercies crown our days,
O bless the Lord, my soul.

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT.

Our Sunday School Outing

FROM crowded tenement, congested neighborhood, and treeless streets, came mothers and children to the Mission at 8:30, June 29th. Of course, the children predominated for it was the day of the annual Sunday School outing, and although the morning was a bit cold and sunless, nevertheless their ardor was not dampened, and they were all believing that in answer to prayer God would send sunshine into their Garden of Eden—at Van Cortlandt Park, where it was arranged to spend the day.

Superintendent Huston, with his efficient co-workers, had perfected every detail so that all were ready to start at nine o'clock. The mothers, with young babies in their arms, and others, unable to walk any distance, took the trolley to their destination, but the stronger contingent merrily wended their way to the subway, and young—and those perhaps older, but feeling young—had a gala trip, singing hymns of praise, and with bright faces and happy voices unconsciously made glad the day for others.

With unabated enthusiasm the company took possession of the "Apple Orchard," and immediately entered into the full enjoyment of fresh air, the shade of beautiful trees, and the rest which the convenient benches afforded.

God did indeed speedily answer prayer, for He not only preserved from all evil the precious company, as Mr. Huston petitioned before leaving the Mission, but He sent the sunshine to pour its invigorating rays upon tired mothers, and little babies who looked in wonder at the unwonted scene and played contentedly on the green grass.

At the lunch hour, Mr. Huston called everyone to order, and then happily rang out the doxology "Praise God from whom all blessing flow." Mrs. Bater, one of the beloved teachers, invoked the divine blessing and then, O wondrous sight! mysterious packages were opened and dancing children actually stood on one foot so eager were they to get, as soon as possible, a taste of sandwich, cake, and delectable appetizers, which in many instances it had cost hard self-denial for days to procure. As usual, there were not a few children whose lunches would not satisfy their hunger, for their parents had not been able to give them anything but "a hunk of bread"; but the watchful missionary noted all these, and the sandwiches, prayerfully packed the day before, left nothing to be desired. Oh, yes there was, for now generous pieces of ice cream were being handed out gratuitously, and milk was flowing freely also, so that one and all were regaled to the overflowing point!

Mrs. Bater, chairman of the game committee, permitted not a tedious moment, but with wonderful tact, introduced games throughout the day which were enthusiastically enjoyed by all those who cared to be participants. There were potato and lemon races, with beautiful prizes for the winning contestants which made the strenuous exercise worth while.

From start to finish it was a "perfect day", and many hearts thanked God for it, while they congratulated Mr. Huston on the marvellous way every detail had been conducted, and his efficient committees, Miss Bater, Mr. Wilcox, Miss Staubach, Mr. Evans and many others for their untiring efforts to make it a success.

Late in the afternoon the children reluctantly prepared to return to their respective homes, yet with glad reminiscences of the happiness they had enjoyed, and glad anticipation of another outing next year—if the Lord wills.

The Stay

I see Him when the breaking dawn
  Recalls the laggard soul from rest;
I hear Him in the starry night,
  When Silence comes to be my guest.

His voice breathes low in early spring
  When frost chains break and March
    winds fail,
When larkspur and anemones
  Awake to life in every vale.

When sorrow calls to lonely paths,
  When Heaven lures our loved away,
His voice still speaks—how quietly!
  And utters words no tongue can say.

With Him my Stay, I cannot fall;
  In spirit stress and battle shock
I still shall trust Him, Lord of life,
  Amid the tides a mighty Rock.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Mothers' Outing

JULY tenth, the day of the annual outing for our mothers, dawned clear and bright, while so much blue sky was visible that old and young could venture forth without a qualm of apprehension. Of course there were interesting prognostications the previous night as mothers, grandmothers, children and maidens peered anxiously into the darkness looking for stars. O joy! one was visible, then it disappeared! Finally one, big, bright and translucent, shone forth with Bethlehem splendor, so that one could confidently sleep until dawn, and then rejoice to see the children clap their

hands with glee to see God's sunshine majestic in the heavens, while cool zephyrs promised comfort throughout the day.

Happy faces, the criterion of light hearts, beamed upon our Superintendent as she greeted the company which had gathered in the Mission. Exceedingly picturesque was the group, representing so many walks of life: A sweet soloist holding someone's little boy upon her lap; a dainty maiden loaded down with lunch boxes, wraps, etc.; here an old lady, over eighty years of age, looking quite young at the prospect of a long ride; there another seventy-nine years old, a bit timid at the thought of her first entrance into an automobile, nevertheless, on the qui vive for the venture; while tired mothers, who had not had a ride for a year, cradled their infants tenderly in their arms and awaited with glad anticipation the momentous hour of starting.

As the finest automobiles rolled up to the door no wonder eyes grew larger, and color stole into the cheeks of some who for months had looked haggard and worn.

It surely was a sight to rejoice the heaviest heart to see, first the elderly ladies comfortably seated in a beautiful Packard; then, the mothers, with their babies and children occupying every available space in many other splendid cars, which had been cheerfully donated by philanthropic companies, well-to-do friends and people who were glad to do something for the Lord Jesus Christ and the Eighth Avenue Mission.

The crowd had so augmented, however, that it was found that other cars must be requisitioned, and President Sleeth, in an incredibly short space of time, had other companies on the wire, which resulted in speedily having enough for superintendent, workers and all.

The long ride to Van Cortlandt Park was healthful and invigorating, to say the least; while flowers, lake, velvety grass, welcome shade and green trees never looked more inviting.

For a time the crowd sank upon benches and grass, seemingly too happy for activity; but after taking in deep breaths of ozone, and minutely noting the beauty of God's green earth, delightful games were introduced for old and young, which were entered into with zest, and commanded unabated interest (as prizes were awarded winning contestants), until late in the afternoon when the alignment of automobiles again dominated undivided attention, and the grateful mothers thanked the superintendent for an exceedingly happy day, and then, comfortably established behind a capable chauffeur, flew down Millionaires Drive, past the Palisades and Riverside Drive to their unpretentious homes, facing again another weary year of toil over the hot kitchen stove, if strength and life continued. However, *this* day, so full of restfulness, fresh air, sunshine, nourishing food, ice cream and good rich milk, had done much to mitigate, and had been an oasis in the desert, for which we all thank God, for "Every good and perfect gift *is* from above."

Being perplexed, I say,
Lord make it right!
Night is as day to Thee,
Darkness is light.
I am afraid to touch
Things that involve so much;
My trembling hand may shake,
My skilless hand may break:
Thine can make no mistake.

Do well the little things now; so shall great things come to thee by and by, asking to be done.

—Persian Proverb.

When thou hast thanked thy God
For every blessing sent,
What time will then remain
For murmurs or lament?

—*Richard Chenevix French.*

MISSION TIDINGS

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The Eighth Avenue Mission
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By the year One Dollar in advance.
10 cents per copy

Editors { ------- SARA WRAY
---- FRANK H. MANN

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Vol. X AUGUST, 1918 No. 8

A Call of Intercession

Earnestly pray that our beloved superintendent may speedily regain health and strength while under the doctor's orders for a complete rest.

A great and overpowering temptation has confronted one who has been steadfast and true. Will you earnestly pray that this cloud may be lifted; that God's Word and the Master's presence may be desired above anything the world can give, and that there may be victory ,"For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord."

From the Far West comes the request for the conversion of a man whose wife has faith in God, and in our prayers. "He is faithful who promised," let us be faithful in intercession.

A request comes from New Jersey that two brothers by the name of Anderson, who have gone "over there" from Ridgefield Park, may be garrisoned by the 91st Psalm and by our prayers.

Pray that a young man, his wife and five children, may seek and find the Lord Jesus. In this way every urgent need of their lives will be met—for God's promise is true: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Pray for a young man who fell into sin, and ran away from home several years ago. His praying mother is dead, but a Christian sister hopes for his redemption and his return.

Pray for a bereaved family on Eighth Avenue whose son has been "over the top," and after several battles, fell a victim of pneumonia. Another son is still in France; and all need to know the Saviour as their Redeemer and Friend.

Let us be loyal and steadfast in our intercession for our own boys who have gone "over there"—or are on the way.

Pray for each meeting before you come to the Mission. "Take time to be holy;" then see God work.

A heart-breaking appeal comes from an anxious mother at Jersey City, requesting that we will earnestly pray that her sons may be saved by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ; also that the one in France may be preserved from shot and shell, if it be God's will, and that the one at home, twenty-two years of age, who is suffering from nervous collapse, may be restored mentally and physically.

Pray that a physician and his wife, both professing Christians, may be possessing ones; that God's house will be

sought, instead of amusement on the Sabbath Day, and that the Sunday newspaper and other literature may not push out the reading of the Word, and prayer. The old time religion is good enough for them.

Our Honor Roll

The twenty-four stars on our service flag represent twenty-four brave boys facing the inevitable, and if need be, ready to die for God and their country. Their names, given below, are a call to believing prayer. As members of the Mission family, shall we not, individually and collectively, be faithful in our intercession in their behalf?

Rowland Beattie, 2 M. Corps, A. E. F., France.
Harold N. Bater, 408 Tele. Batt. San Detach., A. E. F., France.
Sgt. John C. Maurer, 8 Co. 2nd M. M. S. C., A. E. F., France.
Harry Polson, Co. E, 305 Inf., A. E. F., France.
James Jones, Provisional Corps, A. E. F., France.
John S. Ball, American Red Cross, France.
John Sivewright, Ambulance Corps, France.
V. Burgess, 302 F. A., A. E. F., France.
Harry Barnes, 20th Batt., B. E. F., France.
Sgt. J. Sherwood, 165 Inf., A. E. F., France.
Sgt. Ira Thomas, 165 Inf., A. E. F., France.
George H. Gray, 2080074, 42 Batt., R. H. C., B. E. F. Can., France.
Gloster Gosselin, U. S. Navy Radio School, Harvard College.
Corporal Frank L. Horton, U. S. Marine Corps, 49 Co., Paris Island, S. C.
Sgt. Leroy Anderson, Supply Corps, F. A., Fort Wadsworth.
Joseph Chervenansky, 10 Co. Recruit Receiving, Fort Hancock, Ga.
George Coan, Scary, W. Va., Selective Draft.
Charles W. Haight, 16 Co., Fort Wood, N. Y.
Robert Swanson, Coxswain Federal Rendegvan, Brooklyn, N. Y.
A. Anderson, U. S. Navy in training.
William Smillie, 32 Co. 8th Batt., Camp Upton, N. Y.
Howard Coyzens, 25 Co., Fort Slocum, N. Y.
F. R. Willey, Y. M. C. A., France.
H. W. Lewis, Y. M. C. A., Paris, France.

Daily Strength

Day by day the manna fell;
Oh to learn this lesson well;
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of today

Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill
Not my own—my Father's will.

Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot;
Anxious, busy cares away,
I'm provided for today.

Oh to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude.

JOSIAH CONDER.

Answered Prayer

"Come up stairs," said an anxious mother as we remembered her in our daily visitation. Her brow was unclouded for she was too young for corrugations, but her eyes filled with tears as she nervously pulled at our sleeve, silently demonstrating her desire to have something accomplished without delay.

"I am so glad you came," she continued, "for my children are desperately ill! The baby, two years old, has measles, and with her the danger point has passed; but my four year old boy has measles and pneumonia together. For three days he has been lying motionless, and the doctor says—" She could not finish, but struggled bravely for self-control. We understood, however, that even the doctor had grave fears that the little man might not recover.

It was a neat, light and tidy chamber into which we were ushered, and the baby looked very comfortable in her white crib; nevertheless she was restless and fretful, proving that the rash, generously sprinkled over hands and face, was really making her very uncomfortable.

In the big bed, in close juxtaposition, was the four year old boy, the rash but dimly visible on face and neck, indicative of the fight the doctor had had to bring it out at all, while his short respirations revealed serious complications.

True it was that he lay as one lifeless, save that his blue eyes moved from his mother's face to that of the missionary as she knelt and told him that she was going to ask Jesus to make him better.

Remembering that Jesus loved little children, with assurance these precious ones were committed to His divine power and love, while the petitioners resolved to believe for a speedy answer.

The next morning their faith was rewarded by the news that the children were both better; and it was a beautiful sight to see the mother enter the Mission the following week, the baby in her arms, and say: "I came to the Mothers' Meeting this afternoon to thank God publicly for answering prayer, and restoring my children to health."

Nothing to Pay

Nothing to pay! Ah, nothing to pay!
Never a word of excuse to say!
Year after year thou hast filled the score,
Owing thy Lord still more and more.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Ruined, lost, art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt."

Nothing to pay! The debt is so great;
What will you do with the awful weight?
How shall the way of escape be made?
Nothing to pay! yet it must be paid!
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
All has been put to my account,
I have paid the full amount."

Nothing to pay; yes, nothing to pay!
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free!
Now I ask thee, lovest thou Me?"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

What Has Happened Lately

DARK and gloomy was a recent Monday evening as the rain descended in torrents, and people entered the Mission bedraggled and wet; but inside the aspect changed for The Eighth Avenue Mission was indeed "cozy, clean and bright," while the Spirit of God was wonderfully manifested in the sacredness of the way the hymns were sung; the awe and reverence that crept into the voices of those who prayed, and the earnestness of those who were led to give their testimony.

Mr. Alwyn Ball leads the Monday evening meetings, and his lucid interpretation of the Word is attracting many to hear him, while to all these meetings have proved to be a tower of strength.

Into one of our meetings came a young man who said: "I am in dreadful doubt! How am I to know the Bible is true?" As we looked at him, in the heydey of youth, a prayer went up from the depths of our heart for help. The answer came quickly, and was in God's Word. As Miss Wray once said: "Jesus is the answer to every need." If you find anyone in doubt, dear Reader, invite them to hear Mr. Ball, or some of our other Bible teachers, and as the Scriptures are prayerfully interpreted, all doubts will disappear, for "The entrance of thy words giveth light."

Surely we were justly proud of our Vice President, Mr. Frank H. Mann, when Tuesday evening, June 18th, he announced that of necessity he would be with us only a short time as he purposed to sacrifice friends, position, and life, if need be, in the cause of his country. He is to prepare during the summer for the duties of an artillery officer in the United States Army.

Mrs. Hugh Roberts and Mrs. Robertson, of Jersey City, N. J., both ably qualified to understand Mothers and their problems, came over to address the Mothers of our neighborhood, as they convened, as usual, one Wednesday afternoon, and their interpretation and application of God's word was most helpful to all those who were privileged to hear them. Mrs. Roberts also helped with her talent for music at the piano, and Mrs. Cleveland, our consecrated and sweet vocalist, sang uplifting hymns which strengthened many who had come in for help and encouragement.

Mrs. Bater, one of our active workers, is visiting friends at Milton, Mass., for the months of July and August. We miss her much at the open-air services, Mothers' meetings (where she often gives a helpful message) and in the Sunday School; but we are confident that our loss is someone's gain, and trust the recuperation may mean much to her and her young daughter, Hope, who is with her.

Miss Mary T. Thomas came back from her vacation at East Northful full of enthusiasm, and with radiant face. One and all were glad to welcome her return for her testimony in the evening meetings is always enheartening, and her talks to the Mothers who come to the Wednesday afternoon meeting (as well as her songs of praise) were missed in her absence.

The Men's Bible Class continues to rejoice under the leadership of Jesus Christ. Mr. Alwyn Ball is most faithful in expounding the Words of Life, and has foregone his vacation to be with us throughout the summer. One Sunday morning, when he was unable to be present, he provided a capable substitute, even Mr. H. P. Raud, from Russia, whose exposition of the Scripture was deep, helpful and comforting, affording us an appreciable uplift on our journey Home.

One morning a man came into the Bible class who openly declared that he was "trying to pull down the Bible." He was informed that satan had also been trying to do the same thing for centuries; but the Word had not passed away. Our leader has marvellous Christian tact in meeting every question, and suggestion of criticism, from the Book, so that no man can refute it. Men, come to the Bible Class; for study of the Word of God equips one with eternal wisdom and power. The Bible has restrained more crime than all the police officials of the world for it portrays Jesus—the hope of the world; who has "all power, in heaven and in earth."

Monday and Wednesday evenings are also devoted to much Bible study, and have also been conducted by Mr. Ball, or some exceptionally good substitute. The Book of Acts, considered

on Monday; and the Book of John, under prayerful contemplation Wednesdays, has brought profit and blessing to each listener.

Mr. Schluenzen's messages Tuesday evenings, and Mr. Cranston's on Friday, are full of the Gospel, and never fail to call believers to be ready for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. On two recent Tuesday nights, in the absence of Director Schluenzen, Mr. Harry Haines was pressed into service. The first night he brought a helpful message from the 40th Psalm: "I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh upon me." At the close two knelt at the mercy seat and were saved by faith in Jesus' blood. The second night the 11th chapter of Hebrews was the selection. As he spoke of Rahab, who was lifted out of the depths into the royal line of Israel, one dear woman came forward and gave herself to Jesus, going out with the assurance of forgiveness of all sin. Nearly every night souls are born again.

The Saturday night meetings are crowded. Mr. Winant brings a message of love and encouragement that helps one to face the cares and problems of daily life. Mr. Winant also addresses the audience Sunday evenings, and as he reads the Scripture from Weymouth's translation, it has proved of inestimable benefit and blessing.

The Fourth of July patriotic meeting, led by President Sleeth, was a great success. Mr. Sleeth spoke eloquently about the man at the Pool of Bethesda, and made personal applications which we shall not soon forget. Mr. Stanley, a true and tried friend of the Mission, was also a welcome visitor for his very presence encourages one mightily.

Mrs. Boyle and Mrs. Cleveland were the sweet soloists, and a duet they sang together was worth going a long way to hear. Our hearts were melted, and we were lifted to higher ground by their wonderful ministry in song: even praise to our Lord Jesus Christ.

A word of commendation is also due the Misses Scott, who played the pianos so beautifully, helping to enliven and brighten the good old Fourth of July in their artistic and happy manner.

Brother Sleeth had an original chorus for us, set to the tune of Hold the fort for I am coming, which went with a swing and a vim. "Crown Him Lord of All" was reverently and heartily sung, together with "My country 'tis of thee" at the close of a blessed and refreshing service.

Two more of our Mission boys, Ewart Sweet and Martin Suesens, have left us to do their bit for Uncle Sam. They have been sent to Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. Our earnest "God bless them and make them a blessing in camp" comes from the depths of full hearts.

Passing Strange

ON a recent Sunday evening when Mr. Winant was speaking in the Mission about God's care of Moses (Gen. 2:1-11), when as a baby his Mother (Jochebed) put him in an ark made of bulrushes, and laid it by the river brink, he told the following:

A man and his wife living near New Caanan, Conn., who had no children of their own, decided some months ago to adopt a Belgian orphan. The woman communicated with the proper authorities, and in due time received word that a little girl was being sent (with a party of children) with a view to their adopting her.

When the ship with the children arrived, the woman was there to meet it. The person in charge of the party pointed out the little girl who was intended for her, and the woman was surprised to see the child tightly hold-

ing the hand of a little boy, and evidently looking after him. The attendant explained that they were brother and sister, and were so devoted to each other that the people in charge of them had decided that it would be unwise, under the circumstances, to separate them. Here was a dilemma! The woman did not want to take two children; but after watching them for some time, and talking with them as well as she could, she said: "Well, I will take them both," which she did.

The children arrived at their new home, and when evening came, their new mother took them up to their room to prepare them for the night. Slipping off the little girl's dress she noticed a locket suspended from the child's neck, and inquired what it was. The child replied "Mama." When the child opened the locket to show the photograph it contained, imagine the woman's surprise when she saw the face of her own sister! Some years before her sister had married against the wishes of her father, and had become estranged from the family. The father of the children was a man of title in Belgium, and both he and his wife had been killed in the war.

Only God, the Almighty God; the God of Moses, and our God, could bring these Belgium orphans across continent and ocean in safety to their own kindred.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power."

From Our Mail Bag

"My Dear Miss Wray:—

Was very glad to receive your letter: the first I have received since I have been in camp. Since I have been saved all my worldly friends have forsaken me, but I do not care for that, because I have something better. Since I gave my heart to Jesus I have peace and joy in my heart, for "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I've committed unto him against that day." "He will never leave me nor forsake me." My only friends in the country are those at the Eighth Avenue Mission. My dear Mother, Sister, and Brother are all on the other side, and I have not had any news from them for a long time.

I am sure you will sometimes think of me, and will pray for me. I am hoping to get news of what is going on at the Mission because I am so interested in it, and to hear from you all will fill my heart with joy and gladness. I love the Mission with all my heart, as it is the place where I was reborn.

I am getting along very well in camp. It is true that I am exposed to many dangers and evils, which makes it difficult to live a Christian life, but I praise the Lord—my dear Saviour and Keeper—because He is very near to me in this difficult place; and I also praise Him for His wonderful keeping and delivering power. He is always faithful, and I am sure He will keep me to the end.

I am praying that God will send me a loyal Christian among my comrades in arms; but it seems hard here: perhaps it will be different over there when they face death. Pray that in my tent there will be at least one good Christian with whom I can have fellowship: one who knows and loves the Lord Jesus; yet I trust Him as it is, because "all things work together for good to those who love God."

At present this is the machine gun's training center. Probably we will all be out of quarantine next week, and assigned to regular work in this center."

Mr. Ball presented me with a Scofield Bible, and it is a great help to me here. I cannot be without the Word of God!

God bless you and keep you in good health, that you may be able to continue the great work of bringing many souls to Jesus.

Faithfully yours in Him,

Joseph Chervenansky."

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

"In everything give thanks." Thess. 5:18.

"And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." Phil. 4:7.

House in the Woods

AS the summer advances the work with the tiny tots continues to grow, and day by day we are very conscious of the presence and the blessing of God. The very children who need this place are coming to us and being returned to their parents not only in perfect physical condition but with minds made stronger so that they will be able to enter school in September well prepared for a good year's work.

We are planning weekly trips to Long Beach which is but a short distance from us. A bus is to be hired calling at the door. It holds twenty children and five "grown ups". It will come right to the door and take us directly to the beach, calling for us again at five o'clock. Won't it be just splendid for those little ones taken right out of the congested streets of the city to spend a day each week playing on the sands of the beach, drinking in the fresh sea air that is such a wonderful tonic to those who have come to us so weak, emaciated and helpless?

A carefully prepared meal will be served on the beach with plenty of milk and ice cream for desert, then a delightful ride home in the twilight when all will be ready to be tucked into bed for at least twelve hours of sleep. Of course, we thank God every moment of the day for giving us this wonderful place for the Mission children. Each mail brings us letters filled with words of thanks and gratitude for the care that has been given the children who have already been sent home, and many urgent requests to take them back again for a longer stay. But we have been obliged to refuse as the season is short and we are pledged to take at least fifty children during the season and when you consider that these children with but few exceptions are all under seven years of age, you will realize they need a great deal of personal attention. The responsibility is very great as the little ones cannot be left alone a single moment, in fact all are under constant supervision from morning until night. It is for this reason we take them in small groups, the number never exceeding fifteen.

Each morning and evening there is a religious service for the children when we sing the Mission hymns and choruses, the children enjoying them as much as those who gather in the Mission each night to sing. We just know that when these children fold their hands in prayer and raise their voices in praise to God, He is in the midst of us all; and each night as we commit this household to God we are very conscious that we are in His tender keeping until the birds awaken us in the morning.

Every week we send in a report to Miss Mason so that she may get it in time for the Mothers' Meeting on Wednesday and in this way the mothers may have a knowledge of their children's condition from week to week. We have not thought it well for many visitors to find their way to us for when the children are thriving and happy we feel that nothing should be done to set them back. The mothers have them throughout the year and can well spare them to us who love them so well for a few weeks in mid-summer when it means so much to them to have this lovely spot for a rest place.

Our hearts and prayers are always with the mothers at the Wednesday meeting and we are delighted to hear that the attendance is so satisfactory, the mothers coming in a spirit of great earnestness to hear the word of God. We are hoping to again start our sewing circle in November as the mothers in this way really learn to sew and are able to make a few garments for themselves during the season.

Many of our faithful workers are away for the summer but from time to time we hear from them as they are all interested in the children of the Mission. Our own dear Mrs. Foote writes us that her heart is always with the dear Mission children and her prayers follow them wherever they go and all who know Mrs. Foote's deep interest in everything that concerns the Mission will pray God to bless her and tenderly care for her until we meet again at the Mothers' Meeting next fall.

During the remaining days that we are at Freeport we are planning to take three hours out of the afternoon to sew for the children. A friend kindly gave us the opportunity of purchasing some material very reasonably and we intend making it up into dresses and aprons for the children, not only for this season but to be kept in stock for future use.

Again we say we are praising God for all this wonderful haven of rest has meant and is meaning to our dear little ones who grow happier, rosier and stronger with every wind that blows. The work is truly the Lord's very own and we are all very conscious of His presence as we go about doing the humblest service and counting it a privilege to be in the service of the Master who gladly gave His life that we might live.

Ferns and Flowers

There are ferns in the garden of the soul as well as flowers. The flowers grow best in the sunshine; the ferns grow best in the shade. There is the fern of patience and the fern of long-suffering and the fern of meekness. And the Great Gardener of the soul delights in the ferns and purposes to save them from destruction by "the garish day." And so He takes us into the shade—the shade of sorrow, or the shade of seeming defeat. But it is a very blessed shadow, for it is the "shadow of the Almighty." And here the ferns flourish and the cloudy day makes the garden beautiful.

J. H. Jowett.

A Prayer for "Our Boys"

Heavenly Father, God and Saviour,
Hear our humble prayer;
For our boys in blue and khaki
Over there.

We are anxious for their safety,
As the knee we bow;
Take our burden, Blessed Saviour
Help them now.

Our Redeemer, may Thy power
Keep them free from sin;
May the precious blood of Jesus
Cleanse within.

Strengthen in the hour of weakness,
And their faith renew;
To their God, and to their country
Keep them true.

On the ocean, in the trenches,
With them there abide;
Keep them ever when in danger
At Thy side.

When they think of home and Mother,
Cheer their loneliness;
May their upward look be steadfast
In distress.

Send them back unharmed, O Father,
If it be Thy will;
But, if not, make Thy salvation
Very real. Amen.

A. F. M.

Prayer is the rope in the belfry; we pull it and it rings the bell up in heaven.—*Christmas Evans.*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y.

Volume 10. Number 9

Mission Tidings

September 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Dr. J. H. Jowett—

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, was this grace given, to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."—Eph. 3:8.

❖

"The riches are 'unsearchable,' untrackable, beyond all knowledge and all thought."

❖

"The 'unsearchable riches' are not merely the subjects of contemplation, they are objects of appropriation."

❖

"These 'riches' fit themselves into every possible condition of human poverty and need."

❖

"In sublime confidence the Apostle Paul stands before all the desert places in human life and boldly proclaims their possible enrichment."

❖

"The Apostle stands before sin, and proclaims that sin can be destroyed."

❖

"And such were some of you: but ye are washed."—1 Cor. 6:11.

❖

"When the Apostle uses the word 'washed' he suggests more than the washing out of an old sin, he means the removal of an old affection; more than the removal of a pimple, he means the purifying of the blood; more than the cancelling of guilt, he means the transformation of desire.

❖

"Cinder-heaps can be made into gardens, and the desert can be made to blossom as the rose."

❖

"It has always been characteristic of great soul winners that, in the strength of the 'unsearchable riches of Christ,' they have proclaimed the possible enrichment and ennoblement of the most debased."

❖

"Even pain shows a new face when the glory light beams upon it."

❖

"If we proclaim the 'unsearchable riches of Christ,' let us proclaim them with confidence born of experimental fellowship with the Lord, and with the untrembling assurance that the crown of life can be brought to the most besotted, and the pure white robe to the most defiled."

❖

"The wealth is realizable, and can be applied to the removal of all the deepest needs of men."

❖

"The Apostle Paul stands before sorrow, and proclaims that sorrow can be transfigured."

❖

"We sorrow, yet not as others who 'have no hope.' It is sorrow with the light streaming through it!"

❖

"It is an April shower, mingled sunshine and rain; the hope gleams through tears."

❖

"Even the yew tree in my garden, so sombre and so sullen, shows another face when the sunlight falls upon it."

❖

"The Apostle goes into the domain of labour, and seeks the resetting of the relationships of master and servant by seeking the spiritual enrichment of both in a common communion with the wealth of the blessed Lord."

❖

"Everywhere the Apostle finds in the 'unsearchable riches of Christ' life's glorious ideal, and the all-sufficient dynamic by which it is to be attained."

❖

"Riches of love, riches of pardon, riches of comfort, riches of health, riches for restoring the sin-scorched workers of the soul, riches for transfiguring the sullenness of sorrow and pain and riches for healthily adjusting the perverted relationships of the home, the state and the race."

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1918 No. 9

A Personal Testimony

THE most dangerous event in my life took place in the Eighth Avenue Mission the night I walked out, after refusing to kneel before the Lord Jesus Christ and ask Him to be merciful to me a sinner. I had come to the mission to hear Mrs. Cleveland sing, and I heard not only her message of song but many testimonies that rang so true I could not doubt them. I became convinced that there was no difference between me and the dirtiest, shabbiest piece of mankind who ever went forward to throw himself on the mercy of our Saviour; but the devil won out for the time being, and I decided to have one more trial in my own strength.

In the days that followed sophistry again ruled my life, and I fooled myself into believing that I drank and smoked simply because I was physically tired. I picked up my books on theosophy, on religious philosophy and on all those "isms" which a modern writer reminds us "have nowhere been carried to a greater degree than in Germany and whose end is Pantheism." I did not entirely lose sight of the mission,—indeed that was impossible as I lived in the neighborhood. One of the strongest testimonies reached me as I stood a block away from the open air meeting, and the sincerity and earnestness of the speaker rose above the clatter and clang of the crosstown cars and motor trucks. The speaker's message came to me again when I saw him at work one day in overalls splashed with paint and whitewash. I thought of the wonderful oratory I had heard twenty years before in St. Paul's in London and how much more convincing was this man's life—a "workable," week-day testimony for Christ without the help of architecture, choir or the Queen's English. All these things impressed me, but I did not apply them to myself.

For eight months I thoroughly demonstrated to myself and my business associates what a man can do in his own strength. Then I landed at the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men at Mount Vernon. I say "landed" for I was taken there and left while soused. The second day I was invited to attend the meeting which is held each evening in the chapel. Rev. George S. Avery, Supt. of the Home, read various passages from the Word of God; told how they were connected and explained them. In some way the words brought back the testimonies I had heard in the Eighth Avenue Mission months bofore—I remembered the witnesses to the fact that only Jesus Christ can bring the vital touch into our lives.

That night and the following day I was troubled. I felt that my pride would be hurt by having it said that I was cured at an institution by the use of drugs. I needn't have worried as I later found out that there were no drugs used. Jesus Christ is the only cure offered—and not as a liquor cure, but as a sin cure. In the after-

noon I wandered down to the far end of a field. Alone there I decided that I wanted the same help as those whose testimonies I had heard in the Eighth Avenue Mission. A strong desire came over me to accomplish the purpose for which I was in the world.

I decided that I would go back to the city and ask for prayers in the mission. But the devil was not through with me; he pictured two of the saddest and most tattered sinners going

FRANK R. WILLEY

forward for prayers and said that I would not wish to be classed with them. But I insisted that except in outward appearance there would be no difference between us. I took out a cigarette to light it, but suddenly remembered a testimony which I did not like, did not believe and thought out of place and not a fact. The statement was that you could not get God's help with one hand while you had a pack of cigarettes in the other. However, I was not going to run any chances and the cigarette was never lighted—nor any others.

There, apparently alone in the field, I got a conception of something cleaner, brighter and purer than I had ever known before. Jesus Christ did not wait until I could return to the city, but met me there. My besetting sins were taken away. 1 Peter 2. 1-3 will explain why I was freed from the slavery of cigarettes and booze. I "have tasted that the Lord is gracious."

Before December 14, 1916, I did not know the meaning of the words freedom, or liberty. God has led me in wonderful fashion and now a new life is before me. If Jesus had not heard my earnest desire and changed my life, I would not now be able to be of service to my country. My identification with the Church of Christ has made possible my identification with the big job Uncle Sam has on his hands. Without His regenerating work, I would have been useless—even in my humble capacity of a mechanic—somewhere "over there." The fact that while I am away there is to be a star in the service flag of the Eighth Avenue Mission means more to me than it is possible for me to express.

FRANK R. WILLEY.

Mr. Willey sailed for France on June 22d in the service of the Y. M. C. A.

Face the Sun

"Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success,
You'll find what you look for; don't look for distress.
If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.
Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream and dont shirk.
Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.
The worries will vanish, the work will be done;
No man sees his shadow who faces the sun."

From Bellevue to Beulah

SOME months ago one of our brothers talked to a man who was up against sin, but the poor fellow resisted all pleadings and landed in the Alcoholic Ward at Bellevue hospital, with all the trimmings that go with delirium tremens.

From one horror to another he passed, until he lay a horrible, sodden wreck, hopeless and helpless, and without much sympathy, as we who have been up against the game can testify.

Thank God, however, a great change was impending! Lying there, stupid and weak from his long siege with "John Barleycorn" one of our band of devoted workers (with heart filled with the love of Jesus) came in to bring comfort, cheer and "glad tidings of great joy" to dying, helpless, friendless and broken men assigned to this ward.

One of the hymns which rang out sweetly, and with heartening assurance, awoke our friend from his lethargy, and he continued to listen attentively as the story of Jesus and His wonderful love was told happily and convincingly.

God only knew how he longed for the freedom from sin about which they were talking!

Finally a faint hope came into his heart that possibly there *was* a chance for him. This was made certainty when one of the workers spoke to him and sympathetically unfolded the way of salvation.

God's precious Holy Spirit spoke to him also, and then and there he definitely accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour.

The cry of his heart had been "O, that I knew where I might find Him," and Christ answered "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father, but by me." "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

By the power of God this man was quickly restored to health and left the hospital. He obtained a position and is "making good." Better still, the desire for alcohol has left him, and he is rejoicing in his Saviour.

Brother Hickey, who first spoke to him, reports that Brother Brady is making splendid progress, and is growing in grace and in knowledge.

Praise God! Sin means disease; but salvation is health!

What an encouragement to our band of workers, who faithfully, rain or shine, take the good news each Sunday afternoon (and on Thursday night) to the seemingly lost, hopeless and degraded patients of alcoholic and narcotic wards.

God help us to be faithful "in season and out of season" in proclaiming "the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ."

H. H.

Gustavus Adolphus Hymn

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
  Dread not his rage and power:
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
  Lasts but a little hour.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
  Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown:
God is with us; we are His own;
  Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
  Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
  World without end. Amen.

JACOB FABRICIUS.

Princeton Conference

From the addresses given at Princeton comes this one sentence: "God can give the Christian no more than He has done in Christ Jesus—except realization."

"There are four steps to that," says a Bible student.

1st. "Surrender in detail to all the emptying that death union with Christ means."

2nd. "Appropriation of all the fulness that life union with Him means."

3rd. "Faith that the indwelling Holy Spirit is *now* making these reality."

4th. "Thanksgiving."

The victorious life is Christ's possession of us, and Christ having His way with us on the basis of our death and life union with Him.

Salvation is the appropriation of Christ as Saviour; Victory is the appropriation of Christ as Victor.

The only way to have victory is to appropriate victory already won.

Grace means that Christ has done all for us and that the Holy Spirit is in us to make it reality in experience."

Pray

It was one of those intensely hot afternoons in mid summer, when even on top the Fifth Avenue bus the air seemed freighted with death-dealing humidity. Seated near the front of the bus was a young woman with light hair, gowned in a neat travelling suit. We were so glad to find an empty seat beside her, and drew a long breath of the balmy breeze that came from the West, when this young woman inquired with refined accent, and well modulated voice, "What park is this?" "This is Central Park," we answered, "the largest in the city." "This is my first visit to New York City," then she added thoughtfully, "My husband has just been ordered 'over there!' I have been with him to every camp, and now the separation seems more than I can bear!" Her face was calm, but big tears fell unnoticed upon her lap. What could we say? Words seemed so empty, so we sympathetically put our hand in hers, and waited. Presently she said "I have two children at home, but my mother is taking good care of them. Mr. C. and I have been inseparable, and O so happy ever since we were married. I do not know how I can live without him!" "Jesus knows and cares," we ventured, "and the God of all comfort is the only one who can bring peace to our hearts in these days of apprehension." "Yes, I believe that," she replied, her face gathering a halo of light as she tried the "uplook." It was our turn then to tell her about the Eighth Avenue Mission, and to invite her to the services, but she could not come as she was leaving immediately to visit a sister at Burlington, Vt., but her heart was made lighter because we promised to garrison her husband by prayer. Remember earnestly the requests on page 8, which includes our dear sister of another city.

I am Far Frae My Hame

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Father's welcome smiles
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see
The gowden gates o' heaven an' my ain countrie.

He is faithful that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again;
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.

Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'in o' his fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie his grace to ilka any wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

Safe with Jesus

"Baby John is very sick and I took him to the hospital this morning," said an anxious mother whom we met on Eighth avenue. "The doctor told me that he was seriously ill and that I had better leave him for treatment," she continued. "I left him, and cannot see him until Wednesday; please pray for him."

"We will," was the ready answer. "God is able, yet from our hearts we must always say 'Thy will be done.' Our Heavenly Father knows what is best; and no matter how much we all love the baby, God loves him better 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

The mother returned to her unpretentious home, comforted by the assurance that we would not forget to pray for John; and we entered the Mission to commit mother and child to the "One who doeth all things well."

Wednesday morning was intensely hot, but it did not prevent the overwrought mother from seeking the missionary in haste. Responding immediately we found that a telephone message had come from the hospital stating that during the night John had had one convulsion after another (the result of teething in the torrid heat of summer) and that he might not live two hours.

The father (out of work) paced up and down the room like a caged lion; but when we knelt and prayed the God of all comfort to be very real, he sat down in a chair, buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

Extremely pathetic was this strong man's yearning for this, his only son. "Monday morning when I left the house," he said, "John (although only eleven months old) clung to my neck and did not want me to leave him. He seemed all right then, but when I came home at night the wife told me he was in the hospital—and now—think of the news that has come!"

Again he paced up and down a bit, and then with set face began preparations to go at once to the hospital.

Mrs. McC. had learned much about Jesus in the Mission, and to us she came immediately when they returned from the hospital. The woman's meeting was in progress, and Mrs. Cleveland was singing in her inimitable way "Tell all your troubles to Jesus." Little wonder Mrs. McC. wept softly for she had a real trouble: baby John had gone to be with Jesus; her heart was inexpressibly desolate, and then there was the additional burden of expenses —with nothing to meet them.

But, "Before they call I will answer" the Lord hath said; and real was His Word at this time. Because someone had prayerfully dropped some money into the poor basket, the Mission was able to help a little, which gave glory to the Master for Mr. McC., who was a Catholic, had never seen a religious body before who would give; instead his experience had been to give far beyond his means to his church, with more and more that must be given in times of stress and trouble. Immediately he expressed his desire to come to the Mission and see what it was like; but just now he was grief-stricken and found his only comfort in the Word of God, which was quoted, and by the prayers of the missionaries, and others from the Mission who called (one brother supplementing his prayer by a gift). Because of the sympathetic fellowship of true Christians, when Baby John's little white casket was laid beside another little fellow (who also died of convulsions) in the cemetery, the parents were able to look up—and not down—believing "nor height nor depth" could separate them from the love of God.

(*Continued on page* 13)

MISSION TIDINGS

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Vol. X SEPTEMBER, 1918 No. 9

A Call to Intercession

Prayer is requested for a young woman who says "I cannot yield everything to Jesus." Oft in love the Father has taken our idols from us. O that she may know the sweetness of yielding everything to One who loved her enough to die for her, rather than the sorrow of coming to Him in pain and with a broken heart;—yet, even then He will graciously heal the broken in heart.

Pray for a young sailor lad who raised his hand for prayer at the open-air service held at 13th Avenue and 22nd Street one Sunday afternoon. Eagerly he listened to hymns, and earnest testimonies, and then involuntarily said "O how I wish they would have something like this on board ship." Gladly he took away a handful of the Gospel of John, saying "The boys will be mighty glad to get these to read." It is not too much to ask that all on board may be saved.

At the same open air service, a woman, trundling a baby carriage, said "Mr. Suesens wrote from 'over there,' and asked me to come to this service and request prayer for him." Mr. Suesens had lived in her house, and in this way communicated with us, and now we must telephone The Father in his behalf.

Leroy Rivers was not known at the Eighth Avenue Mission, but he was known "over there," and died of wounds received at the front. There is a gold star in the service flag sacredly cherished by his relatives and friends. One year ago he was full of life, and enthusiasm to do his "bit," but in the heydey of youth he was called to render his account. Pray that those who knew and loved him may be comforted, and through this bereavement they may be drawn nearer to their Heavenly Father, who "so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Pray that the many converts who have raised their hands for prayer in the Mission, (not a few on their way to the front) may keep true to the Lord Jesus Christ, under all circumstances. His strength is made "perfect in weakness."

Pray for 1st Lieut. Clifford R. Crusan, Q. M. C. N. A., now on his way to some place in France, and for heart-broken relatives left behind.

"Now"-God's Time

Mr. Winant was right when he said "These are days of stress; there is no place for pretty stories for we are in the shadow of great sorrow. It may not have touched your home, but it has come very near."

This is true, and gold stars are appearing in the service flags, telling not only their tale of heroism, but of loneliness and unspoken anguish in homes and hearts. Equally true is it that "God is in the heaven—all is well with the world." We know that "All things work together for good to those who love God," and that many who have spoiled their lives by having their own way, have turned to do God's will as they left home and friends, and went "over there." One mother's heart rejoiced when she read this letter from her boy: "Mother dear, I am so sorry that I was profane and wicked as a lad at home. I did not see things right until I saw comrades dying on every side. Sherman was right when he said 'War is h——.' When I went 'over the top,' mother, I gave my heart to the Lord as I went. I thought you would be glad to know that it will be all right if I never come back, for I shall see you 'up there.' I meant it, God knows, and since then I know my sins are forgiven, and that I am saved. I told the boys about it, and forty others made it all right with God, too." "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." In His great love He is bringing precious boys to their royal inheritance, who would not receive eternal life if they were not facing death. Perhaps Jesus would come tonight; the war be past, and peace would reign if we would pray more; talk less, and those with whom the Spirit of God is striving would accept Jesus now. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

We called upon an old man recently, who a few years ago was an infidel. Said he, "Jesus has done so much for me I cannot do enough for Him." Dear reader, has your love grown luke warm? Remember, then, what Jesus has done for you.

"With God over the sea; without Him, not over the threshold." Mary G. Cheney.

"Jesus Only"

"The boys will not stand for it," said a Y. M. C. A. secretary as religious services were proposed for different camps, "emphasize sacrifice, courage and fortitude." God, however, ordered otherwise, and sent Supt. Wray, Mr. Huston and Mr. Haines, at different times, to tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love." Such interest was manifested by the "boys" and so many conversions were the result, that the secretary later said "This has been a revelation to me; the messages were vital ones and touched men's hearts. We want you to come again."

At one place hymn books were packed away in the loft; but the men so vociferously demonstrated that they *would* like to sing hymns that the people in authority promised to have the dust knocked off in readiness for the next time spirit-filled people came to visit the base hospitals and the camps.

A young girl writes as follows: "How I thank God for the prayers of the Mission folk. I have been delivered from a terrible temptation; but when I was tempted most I just thought of the faithful band of Mission workers, and that drove me to Jesus. One trouble was that I neglected to say my prayers. When I came up here I stopped praying (although I read my Bible every night) but I'll never do so again. It is precious to be right with God—and keep right.

"Prayer is not the conquering of God's reluctance, but the taking hold of God's willingness." Phillips Brooks.

Emphasizing the truth that the cutting of the diamond makes it valuable, Mr. Winant discerningly said "A friend spoke of a most uncongenial acquaintance, saying 'that person has been a means of grace to me.'" "He might easily have been a means of disgrace," said Mr. Winant.

Forever with the Lord

Mr. Cortland De Peyster Field was called to depart and be with Jesus Thursday evening, August 8th, at eleven P. M. A fitting eulogy was spoken by a little maid in his household: "Everyone loved Mr. Field." Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Field in this bereavement, for her marriage to Mr. Field was one made in heaven. All through the years, (although a talented woman and wonderfully used of God in her own select circle, and as a Bible teacher) she had never been away from Mr. Field for a single night. It was her custom to send a text of Scripture to Mr. Field every morning, and peculiarly fitting was the one she sent (all unthinkingly may we say), the last morning he was on earth: "Now lettest thy servant depart in peace." It was such a happy day (just as had been all their days since they were "one") for together they had lunch and dinner; but suddenly weakness came, and the going so quietly to sleep in Jesus as the evening waned. But, thanks be unto God, the resurrection morning will be bright for "Joy cometh in the morning."

"My Rest"

Jesus said: *"I will give you rest."*
Matt. 11:28.

Safe in the centre of Thy loving will,
My God, and Father, this indeed is rest,
No sad forebodings now, no dread of ill;
How free from care I am, how truly blest.
Within that place of perfect safety hid,
From henceforth let me evermore abide,
My fears are gone, my restless longings stilled;
My God, I trust Thee, and am satisfied.
The scorching flame around my soul may burn,
But while within Thy will I quiet lie,
It cannot touch me, cannot do me harm,
Therefore I wait and lay all struggling by.

The blood of Christ has washed away my sin,
And through that blood I am at peace with Thee,
My will is Thine, no controversy now,
The peace that passeth knowledge keepeth me.

Thus will I live and walk from day to day,
Contented, restful, satisfied, and still;
What life so shielded, or what life so free,
As that within the centre of Thy will?

"This is my rest forever: here will I dwell." Psalm 132:14

What has Happened Lately

"O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord." Ps. 113:1.

We have much for which to praise God at this time; first of all for the safe return of our beloved superintendent, and then for the faithfulness of others who have come back from their vacations with renewed strength for the work, and are taking it up with enthusiasm, in His name.

As we reverently thank God for His own life imparted to Miss Wray, let us put in action also a bit of common sense, remembering that anxiety and overwork sometimes brings one to the breaking point, and say "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? When shall I help to hold up the hands of our superintendent?"

We do o praise God for the faithfulness of those who night after night, in heat and under adverse circumstances sustained the open air services during the summer. To continue this

work for the Master, with unabated devotion, will lift a big responsibility from our superintendent, who has had these wayside ministries so long upon her heart.

We praise God also for answered prayer. Miracles were wrought throughout the summer, but one stands out with bold relief upon our memory. While a saint of God was quietly praying in his home, his youngest son became deeply convincted of sin, walked into the Mission and accepted Christ as his Saviour. Not only was their rejoicing in heaven, but there was rejoicing at the Mission, and inexpressable joy in the heart of a praying mother, father and sister. "I was miserably unhappy for two weeks," said this young man, "but as soon as I went forward and surrendered my life to the Lord, my heart was filled with joy." It is good to see men battered by sin come to Jesus, and have the scars removed by His precious blood. But oh how sweet to have a young man (this young man) come in his youth, before sin has brought disastrous blight! Praise God for the power that makes scarlet sins white as snow; but praise Him also for the power that acts as a preventive.

There are now twenty-eight stars in our service flag, and still there's more to follow. What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus! Some of our boys have been at the front four years and yet God has wonderfully preserved everyone of them. Surely He answers prayer.

Our hearts are gladdened by the letters and postals we receive from our boys on the firing line. We recently had a long letter from Joseph Chervenansky, who is at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. He tells us how much he misses the Bible Class and the evening meetings. He says there is a vast difference between the services at the Mission and those in camp, but that even in that "hard place" the Lord Jesus is making him "more than conqueror." In closing he wrote, "I hope there is one star in the service flag at the Mission for me for that is the only place where I have left friends behind. I know the dear people are remembering me in prayer continually, and I thank God for that. Please pray, if it be His will, that I may have the privilege of attending one more service at the Mission before I sail for France. He is able because He has saved me, and I love the Mission because it was there I found a friend in Jesus, and with Him peace and joy. Praise His name!"

A postal from Henry Barraclough, who is in France, says that he is doing his bit for God and country, is well, and trusting in Jesus. Our dear Brother is lovingly remembered by the people at the Mission, where his beautiful music has been much enjoyed. Mr. Barraclough has composed many soul-stirring hymns, among them "Out of the Ivory Palaces." For a long time he was with the Chapman-Alexander party, and through the winter his talent was much appreciated in the different camps.

An enthusiastic letter from our young brother, Harold Bater, who for eight months has been at the front, tells of the power of God in his heart and life. Mr. Bater is another boy who misses the Bible Class, but says he is "going on from victory to victory."

Brothers John Maurer, Geo. Gray, Willey, Lewis, Ewart Sweet, Chas. W. Haight, Roy Anderson, Harry Paulson, Rowland Battie, Jack Sherwood and Harry Barnes report that they are well and rejoicing in Jesus. Our young Brother Gloster Gosselin from the Harvard Radio School was in to see us some weeks ago. He is also on our prayer list.

Our young Brother, Frank L. Horton, in the Marine corps at Paris Island, S. C., has been promoted to

sergeant, and is a credit to his parents and to us, as well as to God and country. Thank God for the boys who "make good" in every department.

John Sievewright is still on the firing line in France, and is strong in the Lord and the power of His might.

Brothers Vic. Burgess, Smilley, Swanson, Thomas, A. Anderson, Ball, James Jones, Howard Cozzens, and Geo. Coen, all in Uncle Sam's service, are all intensely loyal to the cause against which they are placing their lives, but best of all they know Jesus Christ as their personal, loving Saviour. God bless them and make them a blessing wherever they go is surely the wish of every heart.

Mr. Albert E. Morrison, another soldier for Uncle Sam, feels that the Mission is his home. He has been attending the services for nearly a year, and is a member of the Men's Bible Class, but is now ordered to France. He was for some time a guard at one of the piers of embarkation—looking after the safety of us all. At his request we have added his name to the service flag—and he is indeed one of our boys! God bless, guide and guard our dear boys, and bring them safely home, is our earnest and constant prayer.

We were much amused, and at the same time blessed, by a testimony of Mr. Curtiss, who speaks every day at Broad Street and Exchange Place, as well as four other places in the city. While talking at Broad Street, a prominent business man told him that he would have to put a stop to his talking. Brother Curtiss cheerfully answered, "If you have me arrested I will talk to the policeman; if he puts me in a cell I will talk to the doorman; if they take me to court I will talk to the judge; if they send me to prison I will talk to all, and if they put me in solitary confinement I will talk to God." God will give victory to His children anywhere, any time, and under all circumstances.

The Men's Bible Class on Sunday morning is still proving an inspiration and a blessing to the men. Mr. Ball's exposition of 1st Corinthians during the summer was interesting and profitable, tending toward the building up of the body of Christ. Many of our men receive the Word with joy. We are trusting God for much fruit, and that radiating from the Bible class will be men going in all directions to scatter good seed into honest hearts. How we wish more of the sisters could have heard these interpretations. Do not miss the next one.

A Catholic boy came in to our Sunday School and was deeply interested in the true stories from God's Book. For a month or more he came regularly, then suddenly dropped out. "I thought you came from a Catholic school," his mother exclaimed as we called to inquire after Louis, "so I cannot let him go again." What an opportunity his teacher had to give this boy the truth those Sundays he came so regularly! Perhaps that opportunity may never come again. Let us realize our responsibility and privilege to be early at the Mission to greet every member of our class, and to give them His precious word, which "shall not return void."

Our hearts were greatly stirred when a gentleman arose in the testimony meeting one night and said, "My name is L. Terhune. I am an engineer on the Washington express. I have over 1000 lives under my care and feel the responsibility. I was converted by reading the ninth chapter of Genesis, so I am safe under all circumstances. I always commit the people on my train to the loving care of my Heavenly Father, and they are, therefore, safe wherever they journey.

It is not by superior reasoning we are won to Christ, but it is His love that conquers. What are we doing with the love with which He has crowned us? H. H.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Gertrude Barton Faust, formerly of 325 West 20th Street, went suddenly to be with our Lord (and her Lord) at Roosevelt Hospital in August. We mourn her loss with Mr. Faust, who is peculiarly bereft, after five happy married years as there is a three months' old motherless baby in their home. Mr. Faust is a newspaper man, and his services are invaluable on the New York Herald. In his enforced absence Mrs. Faust enjoyed nothing better than to come to the evening services, and we shall miss her; but can rejoice that our loss will be heaven's gain. Mr. Faust is a finished musician, and we hope that he will sometimes come to the Mission (if he can find the time) and help us in the song service, in fact he said, "I would love to work for the Lord in this place because Mrs. Faust loved to come here, but I cannot promise when I can come because newspaper work is often exacting during the hours of the night." We are so glad that Mr. Faust is leaning on the everlasting arms, and that the Comforter will be with him "'till the day break and the shadows flee away."

Our beloved and God-gifted friend, Mr. Rand, has been heartily and eagerly welcomed at both the Men's Bible Class and the Monday night meetings, as well as on Wednesday evening during the Bible chapter study, and has encouraged and strengthened our faith by his scholarly dissertations, replete with Gospel truths. He also gave a personal testimony which touched every heart and gave to trust a fresh impetus.

We would extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Nelson Tucker, one of our faithful open-air workers, whose mother went to be forever with the Lord a few weeks ago. We are so glad that Mr. Tucker knows the Lord, and does not grieve like those without hope, and that when the loneliness seems overwhelming, and the heart cries out "How long will I have to stay here without her?" he can look up and rejoice that while he remains and works for the Master his labour "will not be in vain in the Lord."

I Worship Thee

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right, that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

"Are you in trouble? Trust God. He can perform the impossible." Mr. Winant.

"Safe with Jesus"

(*Continued from page 7*)

Pray, therefore, that through this affliction that Mr. and Mrs. McC. may come to know God, not only as a Supreme Being, but as their loving Heavenly Father; that they may come to know Jesus, not only as the One who giveth eternal life, but as a Saviour and Friend; and that they may know the Holy Spirit, not only as The Comforter, but as a guide through this life into eternal life.

A. F. M.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

AT this writing we are preparing to close our "House in the Woods," the summer home of the Mission children, and as we intend to make this article a special report of the summer work, we want to give thanks to God who in such a very marvelous manner made His presence very real to all who were privileged to minister to the very needy little ones who found their way to us from time to time during the summer season. The work this year was for the definite purpose of reaching out to children under six, who were not eligible to the various summer homes provided so generously for both by public and private philanthropy.

We were fortunate in finding a worker on the New York side who was delegated to do our visiting for us. Although untrained she was especially fitted for this kind of visiting, being herself a mother, with six children, three of whom spent the summer with us. The list we had intelligently worked upon during the winter was a list of very needy little ones, most of them suffering from conditions of environment for which their mothers were more to be pitied than blamed. The care, the food, the fresh air we have been able to give these delicate children were just what they needed to give them a foundation for perfect and established health that will stand by them the rest of their lives. These children came to us, with few exceptions, pale, nervous, many hardly able to feed themselves, and were returned to their parents fat, rosy, happy, in fact, normal, ready to start out on their winter's life, with its hardships, pathetic as it may be, with at least a fighting chance for their lives.

We were able to care for about forty little children and a limited number of adults, who were sent this way by the Lord, we believe, to receive from our hands just what they needed during a period of convalescence. One of these invalids was a dear boy who was a cripple from babyhood, his mother was obliged to leave him each day to earn her living (and his support) as a seamstress, her husband having recently died violently insane. This dear lad was twelve and he was a special, the need being so imperative we felt it was but right to give him this chance of saving his life, for that was what we really did. It was most pathetic to see his rapture as the beauty of the country broke upon his vision! It was the first time in his life that he had left the city, and from the moment he arrived he gained in health and weight, and returned home strong and vigorous to take his place in school, and rejoice the heart of his brave mother, who greeted the boy (she had nursed from babyhood) with gratitude and thanks to God who had so miraculously opened this door for her son.

Another child was sent out to us who for months had been in an hysterical condition, suffering from the after effects of a dose of poisoning. The child seemed to give no satisfactory response to medical treatment, and we were most urgently requested to give her a chance out in this life-saving "House in the Woods." It was but a short time after her arrival that all nervous symptoms disappeared and she became perfectly normal, and returned home well fitted to start to school at the beginning of the term. We could cite instance after instance of what we have been privileged to do for those who come our way from time to time but we think it would be interesting to

tell just what our daily program of work and play meant to all who crossed the threshold of these blessed doors during the four months they were kept open. We were fortunate to have a grove of trees just at the side of the house which we equipped as a kindergarten gymnasium, crude it was, but well adapted to the needs of the children. There was a sliding board, two swings, a trapeze over which they could scramble in make believe summersaults, also a really delightful sand box, with sifted sand, and on one side the daisy fields over which they could safely ramble at their leisure. The entire afternoon they spent in this grove, and the mornings they spent in the woods, playing games on the grass, and when the heat was intense they had three large garden swings, where some of the friends, who served these little ones so faithfully, would read or play with them or where they amused themselves singing (in their baby way) patriotic songs, while dozens of aeroplanes glided over their heads looking like huge singing mosquitoes. Thus these little ones whiled away the long summer days, gaining health, strength and weight hour by hour. The children had a comfortable breakfast at eight o'clock, followed by a religious service and simple kindergarten exercises, then on feet of joy they flew to their playground. Precisely at noon they had a hearty dinner, all diet food, prescribed by a physician, good soup, fresh vegetables, occasionally meat or fish, and dessert always. In the afternoon they had a long period of play; on rainy days they had pictures to cut and about two dozen French dolls to mother—all gifts of generous friends.

It was our happy privilege to have a most wonderful holiday at Long Beach. We left in an auto early in the morning, spinning through field and meadow swept by sea breezes, and arrived at the beach where we found a sheltered spot. The children were in a delirium of joy! They took off their sandals and splashed around in the water until lunch, which was indeed a festive affair, with plenty of simple, good things to eat and drink.

The children were never tired of the delight of playing and building in the sand, and were under the pleasant supervision of two delightful young girls who had given most of the long summer to the service of our "Tiny Tots." When the shadows deepened over the ocean, it was luxury indeed for one and all to pile (happy, tired and grateful) into our waiting motor, and if the ride out was delightful the ride home was heavenly (to those who were awake) for before we had gone very far half of our babies had dropped off to sleep. We carried them to the supper table where great bowls of bread and milk awaited them, but we doubt if much supper was eaten because their eyelids were too heavy to keep open, so we put them into their little beds and heard no more from them until next morning at breakfast, but ever since they have been clamoring for another day at Long Beach.

We want to take this opportunity of gratefully recognizing the service of our volunteer workers who gave the children such a loyal service, ministering to their every need with a faithfulness that surely was a blessing to us, and well pleasing in the sight of God—who surely has for them a great blessing.

To those who so generously supported this work when the demands of the country were not only insistent, but imperative, because of the crying need of the fatherless in other lands, our hearts go out in grateful prayer, because we can but realize it was all done at some personal sacrifice.

The need of these children was very great; the response from loving hearts greater than we expected; the result has been far beyond our most hopeful dreams, and the blessing of God has marvelously fallen upon us in showers.

When we realize that we have at closing a record of not one ailing child, our hearts turn to God in praise and gratitude. We cast all our burdens upon Him and He truly sustained us.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

Volume 10 Number 10

Mission Tidings

October 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Dr. C. I. Scofield—

"And when he had spoken unto me I was strengthened." Dan. 10: 19.

❖

"Daniel was strengthened by a prophetic communication. Our theme then is, the influence upon character and conduct of prophetic truth."

❖

"There is a great deal of study which has no effect upon conduct or character, simply because it is heard or studied without faith."

❖

"It is a *believing* understanding of prophetic truth which has an influence upon either character or conduct."

❖

"Character is what we are. Conduct is what we do."

❖

"Many people seem to think that reputation and character are identical things. That is not so. Reputation is what is said about us. Character is what we are."

❖

"There are three things that form, in the long run, character: Association; knowledge and expectation."

❖

"Our intimacies, our associations, perhaps more powerfully than any other influence, determine, in the long run, what we are."

❖

"What we know forms us; it is impossible for us to be affected by that of which we remain in ignorance, but we are moulded by our knowledges."

❖

"It is expectation that forms us—that which we look forward to; a large element of hope or of fear, whichever it may be."

❖

"It is peculiarly the prophetic part of Scripture which brings us into intimacy with God."

"Abraham was called the friend of God, 'And the Lord said: Shall I hide from Abraham that which I do?'"

❖

"When God gives a prophecy, He takes us into wonderful personal intimacy."

❖

"Let us accept God's invitation to come into His deepest counsels; to sit with Him in heavenly places while He unfolds to us the great secret of His majestic and amazing purposes."

❖

"If it is possible for any kind of knowledge to lift us above ignoble things; to give us that breadth of vision and of thought which certainly are essential to all noble character, it is the prophetic word which will do it."

❖

"Three-fourths of prophecy is yet unfulfilled. There is absolutely nothing in all the purpose of God, concerning the illimitable future, with which we who are Christians do not stand in some way connected."

❖

"There is nothing in the future, except hell, to which the Christian has not a relation."

❖

"Through the prophetic word we look into an open heaven with all its joys and glories—the goal of our own desire; and we look into an open hell."

❖

"The glorious appearing of the Lord is pointed to as the believer's hope. It is the first to be fulfilled of all the unfulfilled prophecies."

❖

"If it is a hope in the heart, then, according to the inspired word itself, that hope will be a purifying hope; it will lay hold upon conduct and character."

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1918 No. 10

A Personal Testimony

UNPARALLELED is the beautiful scenery in the County of Cornwall, England, where I was born. The County is noted for its rich tin mines and quaint fishing villages, as well as for its unsurpassed landscape and rural beauty.

The Cornish people are distinguished, more than anything else, perhaps, for their love of vocal music; and the mild climate is especially conducive to the production and perfection of this art.

My mother never united with the church until late in life, although she had been a sincere Christian for many years. She was too conscientious to belong to any church and be unable to attend. Her great mission in life was to train fourteen children for the kingdom, consequently she had little time to go anywhere. She had, however, a simple, child-like faith, and taught us many verses of Scripture. The way she repeated verses bearing on the Second Coming of our Lord is a sacred memory. We often sing, "Faith of our Fathers," but I sometimes wish we could also sing of the faith of our sainted mothers.

My father was also a Christian when he died, but did not give expression to the promptings of his inner life until nearing eternity; then he told us that he had been praying for a long time, and that it was all right with his soul. When he passed away, conscious to the last, he pressed the hands of my sisters, and tried to point up. God grant that all his children may follow in the upward way!

Religious fervor was another remarkable trait of the Cornish people, which, I am sorry to say, has abated (so I am told) in recent years; but when I was a child the miners went to their work (sometimes out under the sea where they could hear the waves breaking over them) singing hymns; and often during the lunch hour would hold a prayer meeting down in the mine.

Fortunate indeed was I to be brought up in such a devotional atmosphere for it brought me to see my need of a Saviour at an early age.

Revivals occurred frequently, and it was not unusual at these times for everyone in the village to be converted; consequently it was quite the popular thing to become a Christian.

It wa not unusual for prayer meetings to continue until after midnight, or for men to pray two or three times in the same meeting.

When the Salvation Army first appeared, everyone fell in line and marched through the streets, singing until they reached the barracks. There the meeting would be continued for a time on the outside. Meanwhile the building would become more than comfortably filled with people, eagerly waiting for the service to commence indoors. Often the crowds were so augmented that overflow meetings would be held in the chapels.

When I was about ten years old, at one of these revival services, God so spoke to my heart that I definitely accepted Jesus as my Saviour, and knew the joy of being truly converted; but oh, the deep regret in my heart that as I grew older I drifted away from God and the things worth while!

When I was still young I came to America, was intimately affiliated with worldly people, and drifted further and further away. Like many other young

STEPHEN WILCOX

Christians I looked at people instead of God, consequently I had some very unsatisfactory experiences with professing but not possessing Christians. Many of my acquaintances, who should have been shining examples because of their positions in churches, had such pronounced propensities for this world's gain, that I became embittered and lost my faith in religious people and everything that was called spiritual.

Rarely did I read my Bible, and I never went to church. Prayer was an unknown quantity, unless I was in trouble, and then it seemed to be more a means of vent to pent-up feelings than a matter of faith in God.

About a year ago I was as blue as indigo, as is the experience of everyone, sooner or later, who as far away from God and was passing the Eighth Avenue Mission with a friend, when he inquired, "Have you ever been in there?" Then he added, "They have good meetings in there." It was a "good tip" and I took his advice and went in the following night.

As I listened to the enheartening singing, the wonderful message which rang so true, and the earnest testimonies, God spoke to my heart, and gradually I saw just where I stood (from God's view-point) and just what I needed, and that was to come back home to my Father's house.

God said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you"; and I had been seeking the things of the world. Little wonder I was wretched and miserable!

How I thank God that when I went down on my knees, implored forgiveness and the cleansing blood of Jesus, He again flooded my soul with peace and joy!

Since that time I have missed very few evenings from the Mission; and oh, what a joy it has been to me! I have learned "down at the Cross" real happiness and lasting pleasure; "The peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away." I understand now what it is to have a living faith. When I read such verses as John 8: 12, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life," it has a new and a real meaning. Some of the wonderful promises seem too good to be true, and yet I know that they are real.

A great joy comes to me as I write this, hoping that it may influence some one to come back home to their loving Heavenly Father, and to know and trust the Master under all circumstances. Through Him we can do all things, and without Him we can do nothing.

I am profoundly thankful to the Superintendent of the Mission, and to all the dear people of the Mission for the invaluable help they have been to me, and trust that they may be the means of bringing more poor, blind, discouraged ones to get right and keep right with God, who alone can give real, abiding happiness here, and life everlasting in the world to come.

Sincerely yours,

STEPHEN WILCOX.

Commended

The sewing that we are planning to start the first Wednesday in November will be in charge of Mrs. Ross, who so efficiently attended to this part of the work last season, and made such a splendid sewing record. All the sewing was most carefully looked over, and the mothers made wonderful improvement. Mrs. Ross has been with the Meeting for many years, and has only been absent once, or at the most twice. You can always find this dear worker in the place where she is most needed. She does all she has to do quietly and efficiently; therefore she is a blessing to us all.

The Bible Best of All

Our dear Mrs. Olive R. Gay, mother of Dr. B. F. Gay of Tecumseh, Neb., has permitted us to read a letter from Corporal Gay (her grandson—seventeen years of age) which will be a great comfort to all mothers who have sons in camps or in the war zone. It reads as follows:

"Uncle Sam is certainly good to his boys. We are looked after in every way, even to our good times. The Y. M. C. A. is the home of the good time; and there is one organization in each battalion. It is a place the boys can go to write home; and in a way it helps to take the place of home. Fifteen hundred men go there daily; and about 1,200 letters are sent out every day. All the paper and envelopes are furnished by the Y. M. C. A. We have two stunt nights every week, and three movie entertainments, but best of all we have two Bible classes each day."

Shall we not add Corporal Gay to our prayer list, and enfold him, with our other soldier boys, in the 91st Psalm?

A Pointed Interrogation

One of the sweetest tributes to the Eighth Ave. Mission we have ever heard was given by a poor woman we met one day on the street. She was cold, hungry and poorly clad (because her small pittance every week went for the support of an aged mother) but she said nothing about her need—only this: "I would be in an insane asylum if it was not for that Mission. I slip in there every chance I get for it rests me; and I pray for Miss Wray every day." Are we sending up timber for our mansion in heaven by also praying for the Mission and its Superintendent every day?

God's Grace

A wonderful testimony was given one night by a gentleman who visited the Mission with Mr. Decker. We pass it along that those who have been long in sin may know that where sin abounds grace may much more abound—if they will receive Jesus as their personal Saviour.

"I was sixty years of age," said the man, " and had spent my life in sin of the grossest kind. As a result I was an inmate of the poorhouse on Blackwell's Island."

"So hardened had I become that I was calloused to both good and evil; but unexpectedly I came in contact with a real Christian, and hope came into my heart that Jesus, the Son of God, really did die for *sinners*."

"I believed, and He wrought the miracle! I know that He forgave my sins for He healed my body as well, and today I am a happy man living in comfortable quarters."

Be Much In Prayer

Eph. 6:18-20.

Be much in prayer, in this dark hour,
For great are satan's wiles;
Far worse than persecuting power
Are his seductive smiles.

And error comes in such disguise—
Smooth-tongued and circumspect—
That none but truth-enlightened eyes
The monster can detect!

And fair profession, hand in hand
With evil, stalks abroad
But to deceive. Oh! who can stand,
Save those who trust in God?

Be much in prayer, 'mid all thy joys,
So shall their depths increase;
For lack of watchfulness alloys
The very sweetest peace.

What power to stand is gained by saints
Who love to "watch and pray."
And who escapes the desert taints
In this defiling day?

Be much in prayer for laboring ones,
Who in the Master's name,
And with the Master's message run,
His mercy to proclaim.

To ruined man, so sunk in sin—
So far from God by works;
Oh! pray that *love* may enter in
Where not but *hatred* lurks!

The harvest's great, the workmen few,
And naught of time to spare;
Iniquity increases, too—
Remember this in prayer.

What conscious *power,* 'mid conscious need
Where God's blest Spirit sways;
The Sovereign One to rule and lead
In service, prayer and praise.

—G. C.

Every night the Mission meetings are replete with blessing. God's Word is the all-absorbing topic, and this is the place to get a real spiritual feast that can be made practical and applicable to daily living.

What Is Happiness?

"It is as elusive as a squirrel; hunt for it and it flies from you—cease to search and it peers into your eyes. Build for it a palace and it prefers a hut. Lure it with gold and it creeps into the bosom of a beggar."

Most of our troubles are borrowed; from the past, in the shape of regret; and from the future, in the shape of apprehension. FRANK CRANE.

An Interesting Letter

DEAR MISS WRAY:

It has only been within the last few days that I have realized how much time has gone by since I received your letter. Time seems to fairly fly.

Just two years ago to-day I reached Villarrica, Paraguay, S. A. Much has taken place during that time; trials have been varied, and sometimes heavy, but they have all been outweighed by the blessings and the knowledge of being in God's will.

In thinking over the past, and looking forward to the possibility of coming back to the homeland again some day, I wondered how I could ever break away from here. If you could look into our home and into the six bright, happy faces of children God is permitting me to care for, you would not think it strange.

Within a few days we expect to receive the seventh child, perhaps only for a short time; yet it may be God will enable us to keep her. Because of limited space and means we can only keep those who are most needy. We do not have an orphanage, nor have we taken any child permanently; but our aim is to help needy children, whether or not they have parents, especially those who attend our own little church. We find it means much for a child to be in a Christian atmosphere, if only for six months or a year.

The first girl who came was older than most of the children who are here

now. After half a year she was sent back to the Camp. (Every place outside the City limit is called "Camp.") Since her departure she has been a great help to her whole family.

Perhaps you would be interested to know a little about the children who are now with us:

Marcelina, thirteen years old, has been with us about a year. She did not even know the alphabet when she came; now she is ready to enter the fourth grade. When Marcelina had been here about three months she accepted Jesus as her Saviour. For several months her Christian experience was unusual for one so young, and then, little by little, she seemed to be losing ground. We felt badly, for she had been such a promising child. She began to be untruthful, as she had been before her conversion (and as is the usual Paraguayan—who "tells the truth when a lie does not fit.")

The very thing that discouraged us the most seemed to be the means of making Marcelina realize her danger. When she got to the place where she could no longer be trusted, she was so down-hearted that she began to try to show herself worthy of our trust. It was uphill work for the child for a while, but she is getting on nicely now. Marcelina is motherless, and came, not only from a home of poverty, but of sin. Her father is a believer, but has been more or less of an invalid and seems to have very little or no control over the family.

Marciana, a girl ten years of age, seems to be unusual in some respects, but is not a Christian. We trust before long she will be able to grasp the meaning of salvation.

José (Ho-say') aged eight, and Victor (Veek' tor) aged eleven, are our two boys. José is Marciana's brother. Their parents have both been believers for a short time, thus they have had some help at home, but Victor was practically living his life on the streets when we took him in. His mother is dead, and his grandmother had no control over him. An elder brother, whose influence was good, was confined to his bed with tuberculosis so that Victor had pretty much his own way. Victor has been all we could expect, and more; but apart from enjoying the meetings and singing the hymns we cannot see that there has been any real change. Victor obeys because he wants to stay here, but even in the face of facts he persists in lying.

Timoter, a girl of fifteen, has only been here a short time. She is a sister of one of the girls who is here studying the Bible in view of becoming a worker. Timoter's education has been sadly neglected; but she is a Christian, and we can hope for a real growth in grace as time goes on.

Corona has been somewhat spoiled, but she is only nine years of age and there has already been a change in her. If she becomes as good as she is beautiful we could not ask for more.

Corona says she is a Christian. Whether she understands what it really means to be a Christian I do not know; but I *do* know that she tries to please in every way.

I cannot write about our children without speaking lovingly of Miss Whited. While my part of the work is the care of the children, Miss Whited's influence over them, in the school and out, has much to do with their progress, and perhaps more than all the training I can give them.

Miss Whited has charge of the work in Villarrica, both of the church and of the school: I say church, even though it is just a part of our house, where services are held, for it is the only place in Villarrica where the Gospel is really given out.

As I have already intimated, I am *so* glad that God has permitted me to be here. Ever since I gave myself to Jesus He has given me blessed privileges, and I praise Him for it, at the same time realizing the tremendous responsibility and the need of keeping in close touch with the Throne of Grace.

Kindly give my love to the people of the Mission, and ask them to continue to pray for me.

Lovingly yours in Him,

ELLEN OLSEN.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Vol. X OCTOBER, 1918 No. 10

A Call to Intercession

"My brother is very ill; he cannot last much longer. He is going out into the dark because he does not know our Lord. Please pray for him that he may receive the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour before he dies." This quotation from a letter just received has deeply touched our hearts. Let us pray for this man as we would pray for our own brother, believing for the speedy answer. "According to your faith be it unto you."

Pray for a young girl, perhaps twenty years of age, who came to the open-air service at the ferry, Sunday, September 22nd. Her mother died some nine years ago; but her father and two brothers showered her with blessings when their home was in Nebraska. Not long ago, however, they came to New York. Both brothers are "over there," and her father was the man recently killed at the Grand Central station, by falling upon the third rail. Desolate and depressed, God guided her feet to the open-air service. Pray that as a mother comforted, she may be comforted; and if you would like to call upon her (for His dear sake) get her address from our missionary.

Pray that our beloved workers may soon be able to come back to this corner of the Master's vineyard. Mr. Winant is greatly missed, as well as his practical and timely messages. Teachers and helpers will soon be needed in the Wednesday afternoon mothers' meeting. Remember all the departments of this great work of the Master at the Throne of Grace.

Miss Kathleen Woodward, (another of our faithful missionaries) who has been spending many precious days at East Northfield, Mass., and Hamilton, Ont., has returned to her work, where she was gladly welcomed and sadly missed.

We shall be glad of more volunteer workers who will visit the sick and suffering for His name's sake. If you are free to call some hour during the week, kindly give your name to Miss Wray.

Wouldst Thou?

Wouldst thou have thy life the brighter?
Make another's burden lighter.

Wouldst thou know the joy of living?
Find it by the grace of giving.

Wouldst thou precious seeds be sowing?
Blossoms bloom, thou still unknowing.

Wouldst thou golden grain be reaping?
Trust the harvest to God's keeping.

Wouldst thou lose all fear of dying?
Each day live—on Him relying.

—Helen Elizabeth Coolidge

"The purpose of God for us in this age is to 'preach the gospel to every creature.' " *—Dr. C. I. Scofield*

Nothing Too Hard For God

IT was with unfeigned joy we welcomed Mrs. E. M. Whittemore to the platform Sunday evening, September 22nd. "For her work's sake," as well as for her official relationship to the Mission, her presence is always hailed with delight. Miss Wray voiced our pæan of praise when introducing Mrs. Whittemore, by saying, "We thank God for answered prayer, that Mrs. Whittemore has been restored to health, and that she is able to be with us tonight." Happily Mrs. Whittemore said that she had thought to give first praises to God for her miraculous recovery, but Miss Wray had the precedence of lead in this instance. As she related how God had restored her strength, and relieved the intense agony of her suffering during her illness, making it possible for her to give many messages in numberless places, our hearts were lifted in gratitude to One who maketh the lame to "leap as a hart," and giveth the life of the Lord Jesus Christ to His saints. So intensely interesting was Mrs. Whittemore's discourse, that we felt we could listen for hours as she narrated instance after instance where God had wonderfully led her into paths of usefulness; but all too soon the clock slipped around to the time for other interesting and helpful testimonies from those who had been wonderfully saved in the Mission. Many were helped, however, by Mrs. Whittemore's forceful message; and their faith in the power of God strengthened. Her awe-inspiring word-pictures will not soon be forgotten, and one stands out in bold relief upon our memory: Going South to hold a series of meetings, Mrs. Whittemore was entertained at the elegant home of one of the refined and cultured ladies, who, it was said, "was very active in the work of the church." Mrs. Whittemore found her accommodations all that could be desired, and was very grateful for the restful atmosphere, and for time for prayer and preparation for the evangelistic services. Mrs. Whittemore was much impressed by the sweet face of her hostess, and by her unobtrusive hospitality, and was very glad to have her ask if she could find time to grant her an interview when she was at leisure. An appointment was made for ten o'clock in the morning, and promptly at that hour the lady of the house (perhaps twenty-five or twenty-eight years of age) knocked at the door and gained a cordial welcome from her guest.

It soon became evident that she was much interested in the work in which Mrs. Whittemore was engaged, and that she was in deepest sympathy with the reclaiming of the girls of the street, and the "Door of Hope" in New York City. In fact she inquired if Mrs. Whittemore remembered a certain girl by the name of ———. As Mrs. Whittemore has been instrumental in reclaiming more than five thousand girls, she could not at once recall the one named, and said, "Tell me something about her and she may come to mind." Her hostess then narrated the fact that she was but fourteen when she found herself ruthlessly thrust upon the street by a cruel aunt. The child's mother had died and the aunt had come to keep house for her father. Unhappily this aunt had no place in her heart for children, although she was an expert in holding them strictly to her rules. One rule was that the children should not be out after nine o'clock. "Just and right," one might say, but not so the punishment for a misdemeanor! One night this unhappy child was having such an innocent frolic with some friends that to her dismay it was ten o'clock before she realized it. Hurrying home, she knocked for admittance, but such a tirade of abusive epithets fell upon her defenceless head that she wept hysterically. Vainly she protested her innocence of the crimes laid at her door, and pleaded for admittance, but the aunt said, "Be gone, and never darken these doors again!"

The door was shut in her face, and the weeping girl, filled with fear, and distracted, knew not which way to turn. She was but a child, only fourteen, and had not done anything to merit this severe punishment; but the adversary of souls took advantage of the situation

and saw to it that she was landed in one of the most disreputable houses that could be found. Oh, the shame of it! Oh, the degradation! She was kept a prisoner, but loathing the unutterable horror of the life into which she had been so unceremoniously plunged, she watched for a chance to escape, and one day, seeing the door ajar, she ran into the street, and ran wildly up one street, down another, until she dropped from fatigue. Yes, Mrs. Whittemore remembered, and that God had led her to the "Door of Hope," where she found a home free from sin, and friends to tell her that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from *all* sin." "Do you know what became of the girl?" questioned her hostess. "No," said Mrs. Whittemore, "it is one of the sorrows of my life that I cannot follow all my dear girls after they leave the "Doors of Hope" (now numbering over eighty). Then her hostess said, "Oh, don't you know me? I am that girl! I do so thank God that He kept me from that dreadful life, and after a little brought into my life Mr. ———. When he asked me to be his wife, I told him all the bitter truth, and he folded me in his arms and told me he loved me better now than before, and he would *so* gladly shelter me from any more heart-breaking experiences." Then she added, "Of course no one knows it here," and then—a bit anxiously, "You will not tell anyone?" Mrs. Whittemore's business is God's business; not to censure, but to cover. Lovingly she commended the courage of the young woman to tell her husband everything; but with Christlike love assured her that as the "Blood of Jesus had cleansed from all sin"; her business was also to cover and shelter the children of the kingdom.

Dear reader, have you learned the lesson? Let us be big enough to not only forgive, but forget—like God.

A Jubilee

Sunday, September 15th, the Mission Hall was crowded to overflowing. It was the Golden Anniversary of our dear brother, Mr. Acker, who for fifty years has been walking and talking with the King of kings. Mr. Acker read the beautiful thirty-fourth Psalm, and as we listened we thought surely "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." Mr. Acker related how when a boy he went regularly to the Methodist Church with his parents, both of whom were Christians. He also attended prayer meetings. At these meetings a man invariably put his hand on his head and said, "God bless you, my boy." It rather annoyed him, but since then he has thanked God many times for this benediction, which has followed him through life. As soon as Mr. Acker finished school and began to associate with other young men thinking he was too old for church or Sunday School, he wandered far away from his mother's God trying to enjoy the worldly pleasures that the Adversary so insidiously offers to young men, but one night in a favorite rendezvous with boon companions the Holy Spirit definitely spoke to him and in response he went to a Methodist Church and gave his heart to God. That was fifty years ago. And he has been rejoicing ever since that his name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Mr. Acker said the way had not always been easy, but God had been faithful in difficult and hard places. Mr. Acker was "Saved to serve," and has been wonderfully used of God in our own Mission and many others. Mr. Acker's testimony was followed by Mrs. Acker who said she had not been in the way quite so long, but had had personal acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ for thirty-three years.

In the testimony meeting which followed many thanked God that through Mr. Acker they had been saved by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. One brother brought greetings from three different friends who were unable to be present. A very interesting letter from Mr. Isaac Ward, a prominent member of the Sunday Campaign and now Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Boston, was read, which gave Mr. Acker credit for also bringing him to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Acker, are greatly missed in the evening and open-air services, but our prayers follow them in their great Mission—that of taking charge of the Goodwill Industrial Home, Brooklyn. May God's richest blessing follow them and may they have many precious souls for their hire. —H. B.

What Has Happened Lately

RECENTLY, in the absence of our Superintendent, our friend and sister, Miss Moulton, on two Saturday evenings, brought us a vivid and helpful message on the "exceeding great and precious promises." Our hearts were stirred within us as we listened to some of these promises, and in response two precious souls sobbed out their tale of sorrow to Jesus and found peace in believing. Praise His Name!

One Sunday night when the speaker failed to appear our dear brother, Mr. R. S. Davidson, was pressed into service and gave us a helpful and inspiring address full of profitable points for appropriation. Again in the absence of our "Song Leader" Mr. Davidson cheerfully and ably led the song service, proving himself always ready and willing to do his "bit."

We are praying and believing for the recovery of our dear brother, Captain Wm. N. Noble, who is ill in Bridgeport. The Captain has a warm place in all our hearts, and has been greatly missed since he went to Bridgeport to hold a responsible Government position.

Our dear Miss Krohn has suffered a painful accident, but we rejoice that she is on the road to recovery. She has been greatly missed at the organ at the open-air services where she has been very faithful. Our prayer is that she may be quickly restored to health and to this important service.

Our brother, Henry Michaels, who was sent to Fort Humphreys, Va., where he was assigned to the Engineering Corps, reports progress. Our brother has remained steadfast and true to Jesus under difficult and trying circumstances. Private Michaels has tried to help the men of his company both by his life and testimony, and he has been of very great help in the Y. M. C. A., playing the piano and organ at the various services, and in writing signs and cards in his artistic way for the various meetings that took place. We just received a letter from him in which he tells us of his transfer to Washington Barracks, Washington, D. C. He expects to go "over there" shortly.

We received a letter from our brother George H. Gray, telling of his trust and confidence in God. Amid all the scenes of battle and strife he has had the peace of God abiding. A little later we received a card telling of his being wounded, and we are awaiting a letter with particulars. Please pray that our Father will be very near to Brother Gray and give His comfort and consolation.

Interesting letters have been received from the following brothers who are on the "Firing Line" in France: Joseph Charvanansky, Martin Suesens, John C. Maurer, John Sivewright, William Smillie, Rowland Beattie, Fred Becker, and F. R. Willey. All, without exception, report the saving and keeping power of Almighty God in their hearts and lives. Pray earnestly for these—our lads—who so nobly are bearing the heat and burden of the day without complaint. May our Father sweeten and enrich their lives and comfort them in their loneliness.

The Men's Bible Class is still doing business at the old stand and God is blessing their efforts to extend the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The members scatter on Sunday morning to

all parts of the City and adjacent states to tell out what they have been taught. One of the members had the privilege of speaking at the Hanson Place Methodist Church in Brooklyn; also in Kearney, N. J.; Camp Mills, L. I.; Ossining Camp Meeting, and five meetings in Bridgeport, Conn., where some lonely hearts were garnered by the Holy Spirit. Brothers Phyfe, Montcastle, Smith, and Haines have been testifying in various places with no uncertain sound to the glorious reality of the salvation of our Lord and Master.

The faithful workers at the open-air service, one bleak night when it seemed impossible to stand out in the open, were so glad that they were faithful in this ministry, for three precious souls for whom Jesus died came into the evening service and yielded themselves to God because of the earnest testimonies on the street corner. There is no greater work than that of the wayside ministry. Our Saviour deemed it important to speak to a sinful woman at the well, and the calling of illiterate fishermen has meant millions of glorified ones up there. An appeal is made by the Lord Himself for more workers at the street corner. Cornetists and organists are always in demand. Will you come out for His sake?

A word of appreciation is due Mrs. Marckel and Miss Harker for their faithful and efficient service at the piano in the absence of the Sunday School pianist during the summer.

A friend of Mr. Sleeth's from the Goodwill Home, Newark, brought us the message Thursday, September 12th, and as he depicted the sinner lost and undone and then described him clothed and in his right mind after he accepted the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour, we came to realize that he was giving his own testimony and were not surprised to hear him say, "I was that man."

We were so glad to have Mr. J. Entwisle, Pastor of the Methodist Church of Ashland, N. Y., with us one recent evening. He told us that Christ was "All in all," and that when Jesus came in the Adversary went out. We realized the verity of 2 Cor. 5:17: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Mr. Entwisle testified that when he knelt at the mercy seat in the Eighth Avenue Mission nearly eight years ago, he was homeless, friendless, and penniless, and that now he is a minister of the Gospel. What a change God is able to bring into the lives of those who believe His Word. —H. H.

Choosing and Refusing

"Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life," said Jesus; and from the throne of God comes the same cry to-day.

Many hearts are aching and breaking to-day because fathers and mothers, sons and daughters will not come to Jesus for eternal life.

Mrs. G. was a praying mother, and longed to see her handsome sons converted, but her eldest son, only twenty-seven years of age, was drifting away from his early teaching, and was seeking the companionship of those who loved the world, and the things that are in the world.

Joe was a chauffeur, and had little time for church or Sunday School, yet he believed in his mother's prayers, not realizing his own will could prevent the answer.

One Thursday night Joe said, "Mother, pray for me," as he left her presence. She did not know what evil threatened his life: what trouble her boy was in, but he was so young, so affectionate, courteous, she could not long entertain apprehensive thoughts, so committed him to the tender care of her Heavenly Father, and perhaps would not have thought of his request seriously but for succeeding events.

So subtle was the adversary's ar-

rangement for a chauffeur's dance on Sunday night, that the boys, who had so little time for recreation, contended it was legitimate pleasure, and garnished any question concerning it by a laudable purpose to be as faithful to their employers' interest the following day as though they had not spent the night in dissipation.

Joe's companions were going, and, of course, the adversary (who was a liar from the beginning) made him believe that he must also go, despite his training and his sainted mother's earnest protestations.

It was 11 p.m. when he stood by the door and said, "Good night, mother." Quickly she noted his faultless dress; the eyes so bright, and his comely appearance; but true to her deep conviction of right and wrong, she said reproachfully, and yet with a clinging love in her voice she could not conceal: "But, Joe, remember I am angry."

Down through the ages came the still small voice, saying, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."

Out into the night went handsome Joe, perchance without a thought of death, or of anything but having his own way, which just then seemed so desirable.

Morning came, and Joe had not returned. It was unusual for him not to be in his room, no matter how late he might have been out the night before. He was sadly missed at the breakfast table, as Mrs. G. and Charles (her youngest son, 21 years of age) over their coffee, conjectured what might have detained him. But, after all, he might come any minute now, so the mother prepared to greet him, while Charlie went to business.

Lunch time and Charlie arrived simultaneously, but Joe had not yet appeared.

Appetites were dulled at this unusual coincident, and the mother suggested that her younger son take steps to look up his brother.

Returning to his office, news came all too soon: The telephone rang, and a voice said: "Are you Joe ———'s brother?" "Yes," said Charlie; "where is he?" "Come to the morgue and identify him," was the overwhelming command of an officer.

Dead! His brother dead! It seemed incredible; but when he reached the morgue he found it was all too true, for his brother, with face sadly battered, was silent in death. At three o'clock in the morning he had been found outside the dance-hall—murdered; and he had also been robbed of the fifty dollars he had in his pocket.

Charlie wondered how he could ever tell his mother, but it had to be done, and he immediately went to her.

Already foreboding had crept into her heart, and the shadow and pallor of Charlie's face so intensified it that she exclaimed: "Have you heard anything about Joe? Is he in trouble?"

"Worse than that, mother," replied Charlie, trying to prepare her for the crushing blow. A great fear gripped her heart as she whispered hoarsely, "He is dead?"

We would tenderly draw a mantle of love over this picture, drawn from New York life, while we reverently commend those so recently and suddenly bereaved to the God of all comfort; but, dear reader, where do you stand? Will you come to Jesus that you may have eternal life? "Behold! now is the day of salvation."

Some ministers of the gospel are saying to-day to young converts, "If you join my church you can dance just the same." Some young people have accepted Christ, and yet keep on dancing, going to questionable picture shows, and doing as they will; but Jesus said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." "Choose you this day whom ye will serve"; and, oh, may it not be said of you, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life"! A. F. M.

"Two things in the world
Should not vex us a jot;
The things we can help
And the things we cannot!
For if we help them,
Why let us be trying—
And if we can't help them,
There's no use in crying."

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

FROM mountainside, hill, town and valley our workers are returning with renewed health and strength to resume the work of the Mission, which is the means of reaching out, through many channels, to bring within the sound of the blessed Gospel many who are around about us, in the very needy neighborhood where the Mission stands as a veritable lighthouse. Throughout the summer the mothers' meeting Wednesday afternoons kept its doors wide open, with a record of a splendid attendance. Only those stayed away who had some very good reason, as our mothers are hungry for the Gospel. Many of those who attend have received the light within our very doors. The workers who were in town were prompt also in contributing any service that was needed. Some came to play the piano; some to sing, others to give a simple Gospel message, and still others to keep the roll and attend to the visiting of the absentees.

Our dear Miss Mason, who is so close to the hearts of all the mothers, was in charge of the meetings throughout the summer, taking her vacation only at the close of August, but at this issue is back at her place, ready and willing to serve her Master during the coming season in any way or in any place it seems best for her to be. We are planning to commence the sewing the first Wednesday in November, as the friends, who make themselves responsible for this part of the work, have written that we could again count on them for support. At this time, when the cost of material has reached almost prohibitive prices, this generous pledge comes as an earnest that God is very mindful of this part of the work. Our dear mothers take great pleasure, not only in receiving the garment after it is made, but in being taught how to sew. Many of them who come to us never had the opportunity in their young days to learn the simplest stitching, because forced into store or factory to eke out a living for themselves and other members of the family. Things have changed since those days, and children now have many more advantages and protection; but the mothers are very grateful for the opportunity the Mission affords, during the winter months, to sew at the Wednesday meeting for, at least, an hour.

We, of course, expect again to have our children's playroom, as when we see and visit our mothers they tell us that the children are clamoring for it. At the close of each season we permit our little ones to take home all the playthings and dolls and books that have been in use during the season, and now at the opening of a new session, we are glad to tell you that we are already supplied with some delightful books and toys that will be real surprises to the tiny tots when we have our Fall rally.

A very special word of thanks is due to the two young volunteers who so enthusiastically stood by the children's work at Freeport this summer. From early morning until night they were at the service of the children, caring for them in every possible way. As we were quite a distance from the shopping center, once, or oftener twice a day, they would walk to the village to shop, returning to sew, mend, or amuse the children in their outdoor playroom. Three times a week our little ones were bathed and dressed anew, from head to foot, and this duty not only fell upon our two young assistants, but the oppor-

tunity to thus attend to the needs of the children was counted a privilege. We do thank God for sending these dear girls our way, and we know that the service they so cheerfully contributed —as unto Him—will return to their hearts and lives in showers of blessing.

We think at this time it would not be amiss to mention some of the delightful, and useful gifts, sent to us this summer by thoughtful friends. We have already told you about the twenty-five dresses made by one of our own dear Mission workers. Another friend sent a dozen of the very daintiest rompers, so prettily trimmed with stitching and buttons that they were almost too good to wear in playtime; but they were so well selected that they stood any amount of tubbing, and will serve the tiny tots for many a season yet to come. A very welcome gift was a box of sweaters, so that on cool days every child had a comfortable and attractive covering. This was a very much needed offering. Imagine our joy when the expressman stopped one midsummer day to deliver a dozen pairs of the very best make of sandals, and in a moment old worn shoes were thrown aside and the children gladly appropriated their new footwear. A great load of groceries arrived another day; and, to the delight of the children, twenty-five pounds of candy was donated. The candy proved to be a timely gift as we were not able to buy candy in our vicinity. Each day, at an appointed hour, the children had a portion. We praise and thank God upon every remembrance of these friends who have so sweetly learned that "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these * * * * ye have done it unto me."

Mothers, children and workers are rejoicing to see our dear Superintendent back at the post God has so definitely chosen for her. There is no part of the work that is dearer to the heart of Miss Wray than this Gospel service Wednesday afternoon. Although, with the many demands upon her time, it is not always possible for Miss Wray to be present at the meetings, she is constantly planning for them, considering nothing too much trouble that will tend to influence the spiritual, or material welfare, of our mothers. We are hoping this coming season to draw many new members into the fold, and urge all those who find they cannot attend a regular Church service Sunday morning, to come and hear God's word Wednesday afternoon at 2 p.m.

There is, in connection with the Sunday School, a Bible class for adults. We were rejoiced to notice how many of our mothers found time, out of a very busy day, to join this class which was in charge of a consecrated worker. In many instances we meet our mothers coming from this class, and they were always enthusiastic. On Sunday they made it convenient to bring their children, and while waiting were glad to hear the word of God themselves. The singing of the children is always helpful. Come along, mothers, to the Sunday Bible class; bring your friends and neighbors, and if you have time follow the crowd to the open air meeting on the river front. All the opportunities are available, and are for you. Services are so arranged that they do not interfere with your duties at home. Your husband and brother will be made welcome at the outdoor or indoor services.

Our mail has been bringing us many letters of appreciation and thanks from the parents of the children whom we cared for at Freeport. In many instances, strange to say, these letters were from fathers, who seemed to be touched at the great change made in their little ones; many of whom came to us weak, nervous, and hardly able to romp or play as other children, but they were returned to their parents rosy, strong, leaping with the very joy of living. Our aim was truly to reach out and bring to the country the most needy of the children who made application to come to us, and there was no mistake made in the children selected. We prayed every day for God to bless this summer work, and committed it to His tender keeping, and we were more than repaid for our trust in Him who "careth for us."

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

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Volume 10 Number 11 1918

Mission Tidings

November 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By S. D. Gordon—

"Jesus is God spelling Himself out in language that man can understand."

❖

"He is the A and the Z, and all between, of the Old Eden language of love."

❖

"Through going away from his native land man lost his native speech."

❖

"God has always been eager to get talking with man again. The silence is hard on Him."

❖

"Jesus is God following us up."

❖

"Man was made to live in closest touch with God. That is his native air."

❖

"The great crowd in every part of the world is yearning after Him."

❖

"They don't understand what it is for which they yearn, nor what will satisfy."

❖

"Man is cross-eyed Godward, but doesn't know it."

❖

"Man is color-blind toward God."

❖

"Nobody has been so misunderstood as God."

❖

"He has suffered misrepresentation from two quarters: His enemies and His friends."

❖

"Jesus is God trying to tell men plainly what He really is."

❖

"He that is willing to do the right shall clearly see the light."

❖

"One day a bad choice was made, and the choice made an ugly kink in man's will."

❖

"The world turned down the wrong lane, and has been going that way pell-mell ever since."

❖

"So close is the wrong lane to the right that a single step will change lanes."

❖

"Anyone going back to that point in the road will find Him standing waiting with an eager light glistening in His eyes."

❖

"Jesus is God *eagerly* following us up."

❖

"God is the absolute sovereign."

❖

"God has made man an absolute sovereign in one realm, that of his will."

❖

"There is one place where man reigns alone, an absolute autocrat, that is his will."

❖

"God led man to the hill of choice. The man must *climb* the hill if he would reach the top."

❖

"God could give the power of choice. Man must use the power given."

❖

"God could open the door. Man must step over the door-sill."

❖

"God went His limit in giving the power. Action realizes power."

❖

"The start of all sin is in the setting of one's self against God."

❖

"Jesus is the music of God's heart sounding in man's ears anew, that he may be wooed back to the old road to the Eden life."

❖

"Jesus is the face of God, close up, looking tenderly yearningly into man's face that his eye may be caught and held and his heart be enchained."

❖

"Man's break back in Eden was very hard on God."

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1918 No. 11

A Personal Testimony

My birthplace was Denmark; and my parents were upright members of the Lutheran church.

Through the years God had given my mother and father five girls, consequently a boy (who was to remain the youngest of the family) was heralded with joy.

My first remembrance was that of being sedulously educated in the public school; going to Sunday School with the girls, and of being circumspectly instructed six months by our pastor, in preparation for my confirmation, which occurred when I was fourteen and a half years of age.

In the public school there was one study that fascinated me more than anything else, and that was geography, around which my boyish imagination wove many wonderful adventures and travels. After such glowing day-dreams little wonder I felt an irresistible desire, as soon as I was confirmed, to take a post-graduate course in geography and topography as cook on a Danish schooner.

Here the curriculum changed from training in the confirmation class, to instruction that (as I thought) would make a man of me. At the age of fifteen, therefore, I enthusiastically (with the help of the first-mate) made a substantial pea-soup "that touched the spot"; boiled corned-beef, cabbage and potatoes that, when served, made the crew rub their stomachs with gleeful anticipation; and commenced to see the world, when we stopped sailing day and night, and varied the hard biscuit of our regular menu with fresh bread in port.

There were other man-building accomplishments(?) to acquire, such as profanity and drinking liquor. One could indulge the first on all occasions: when the meat boiled on, and when it was cooked to a turn: when one was feeling fine, and when they would rather fight than eat; but the latter was a disgusting success when the ship made port, and a greater part of the crew came back to the schooner with "three sheets in the wind," and the fore-castle, companion-way and narrow bunks all jumped up and hit them in the face. No wonder that years after I said "If God can save a sailor He can save anyone!"

At the age of twenty I had become an able seaman and then someone cooked for *me*.

It was delightful to find myself handling sails with dexterity, and steering skilfully a British ship bound for England; yet true happiness I did not know for I was drifting farther and farther away from God.

We never had services on board ship; and I never prayed except when in danger.

In 1906 our British steamer plunged into a dense fog upon the West coast of Denmark, ran upon the cruel rocks, and in a few hours was reduced to debris.

I believe the hardest seaman thinks of God when he is shipwrecked, but there is no time to get right with Him then; it is only a tragic scramble for any available board, floating stool or box to which one can cling. But, perhaps some grey-haired mother was praying at that time for her wandering boy for we were miraculously saved.

We struck the rocks at five in the morning, and between ten and eleven o'clock the steamer was a total wreck, but every mother's boy had been taken from the icy waters and had been brought to the shore in the two lifeboats.

Undoubtedly the mothers had the

grace to praise God when they heard "Every last mother's boy was saved"; but the crew, when paid off, seemingly forgot God and went on a spree.

That same year (1906) I came to New York City, and God in mercy and love guided my footsteps to a Mariner's church. A Christian sailor boy from the ship invited me, and I was treated to a new experience, even association with

people who believed in a living Saviour who helped them to "make good" and live as they should. I was heart hungry myself for my Heavenly Father's approbation; so, having the courage of my convictions, I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour, and have never regretted it.

About that time I also tried another venture. When invited to go to Mt. Kisco to see a friend, I acquiesced, and you will not be surprised that I made frequent visits after that when I tell you (confidentially) that I thought "Mary" was the sweetest name a girl could have, and that if her last name was only — Anderson — my happiness would be complete.

God graciously permitted the union, and through the years I have had occasion to thank Him many times for a good wife (whose "price is far above rubies"), for Ellen (our first born), and for the twin girls (Alice and Mary) whom He gave to us seven years ago.

It was a heart-breaking experience (humanly speaking) when Ellen went to be with Jesus two years ago, and life will never be quite the same again; yet we know God's Word is true, and that "He hath done all things well." Naturally the mother's heart is still wrung with anguish because her darling was suddenly stricken with diphtheria, was taken from her to the hospital and died there. Remember her at the Throne of Grace.

One of the greatest blessings of my life was the finding of the Eighth Avenue Mission, for the Word of God hath comforted my heart. I was hungry for the Gospel and I found it there. I love the Monday, Wednesday and Friday night meetings (when able speakers unfold the Scriptures) and only wish it were possible for me to attend many more services, so replete are they with opportunities to grow in grace and in knowledge.

I have always been timid about speaking in meeting, but about three years ago I put it before the Lord, and asked Him to help me to tell others what He had done for me. Writing my testimony, therefore, is answered prayer, and I trust that it will be read by some lonely, sin-sick young man who will make the heart of Jesus glad by giving his life to Him.

Every night, although sometimes I do not reach home until ten or eleven o'clock, and find I am very tired, I am comforted and strengthened by reading a chapter (sometimes two) in God's Word, and can truly say I am standing on the promises of God.

In closing may I request your prayers that some for whom I have been praying may also have a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ?

For His glory,

JOHN ANDERSON
and "ELLEN."

"Testing is God's invitation to trust Him."—*E. M. Whittemore.*

What Would Jesus Do?

A young and earnest Pilgrim
Traveling the King's highway
Conning over the lessons
From the Guide book every day
Said as each hindrance met him
With purpose firm and true
If on earth He walked to-day
What would Jesus do?

It grew to be his watchword
In service or in fight
Helped to keep his pilgrim garb
Unsullied, pure and white
For when temptation lured him
It nerved him through and through
To ask this simple question
What would Jesus do?

Now if it is our purpose
To walk where Christ has led
To follow in His footsteps
With ever careful tread
O let this be our watchword
'Twill help both me and you
To ask in each temptation
What would Jesus do?

—*Abby C. Labaree*

God's Message To Soldiers

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, *do it.*" John 2:5.

Reveille—"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Eph. 5:14.

The Roll Call—"I have called thee by thy name: thou art Mine." Isa. 43:1. "And He calleth His own sheep by name." John 10:3.

Attention!—"Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Isaiah 45:22.

Quick March!—"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3:14.

Halt!—"Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Ex. 14:13.

Stand-at-Ease—"I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28.

When on Guard—"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Mark 14:38.

When in Camp—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

When fighting—"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." 1 Tim. 6:12.

When wounded—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Isaiah 40:31.
"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Isa. 30:15.

When a Prisoner—"Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God." Isa. 41:10.

In the Hour of Death—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in *Me.*" John 14:1.
"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Isa. 43:2.
"I will never leave thee." Heb. 13.5.

The Last Post—"Watchman! what of the night?" Isa. 21:11.
"I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; . . . that they may rest from their labors.'" Rev. 14:13.

In the Grand Review—"Well done! thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matt. 24:21.

H. W.

God-Given Victory

Rev. J. Entwisle, who is in charge of four churches at Ashland, N. Y., and vicinity, has been wonderfully blessed by God in his consecrated ministry. Filled with the Spirit, and burdened for souls, after nearly half a year God has blessed his efforts by a wonderful service of re-consecration and conversion. Shall we give the account in Mr. Entwisle's own words? "I gave the invitation, and what followed is almost beyond me to tell in words; but, praise the Lord, you can appreciate my feelings! I said 'Will you dear people say—Brother Entwisle, we will love Jesus, your Saviour; help you body and soul to make this church what God would have it be? I asked all those to come forward who would; then, for those who would accept Jesus Christ; and then for those who would re-consecrate themselves to the Master's service. Well, first one and then another of the large congregation came forward until the place in front of the pulpit was filled with people; then the front seats were taken—and very few

were left in the cold—we then sang—prayerfully—'Just as I am without one plea.' We prayed together, and arose new men and women in Christ Jesus. This could not have been accomplished but for the prayers of the Eighth Avenue Mission, and others who are praying for my work here. I never lose an opportunity to lift up Jesus, and I know of no truer statement in the Bible than His words: 'I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me.' Keep on praying for me. With love from my dear wife and self, Yours in His service,

J. ENTWISLE."

The Vision

A TRUE STORY

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatsoever ye shall ask of the father in my name he will give you."

"Alone with God, the world forgotten." The girl (for she is but a girl in her very early teens who is kneeling at the penitent form in the large hall where a religious meeting is being held) is truly alone with God. The girl's head is bowed, her slight figure is shaking with convulsive sobs. Alone with God did we say? Yes, that truly; but something infinitely more, all her life she has known God. Was she not conscientiously reared in the staid orthodoxy of the Episcopal church, grounded in its ritual? The higher catechism she had mastered since childhood. Yes, God she knew, God the great Creator; He who controls the universe, He who upholds the firmament with His right hand, who stills the winds and rules the waves. Often she has trembled before Him, but now some strange sweet presence is filling her heart, stirring her very being, reaching down to the very depths of her innermost soul, overwhelming her with a joy that expresses itself in broken hearted sobs while the tears rain down her cheeks. True a God, a King, a Prince she has found, but more, far more is the ecstasy the realization that she has found that for which her soul has long panted—a Saviour, a Friend, a Living Reality, the very Christ, the Son of God—*Word made flesh*—who died to save the world, yes, that in very truth, but to save even her. Oh, the precious consciousness of the wonderful truth.

With quivering lips and tears of penitence she cries out, "God help me, God help me." The world, home, mother, had all faded away when impelled by a force stronger than self, she had followed the crowd of singers from a street corner to this meeting. The few words spoken by the leader had burned into her very soul, they were repeated again and again. "God loves you," "God loves you." The finger—did it point to her? It seemed so. Wonderful words. A personal Saviour they were talking about—a friend—a very present help in time of trouble. How convincingly they all witnessed to the power of the precious blood of Christ to save and to keep! A blood shed to cleanse from sin. How truly marvelous, but how remote—how mysterious! She is now kneeling at the chair. The wonder has ceased—she is alone with her Saviour—step by step she walks with Him to Calvary—she is in the Garden of Gethsemane—the heavy weight of the cross is bending her shoulder—she is passing the scoffing soldiers—her cheeks burn with indignation as she hears their mocking sneers—she feels the scourges—with Him she suffers—she weeps at the ignominious spitting—she is at the very foot of the cross—they have raised it—the arms—those loving arms are outstretched—the cruel nails are bruising the flesh—the thorns are piercing the tender brow—the patient hands of the Master (those hands of gentle ministry) are torn and bleeding—the eyes that beamed with love and mercy on the dying thief are closing.

This great heart of love has throbbed its last, it has ceased to beat. It is consummated. Darkness covers the earth. "For me, for me, for my sins, how God loved the world, how He loved even me!" she cries in agony—in complete surrender. The vision has passed, she is still kneeling—a new creation indeed—her sins all washed away. Her soul

is filled with a joy, a peace ineffable. She must tell the whole world the wonderful story—she must not tarry. She rises. So near the cross still, the voice of the tempter, "To-morrow, to-morrow—what about to-morrow?" The girl shudders. Yes, to-morrow, she had forgotten. To-morrow, she gasped again, aloud this time. "Trust Him" answered a voice at her side, "Trust Him." Alas, she did not understand. "God help me, God help me," she prayed.

Then down through the ages a torrent of voices were heard—voices mighty, certain, and strong. The prophets with one accord brought their message to her questioning heart—next with a trump of victory rang out the patriarch's song of triumph. Legions of white robed martyrs chanted their canticle, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb." The miraculous Church of Christ counting its saints by the millions gloriously shouted its psalms of praise and achievement.

"Holy, holy, holy," sang the celestial choir, "the heavens and earth are full of Thy glory." Her listening ears rejoiced as she heard the heavenly strains but just then there was no lifting of the veil to show the golden harvest of the future that was to be hers—only again the vision—Calvary, the cross, the everlasting love, the atonement, as closer, closer to that riven side she is drawn where from the very heart of love divine she hears the whisper that vanishes every doubt, "My child, trust me," and sends her—the Lord's newly anointed—on her way rejoicing. M. A. H.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom." Isa. 40: 11.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robinson (now of West 20th St.) we would tender our deepest sympathy in their recent bereavement.

William was in our Primary Department at the Sunday School, and his sweet little face, and bright, winsome smile has been greatly missed since he went to be with Jesus.

When the family returned from their summer vacation they all looked so well that it seemed impossible that within so short a time, diphtheria, with all its dread alarms, should take away the youngest; but Mr. and Mrs. Robinson know the Lord, and do not grieve like those without hope: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." 1 Thess. 4: 14, 18.

"Comfort one another with these words."

Is it true?
Is it needful?
Is it kind?
If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold:
These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
This, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

—*Beth Day.*

Prophetic Bible Conference

A call has been issued by over a hundred prominent clergymen, Bible teachers and Christian business men for a Prophetic Bible Conference, to be held in Carnegie Hall, November 25-28, 1918.

Among the speakers invited to take part in the proceedings are Drs. C. I. Scofield, A. C. Gabelein, Mark A. Matthews, James M. Gray, Ford C. Ottman, W. L. Pettengill, David J. Burrell, John F. Carson, A. C. Dixon and others.

Has the Bible any light for these days of war, pestilence, and famine throughout the world? It will be the purpose of the Conference, and the aim of the speakers, to answer in the affirmative this much propounded question.

Requests for literature and programs should be addressed to the Secretary of the Conference, George H. Dowkontt, 113 Fulton St., New York.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Vol. X NOVEMBER, 1918 No. 11

Nineteenth Anniversary

From November 17th to 24th we shall celebrate our nineteenth anniversary. In retrospective gratitude we desire to praise God for what He hath graciously wrought throughout the years. Able speakers and eminent soloists will be present every evening. Come and rejoice with us.

The Eighth Avenue Mission had its birth November 23, 1899; and every night since then there has been a Gospel meeting within its doors.

Miss May Agnew was its founder. Upon her heart was laid the burden of souls. The throngs of people that moved along the Avenue, many of them seeking some place of cheap amusement, and needing the Lord Jesus Christ, prompted her to request friends to pray that a Mission might be established on the Avenue which should be the means of bringing lost sheep to the Great Shepherd.

It was just like Him to speedily answer, and to overrule the opposing forces (mainly the corner saloons), giving an attractive house of worship at 291 Eighth Avenue.

Just one year later, Miss Sara Wray (a young woman of rare gifts) took up the superintendency of the Mission (which circumstances compelled Miss Agnew to resign) and has been blessed and made a blessing these many years.

Under Miss Wray's remarkably capable leadership the work of the Mission has reached gigantic proportions in efficacy and efficiency, so that it has been one of the most successful institutions in New York City for relieving the needy and obtaining practical results from a Christian-work point of view.

For nine years, without interruption, night after night the Gospel Light shone out; then the old building was destroyed by fire. Another hall was rented at 330 Eighth Avenue, but after two years it became much too small for the crowds that came to listen to the old, old story.

Again prayer was answered and eight years ago the present building, 290 Eighth Avenue, was purchased at a cost of $41,000. The building needed renovation. This was done at a cost of $4,000; making a total of $45,000. God's seal of approval has been manifested in the way people have given until the amount has been reduced to $15,000.

Besides this, in a miraculous way, God has answered prayer and met every expense of carrying on the Mission, and has also met the multitudinous and urgent demands of needy people in the neighborhood.

Primarily the Mission seeks to lift up Jesus, "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," that all men may be drawn unto Him. As stated before, every night there is an intensely interesting service, and the warmth and enthusiasm of many who have been saved has been augmented through the years.

Every night also (weather permitting) there is an open-air service at the corner of West Twenty-fourth St. and Eighth Ave.; and many people have found life worth while (who were in many instances going to the river to drown themselves) because they fol-

lowed earnest workers into the Mission hall, and received the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

Sunday is a busy day, and replete with blessing. One of the best Bible Classes for men in the City (they will tell you *"The very best"*) convenes at nine-thirty o'clock, with Mr. Alwyn Ball as teacher. Many come from distant cities to hear Mr. Ball, and even are glad to miss breakfast to be on time for this service. At 2.15 there is a thriving Sunday School, with a live superintendent at its head; teachers who were converts of the Mission; children who have found the Lord Jesus Christ because they have been spiritually awakened by their consecrated teachers, and last, but by no means least, adult classes which are a means of spiritual growth and uplift.

At four o'clock there is an attractive throng of workers at the West 22nd St. Ferry, and many is the passerby who has been invited to the evening meeting and has rejoiced because of these wayside ministries which resulted in comfort and blessing.

There is a mighty work being done among the mothers and children in the neighborhood, with a meeting especially for them on Wednesday afternoons at two o'clock. Throughout the winter sewing is provided free of cost; classes formed, teachers provided, and children cared for by talented ladies in order that these poor mothers may have an hour of rest, and incidentally the privilege of listening to the gospel story from the teacher's lips as she deftly instructs them how to fashion garments, and to trust Jesus to help them in every walk of life.

Then there is the house to house visitation when our missionaries, and volunteer workers, invite lonely ones (perchance for the first time in a strange city) to come to the meetings, often finding glad response to the invitation to send their children to the Sunday School and to come themselves to the different services.

Regular and systematic work is done in hospitals, holding meetings, visiting the sick, and ministering to the dying; to say nothing of the burden of work in the office, where nearly every mail brings exacting demands upon heart and funds, if investigation proves the cases to be worthy.

Consequently, we praise God that throughout the years His grace has been sufficient, and that His bounty has kept babies from freezing to death; children from starving; mothers from a living death, and many fathers from committing suicide; but above everything else for the many who have received the Lord Jesus Christ, and have therefore been victorious in life, and triumphant in death.

Remember the date, from the 17th to the 24th inclusive, and that you have an engagement at the Eighth Avenue Mission.

In Vino Falsitas

"Grief banished by wine will come again,
And come with a deeper shade,
Leaving, perchance, on the soul a stain
Which sorrow had never made.
Then fill not the tempting glass for me:
If mournful, I will not be mad;
Better sad, because we are sinful—
Than sinful because we are sad."

—Eugenia Le Fils.

Inasmuch

In all the history of the Mission clothing for men, women, boys, girls and infants has never been so urgently needed as now. The need is imperative! Say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and send at once to S. Wray, 290 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Be Ye Kind

"Kind hearts are gardens;
Kind thoughts are roots;
Kind words are blossoms;
Kind deeds are fruits."

A Spirit Filled Innovation

TIRED, weary and heart-sick a well-groomed man walked along Eighth Avenue, seeking diversion from harrowing thoughts and cumulative anxieties.

Suddenly an attractive sign arrested his attention. It was in close juxtaposition to a sewing machine in a shop window, but its message was irrelevant. There was music at the top and bottom, and in the center these words:

"Cheer up—Sing!
Be one of the singing crowd
at 290 Eighth Avenue,
Every Thursday night at 8 p.m.
You never heard singing like it!
Words and music provided for all.
Everything Free!"

Surely the man needed cheering up, but who could feel cheerful when the angel of death had claimed their wife and they were lonely and sad? However, he *could* find the place, take a back seat and kill time for an hour!

The place was only a block away; so he entered and tried to anchor in the contemplated back seat; but war conditions seemed to prevail, and women were acting as ushers. One might dodge a man, and sit where he liked, but who could be bull-headed when a gentle-woman courteously invited him to sit nearer the front and help sing.

It was early and a rehearsal seemed to be on, for a woman—who surely was some singer herself, stood facing the crowd, while they spontaneously sang according to her interpretation, first with a grand crescendo and then with an effective diminuendo, while two other ladies on the platform made the two pianos fairly talk.

Presently another lady, with refined English accent, called the meeting to order, and everyone arose and sang "America" so lustily that it must have been heard a block away.

Perhaps it was a partiotic meeting, and the next thing one would be politely requested to buy a Liberty Bond, or a Thrift Stamp; but instead the next number made one readjust their thinking-cap, and sit up and take notice. A Mrs. Cleveland was introduced, and sang in an inimitable style, "Put on your rainbow glasses and look this old world o'er, You'll find a lot of goodness you've never seen before. Some heart will beat lighter, For skies are always brighter When seen through rainbow glasses."

Two slightly intoxicated men came in and sat next to the back seat: If they said "that song is a corker" who could blame them?

There was something peculiarly magnetic about the leader, who announced "Hold the fort for I am coming." Immediately the crowd was all attention, and sang "By Thy grace we will" at the top of their lungs; and it sounded good too!

There were a few, here and there, like our bereaved friend, who did not yet feel like singing, but the leader said "I heard someone say 'Those who *can* sing, and *won't* sing ought to be sent to Sing Sing,'" and the people actually smiled and looked happy.

No longer did it seem like a patriotic service, but a sort of home-like affair where everyone was expected to do his stunt—and look happy.

There were a lot of catchy songs that made one think of God and heaven; and plenty of talent off the platform too: A Mr. Roberts stood and sang his bit like a man; and as the leader called on one and another in the audience to sing, they just went at it like good soldiers.

It was great to hear Detective Smith sing a solo with the same enthusiasm he returns lost children to heart-broken mothers!

There was a male quartette, and they also could sing most acceptably. Wondering who they were we were glad to be informed that "Wilcox was the tenor; Paisley was a new man; Cummings a regular, and Hamilton McAllister (there on the end) sure all right." We could believe it for this quartette was well worth hearing again; and even yet the refrain they sang ("Wandering

child, come home") is singing its way into hearts.

People could not help but feel that the Eighth Avenue Mission was cheerful and homelike because *God was there.* This supposition proved correct, for the leader told about a minister's son joining a Canadian regiment over two years ago, and that he had not since been heard from. The way she said "God knew where he was" convinced one that she believed what she said; and she had joined His army and wanted everybody to enlist at once.

This leader enjoined the men and women on the platform "to think of the words," as they sang "One day He's coming, O glorious day"; and then she gave out some notices and we found this Mission had services every night in the year, and people missed a heap if they stayed away from a single service. When she spoke of these concerts they were going to have every Thursday night, she said "If people don't love to sing there is something the matter with them, and they ought to see a doctor." Countenances indicated that those present would not miss the next Thursday song service for anything, and as far as they were concerned the doctors could pay undivided attention to the prevailing epidemic.

There was a Mrs. Boyle who sang duetts with Mrs. Cleveland. Anywhere else one would have to pay the price of a dinner at the Claremont to hear those two Christian women sing! The amazing thing throughout the whole service was the fact that everything *was* free.

Once during the service the leader said "I'll give this Testament (and it was a fine one!) to anyone who has never sung in public before, if they will get up and sing a verse of this hymn." Most anyone would be disconcerted at such a proposition; but I'll be flabbergasted if a young lady didn't do it, and modestly receive the gift!

There was not a bit of preaching, but just at the close the English woman said that people were not wearing their hearts on their sleeves these days, but that they were thinking of others; nevertheless, everyone had their burden, but there was *One* who cared. From a little Testament she read "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." She persuaded the people to say it until they knew it by heart; and knew it could be found in 1 Peter 5:7.

Finally the audience arose and reverently looked at the service flag, with its many stars, while all were invited to pray silently for the boys "over there." It was awfully solemn, yet comforting somehow, especially when the English woman prayed audibly and did not seem to forget anybody. She even asked God to bless the men and women who had come to the service, and were tired after a hard day's work; and the prayer included the piano players whose professional touches had done so much to make this sacred concert a success. Our sad-faced man looked brighter as he passed out, and we expect he will come each week and "be one of the singing crowd."

Trust

"I know not what shall befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And so each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise."

"So I go on not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight."

"The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze on glory,
But on my King of grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land."

—*Mrs. Cousin.*

Good News From Our Boys

Private Henry Michaels has arrived safely overseas. He writes, "I am learning God's plan for me in this war, and shall be happy to die for Christ's cause, if necessary."

* * *

G. H. Gray writes as follows: "Was wounded in the right knee with a machine gun bullet, but am getting along fine. Was in the hospital three weeks, and it was a treat to feel clean sheets once more, and to have a bit of quiet. God has wonderfully garrisoned me from all evil when going through some awful experiences. Surely He was a wall of fire around and about me. I have seen my mates fall at the right and the left, but He miraculously spared my life. I aw now in a Camp on the Coast of France, and am getting along fine. There is a Soldiers' Christian Association Hut near me, and I am attending the meetings every night. The boys knew long ago that I am a Christian and we have had some grand times together. Please remember me to the people of the Mission, and ask them to continue to pray for me."

* * *

Sergeant R. Beattie is wide awake as ever for the cause of the Master. A recent letter runs thus: "I am under the doctor's care (that is why I have time to write), but I shall be on the job in a day or so. A lot of my pals have crossed the Great Divide and will never see the old United States again. Poor boys! No, they were not poor, for they were the cream of America! God bless and comfort their mothers! The privilege comes pretty often now of helping bury a dear boy. I took the ring off the hand of one and the Chaplain sent it home to his mother. That was all we could send her—along with our love. We buried him on a beautiful little hillside, overlooking a valley, and down in the valley was a quiet little French village. Miss Wray, I have a fine souvenir for you. It is a little Gospel which was lying in the road. It had been run over every minute by the artillery on motor-trucks, and when I get back I will tell the folks a very interesting story about it. I also found two pages of a Billy Sunday hymn-book, and after I rubbed off the mud and dried it you can imagine my joy to see that dear old hymn "Since Jesus came into my heart." Is that not wonderful? Just then I started singing, and the boys wondered if I had been gassed. I am working for Christ here amongst difficulties which seem almost impossible to overcome. Remember me in prayer at the Mission. Don't lie down on the open-air work. Yours in Christ, Beattie."

* * *

Corporal Frank Horton is well, and sends most interesting letters from Camp.

Fear Not

Absolutely tender!
  Absolutely true!
Understanding all things,
  Understanding you!
Infinitely loving—
  Intimately near—
This is God our Father,
  What have we to fear?

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure."

A Wish

God set your feet in pleasant ways;
  God bless and keep you, 'til you stand
Beneath the calm, effulgent rays
  That light for aye that Promised Land.

Whatever nook or place thou fill'st
  To that place God thee sent;
Therefore, as snail in house of shell,
  Be in this place content.

"Art thou a rose that crowns the bush?
  Thine be it God to bless.
Art thou but moss upon the stem?
  Then thank thy God no less."

I. J. P.

Mission Items

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. 18:20.

The Lord's presence was strikingly manifest at the Sunday evening service, when Mr. Garbutt, for many years superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry, gave the message. Not only was God's presence felt, but from the outset His mighty power was seen in the salvation of many souls.

At the close of the song service, before our superintendent had finished giving the invitation to sin-sick souls to come to Jesus and be cleansed from their sins, in response hands were eagerly raised all over the hall, and then, one after another came down the aisle and knelt at the mercy-seat. In fact, the entire front of the platform was crowded with seeking souls.

As Miss B. took these dear ones to the Throne in prayer, we were reminded of the promise in John 4:14: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

The tweny-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where Paul in the presence of Agrippa declareth his life from his childhood, was the theme for consideration and appropriation. The miraculous conversion of Paul, and how he was called to be an Apostle, was emphasized with the charge of Festus, and Paul's modest answer. Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian. He was on dangerous ground! Fully persuaded, and receiving immediately the Lord Jesus Christ, is the only safe ground. Mr. Garbutt was an accomplished cornetist, and helped wonderfully at the open air service. We trust God will send him again.

Christian readers, earnestly pray that those new converts may "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ."

* * *

"I am so glad that I came in here," whispered a woman to one of the workers the other evening. It was during the testimony meeting and the chorus was singing:

"Take it wherever you go,
God's message of love,
Sent down from above,
Oh, take it wherever you go."

Simultaneously there were many upraised hands, each holding God's precious Word. Of course every face radiated happiness for they knew they possessed something "far better than silver and gold."

Our dear sister had every reason to be happy because she had come into that possession, for, at the first invitation, she knelt and accepted Jesus as her Saviour. Attracted by the crowd at the open-air meeting, she listened to the testimonies, responded to the cordial solicitation to come into the hall; got a vision of the Lord and became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

H. M. B.

Our Sunday School

Superintendent Huston was greatly missed during the summer while he was engaged in important activities amongst soldiers in the Camps; but he has now enthusiastically resumed his work at the Mission; and the children are returning also.

You are cordially invited to our Sunday School (there are classes for all ages) together with your friends and neighbors. Strangers will find the session (at 2.15 p.m.) a good remedy for loneliness or "the blues."

It was a delight to see Dr. and Mrs. Warren in a recent meeting, and his earnest and scholarly address was blessedly uplifting and helpful. Dr. Warren has a great work of his own for soldier boys, but out of a busy life finds time to come in once in a while to enhearten us, and we praise God for his unabated interest in the Mission.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

"My Jesus I love Thee,
I know Thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign,
My precious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus 'tis now."

Over and over again we have been singing this verse of one of the best loved Mission hymns as we have been visiting, day after day, the children who summered with us at Freeport. We would feel that our task was incomplete if we did not, after a few weeks, go directly into the homes of each and every one of these little ones to see how they are progressing (in every way) since their return. We were truly delighted to hear each mother give such a good account of her own children. Not only have they continued to gain in weight, but they have entered both Kindergarten and school in splendid condition to stand the tests of whatever hardship they may be called upon to face both of environment and conditions. The young lad who was really a chronic invalid for years and who spent his summer vacation as our guest, was at the Mission on a recent Sunday, fat and rosy and in a perfectly normal condition. He was with his mother, both having come to thank God and sing His praises for leading them our way this summer in a time of great need. Our hearts are singing with joy and thanksgiving as again we prayerfully sing, with bowed heads and reverent hearts:

"If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus 'tis now."

At one of the October afternoon meetings we were amazed to see the number of small children present: some of the mothers had as many as five to care for while the baby carriages seemed numberless. This Wednesday meeting is for just this group of mothers who find it impossible to attend a Sunday morning service, but who seem to take keen interest in hearing the word of God: a Word so filled with promises, and so well fitted to meet their every need. We are planning early in November to open our play-room, which is such a paradise for the little ones who live from week to week in delightful anticipation of all this means to them. One dear mother came in to a special meeting carrying a baby only ten days old. How glad we were that God sent her our way just at that moment because we had tucked away a beautiful carriage (sent to us for some one who really needed it). Surely it came to this mother in answer to prayer because her need was great! Both the Mission and the mother thank the sender for her thoughtful gift.

It is not possible at this moment to tell anything about what kind of a Christmas we are going to have. We are now and always have been in the attitude of doing just what the President orders from Washington. We are in his boat all the time. We do know that it is not going to be a thrifty Christmas, but we also know that the children are always with us and that Christmas would be dreary indeed to them if they had no doll; so if your heart is with our little ones, this is just the moment to do some foraging among the shops, and you will be quite surprised how many dolls you will find (some that are really bargains), but, after all, it is the dressing that really makes the doll and the personal thought you give to the details. Almost everyone has a bit of material: lace and ribbon; so, in your leisure moments between now and Christmas will you dress and send us a doll that will surprise, even yourself, for its beauty? Better

still, it will be put into the hands of some tiny tot, who perhaps for the first time in her life will have a doll that is worth while. We plan each year to give out at least three hundred dolls: not only to our own children but to any child in the neighborhood who makes an appeal to us. Start right now and help us get the good work going, before the great rush of Christmas is upon us, with its insistent demands upon time and pocket-books. Children first; that is after the soldiers, of course.

We are always delighted to see our old friends at the Mothers' Meeting. Our dear Mrs. M. L. Thompson, who since her bereavement has been living in New Jersey, came in to see us and gave a very precious talk on the "new birth." Mrs. Thompson regrets that she cannot come to us often, but she finds this impossible as her home is some distance away and she is engaged in other important activities. For many years Mrs. Thompson gave faithful service in the Mothers' Meeting, and was deeply interested in the work of this Mission. We still miss her and remember her in our prayers.

Miss Mary T. Thomas, another dear Mission friend who is always ready for service in His name, and who spent most of her summer at Northfield, came back to us with a very interesting message. Miss Thomas repeated for our benefit a story told in an address of a missionary from Africa, showing how much the natives are willing to suffer for the name of the Lord Jesus when once they have found Him. This particular woman (as this true story runs) after her conversion, desired to be baptized, but her husband told her if she persisted in her foolishness he would kill her. Her heart was filled with a great love for her Saviour, so she persisted. Disguising herself as a goat, she followed the missionary to the water, but her husband discovered them both and told the missionary that if he continued the service he would put a poisoned arrow through them both. The missionary stood his ground bravely, and turning to the woman asked her if she still wished to be baptized. The woman answered "Yes." Then this man of God stood between her and the infuriated man and baptized her, expecting every moment to feel the deadly sting of the poisoned arrow pierce his back; but, to his astonishment God had interfered and the man had fallen in a fit of passion and was foaming at the mouth unable to pull the bow of his arrow. The woman was baptized and went home rejoicing, and through every test stood true to her Lord, and prayed every day for the conversion of her husband. Shall we not also pray for this dear woman and her unsaved husband?

Our hearts are blessed and refreshed each Wednesday, as the message is brought to us by one of our own workers, who seems to know how to reach the hearts of the mothers, not alone through the Word of God, but by testifying to His power to save and keep. One dear worker who has been most sorely tested, even to the breaking point, is always ready with a brave, triumphant smile, as she tells us of the mercy and goodness of God to her. This special testimony always helps and touches our hearts, because we know the fiery ordeal through which our dear sister has passed. At the testimony meeting Wednesday afternoon seldom is there one mother who remains seated. They all have a word of praise in their hearts and a "thank you" for answered prayer.

Of course we are looking for our mothers with their husbands, friends and neighbors to be one of the singing crowd Thursday night, "singing and making melody in our hearts as unto the Lord." This is a new innovation in the regular weekly services. It is a chorus in which every one has a part. You cannot help singing in the Mission; everyone sings, and this Thursday service is all singing, except for a few moments when a simple message is given. We want everyone to come for it will do you good and cheer you up. When you go home from this uplifting singing service your heart will be filled with joy all through the week, and you will have the witness within that in spite of the storm, strain and stress of these days, "God Reigns."

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

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Volume 10 Number 12

DEC 12 1918

Mission Tidings

December 1918

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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— Dr. C. I. Scofield. —

"'First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear,' is ever the divine method."

❖

"In the Scriptures may be traced a gradual unfolding of divine truth and purpose."

❖

"God always has things to tell which we are not able to bear."

❖

"There is a beautiful system in this gradualness of unfolding."

❖

"The past is seen to fall into periods, marked off by distinct limits."

❖

"The clear perception of the doctrine of the Ages marks a most important step in the progress of the student."

❖

"They are marke' as to their beginning, by some new probation for man, as to their ending by some act of judgment for man always fails at last."

❖

"The age of innocency, for example, began with man under the probation of abstinence from the fruit of one tree; it ended in the judgment of the expulsion from Eden."

❖

"The age of conscience, again began by knowing good and evil, and under probation—it ended in the judgment of the Flood."

❖

"The question of paramount importance to us is the question of the purpose of God in this age."

❖

"The only specific thing laid upon this Age is the evangelization of the world."

❖

"The man under law was set to the performance of a minute and laborious ritual, the validity of which depended upon exactness in every part."

"Likewise the kingdom age, which is to follow this, will have, for the man of God, the vast and complicated activities attending the administration of a universal kingdom."

❖

"The saint of this dispensation is neither set to do a ritual, nor to bear rule over the kingdoms of this world."

❖

"The purpose of God in this age is the calling out of the church."

❖

"There is not a passage, nor a line of Scripture which intimates that the world is to be converted during this age. It is the age of the called out ones."

❖

"Paul says he was 'made all things to all men if by all means he might gain *some*,' 'not all!'" "He declares that his apostleship was for 'obedience of the faith *among* (not 'of') all nations.'"

❖

"The *method* employed is the preaching of the glad tidings that Christ died on the cross, a vicarous offering, the saving merit of which avails for any who will believe on Him."

❖

"In Antioch, Philippi, Athens, Rome —wherever the gospel was preached it proved to be the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believed."

❖

"To every believing hearer it was the savor of life unto life."

❖

"To those who rejected and disbelieved it was a savor of death unto death."

❖

"The purpose of God for us in this age is to 'preach the gospel to every creature.'"

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 10 NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1918 No. 12

A Personal Testimony

"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my hand."—John 10:28, 29.

My heart is overflowing with joy today as I realize the truth of God's Word, and that He hath given me eternal life, so that I am secure in life or in death.

The past year has been crowded with wonderful experiences, but in all the ways and through all the days His grace has been sufficient for every need. Near the Mission; in the Camps back in the States; across the ocean, His promise "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" proved true and now in France (over a month in the training camps) his grace is satisfying me.

Upon the ocean we were surrounded by many dangers; but the Master's presence was very real in the midst, whispering "Fear not, I am with thee." It was the same Jesus who "walked on the sea," and said "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid!"

Very soon I may be on the battle front; but as He is keeping me, day by day, from many evils over here, graciously delivering me from every temptation, so He will keep me in the centre of His blessed will in the thick of the fight. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, THOU art with me."

How I thank my dear Heavenly Father for bringing me into the Eighth Avenue Mission, where I heard about Jesus, and accepted Him as my personal Saviour. He wrought the miracle and I am reaping the benefit!

It was indeed a miracle for a Slovak from "Slovakland," reared in a Catholic family of many priests, to take God at His Word, and believe the Bible, which had been designated "A dangerous book" by the priests, but it was a blessed deliverance from superstition and idolatry as well.

I had been taught that there was no salvation outside the Catholic church, but found that God said "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Again I was instructed that the way to heaven was partly by good works, and partly by grace; but the fact was the BOOK said "my righteousnesses was as filthy as rags," and that by grace I could be Saved, and that not of myself for it was "the gift of God."

As a child I assidiously practiced all the Catholic ceremonies, and even walked over the Carpathian mountains at the age of twelve to get right with God, but my heart was just as black as when I started, and incidentally my feet were blacker—and O, so sore!

It was not a pleasant ordeal to confess my sins to a priest, and then after absolution to be assured I would have to go through purgatory to be fully cleansed; but it was a blessed revelation to know God says in I John 1:7 "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from ALL sin."

Even after I came to the United States in 1917, I went often to communion and confession, trying to believe (as the priest said) that the wafer was the very body of the Lord Jesus Christ; but it only resulted in my groping my way after a dead Saviour—very far away.

When I took up my abode in New York City I was still trying to find peace, and was confirmed by a Bishop who told me that I had received the

Holy Spirit. I went to 45 different Catholic churches, but although I was a devout Catholic, I was very sinful, and after every confession fell again and agian into the same sins.

God often led my feet to an open-air meeting, but being instructed that those meetings were the "devil's work," I carefully shunned them; but God's power was stronger than satan's, and

JOSEPH CHERVENANSKY

patiently and graciously He led me step by step, first to listen to an open air service, where people, who really knew the way of salvation, explained the way simply and convincingly, backed up by God's Word, so that finally I went into the Eighth Avenue Mission, and listened to the music, which was beautiful.

I had a strong desire to go forward for prayer, when the leader invited people to do this; but a mighty battle was waging in my heart, and I felt weak so that I delayed it until the last, when one man came and urged me to kneel in front and ask God to forgive my sins for Jesus' sake.

It was the greatest venture of my life for words cannot express the peace and joy that came into my heart as I realized that God had really and truly heard my prayer, and forgiven my sins. The miracle was wrought then for He removed all desire for sin, and had indeed made me a "new creature in Christ Jesus." The habits of my life, as well as the thoughts of my mind were greatly changed.

Then came the greatest treasure: The Bible. Its pages were illuminated with heavenly light as His blessed Holy Spirit interpreted it to my once darkened mind, and revealed that Jesus shed His precious blood that I might be redeemed from all sin.

Today, having eternal life, there is peace in my heart, and I am safe in His everlasting arms.

Praise God for Jesus and for His wonderful love which is so sweet, real, sure and true!

Dear Reader: If you are not sure of eternal life: If you have not accepted Jesus as your Saviour; if you are troubled or sad; if there are any evil habits from which you would be delivered; if you are always trying and always falling; if you are self-righteous, and yet are without peace and comfort, there is only one way to salvation, and that is by believing, receiving and confessing the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. Will you do it—now—and be saved through eternity?

Dear Christian readers, please pray for me that God's holy purpose for my life may be accomplished, and that I may be used for His honor and glory.

God bless you all.

Yours in Him,
PRIVATE JOSEPH CHERVENANSKY,
Co. C, 116th Engineers,
Amer. Ex. Forces, France.

Saved to Serve

"How glad I am that Miss Wray raised her hand in that meeting over in England," said one: "What a grand meeting we have had," said another as they left the Mission, with its cheerful lights and home-like warmth, and stepped out on the frosty Avenue November third.

What did it all mean! Simply that

our Superintendent (highly esteemed for her works sake) had been lovingly compelled to observe the anniversary of her conversion. Studiously she had avoided publicity, earnestly hoping to quietly and reverently keep the day—alone with God, sincerely thanking Him for what He had wrought through the years; but numberless friends would not have it so and took it upon themselves to announce her anniversary.

Right they were! The privilege of listening to the story of Miss Wray's conversion always brings to the heart reverent worship and heartfelt praise.

Because Miss Wray raised her hand for prayer in a Salvation Army meeting in England when she was seventeen years of age, scores of hands have since been raised wherever she has engaged in evangelistic work.

Thank God the end is not yet! Almost every night some one raises their hand at the Mission and accepts Jesus as their personal Saviour.

The Eleventh Mile-Stone

Convincing was the wonderful testimony of Mr. John Cannon, (eleven years old in the Lord October twenty-fifth,) that God IS strong to deliver and mighty to save.

By the power of God Mr. Cannon was miraculously delivered from a life of inebriety, and saved by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Eleven years ago Mr. Cannon entered the Mission, as he said "an ignorant, hopeless drunkard."

When a boy Mr. Cannon had never had the privilege of attending school, but the corner saloon afforded him free education along different lines until he came to the place where hope departed and he was utterly sick of living, so sick that he decided to drown himself. For five years he had not drawn a sober breath, and he seemed wholly inert to everything but the voice of the enemy, who drove him to the bank of the river, where he carefully prepared weights to sink his body.

All was ready, and the dark waters very near, but before taking the final plunge he decided to seek some beer-garden, hear his last song and get his last drink.

Dejectedly he boarded a car, and so sick and forlorn did he look that when he tendered his fare to the conductor, the man said "Put the nickel in your pocket but don't drop dead on my car!"

At Eight Avenue he walked a short distance when he heard music. Thinking it was a beer-garden he entered the Eighth Avenue Mission where they were singing gospel hymns.

Unique was Mr. Cannon's testimony the night of his anniversary when he said "I came in for something I did not get, and went out with something I did not know was on earth—salvation!" Mr. Cannon had come in for his last drink, but after listening to the testimonies of many men, wondrously saved from sin, he cried from the depth of his heart "God be merciful to me a sinner!"—and the miracle was wrought.

Since that night Mr. Cannon has made some prodigious strides, for at his eleventh anniversary he was intelligently reading the 40th Psalm; manfully praising God that he was "a new creature in Christ Jesus," and gloriously declaring that his last drink was "a well of water springing into everlasting life."

The auditorium was filled with friends of Mr. Cannon's who in congratulatory words evinced the high esteem in which they held this member of the royal household. Among these friends were Mr. and Mrs. Acker (earnest Christian people, engaged in Mission work in Brooklyn) with whom Mr. Cannon lives, and Dr. Warren, the beloved pastor of the Eighteenth Street Methodist Church. Dr. Warren's remarks were most pertinent, and he also praised God for being a joint factor (together with the Mission) in the evangelization of the world. H. M. B.

November eleventh was a call to thank God that victory had come and that our dear boys might soon come home.

An Interesting Incident

A BRITISH sailor, David Thomas, was in the meeting one Saturday night and soul-stirring was his testimony. He was one of those dear people famous for their poetic nature: A Welshman, and a Wesleyan minister as well.

Incidentally a British Naval Officer Paterson Himbury was invited to the Mission, but as he was on duty at that time he postponed his visit until Monday, when he came and was assigned to a front seat.

Strangely eventful as well as providential seemed the presence of our British sailor, who was invited to take the assembly to God in prayer.

When the time came for testimony the British officer was the first to testify, and saluting his comrade, he said "I feel honored to have a man on my vessel who can pray like that."

Both the British officer and the Wesleyan minister were present the following night, and Mr. Himbury was invited to bring the message.

The Scripture selected was Prov. 23:26: "My son, give me thine heart." At the outset there was a tender tribute to a Christian mother with whom in early years he had read the Bible; but he passed through some trying experiences before he surrendered his heart and life to the Lord Jesus Christ.

He knew what a German prison camp looked like, and what it meant to be imprisoned by the Bolshevik.

Again he had another hazardous experience in the English Channel when his boat went to the rescue of a hospital ship that had been torpedoed. Among those rescued was a young midshipman who was mortally wounded. To him Mr. Himbury gave his berth, and found as he watched beside his bed, that the young man was an earnest Christian and ready to die. His triumphant death made a profound impression upon Mr. Himbury so that he turned to his "Daily Light" (selections of Scripture for every day in the year) which had been given to him by a lady when he joined up. Opening the book his eyes fell upon these words: "My son, give me thine heart," and then and there he yielded himself to the Saviour of men.

Both Mr. Himbury and Mr. Thomas came subsequently to bid us good-bye, and by request Mr. Thomas gave us one of the most remarkable sermons we have ever heard from Acts 16:31. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." We pray as they speed away that the blessing which they brought to us may revert in benediction upon themselves, as well as their future ministries in His Name.

We praise God for answered prayer in the restoration of our dear brother, Mr. Nelson Tucker, who bravely submitted to an operation at the New York Hospital in November.

Mr. Tucker has been a loyal member of the Mission family for some years, and his faithfulness at the open-air services, and his kind thought regarding the many needs of the Mission have been greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Sage—ripe in years—went to sleep in Jesus November fourth. The funeral service November seventh was held at her residence, and was profound and intensely impressive in its very simplicity.

Dr. MacLeod, pastor of the St. Nicholas church, read Mrs. Sage's favorite Psalm and offered prayer. The talented quartette from Dr. MacLeod's church sang with tender modulation "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Peace, perfect peace."

The interment was in the family plot at Syracuse, N. Y.

For His Sake

This happy day, whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity,
This holy day when Christ the Lord,
Took on Him our humanity,
For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make,
We bring our precious gifts to them
Even for dear Jesus' sake.

PHOEBE CARY.

Please!

President Wilson's appeal in behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan was a call to the colors. Loyally the people responded, remembering our heroes were facing shot, shell, gas, poison, hunger, privation and mutilation at the front.

There is only one call greater than that of our country, and that is to be a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to be loyal to all the interests of His Kingdom.

The Eighth Avenue Mission stands firm and invincible for God and country, day after day and night after night administering in every possible way to men in uniform, as well as to God's poor, who in great need come to the Mission every day.

Our Superintendent must have funds to meet these urgent demands. Many of our Mission boys are in Camp or in France. If they are to have any Christmas cheer it must come out of the bounty which God hath entrusted to us.

For a number of years it has been our great pleasure and privilege to give Christmas baskets, coal, clothing, dolls, toys and useful gifts to the very poor and needy in our immediate neighborhood. There are many families whose Christmas will be desolate indeed, and numberless children who will not have any Christmas cheer, unless we minister to them in His Name.

Will our many friends far and near help us to gladden these hearts and homes by sending their gifts as early as possible to our Superintendent, S. Wray, 290 Eighth Avenue, remembering the cost of baskets this year will probably be much more than ever before?

All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged.

Clothing of every description is greatly needed for our Sunday School children. There are special petitions for overcoats for the boys, aged four to sixteen. The little girls need dresses and underclothing; shoes of every size are always in demand, and skirts for our mothers.

'Tis not enough that Christ was born
Beneath the star that shone,
And earth was set that morn
Within a golden zone,
He must be *Born Within the Heart*
Before he finds his throne,
And brings the day of love and good,
The reign of Christ-like brotherhood."

MISSION TIDINGS

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- - - - FRANK H. MANN

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Vol. X DECEMBER, 1918 No. 12

With Jesus

"The sorrows of life will seem nothing
When we get to the end of the way."

The truth of the above lines come to mind with fresh conviction as we recall how Rita Ulricksen stood upon the Mission platform and sweetly sang those words, skillfully playing her own accompaniment upon her guitar.

Miss Ulricksen loved the Saviour, the Mission and any service for her Master; but she came to the end of the way one balmy Sunday evening in October (the 20th) after a brief contest with Spanish Influenza and Double Pneumonia. However, to depart and be with Jesus is far better, and we can rejoice because of her triumphant victory over the last enemy, through Christ her Lord, who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life."

At the same time we would tender our deepest sympathy to her bereaved Mother—across the sea, and to her Brother, who resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. We are confident that God's own Word will comfort them in this hour of trial "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?"

Praise Him

Lovers of music miss a rare treat if they do not come to the Mission every Thursday evening. The ensemble singing is soul-stirring, while the solos, duet and quartette numbers are full of praise as well as sweet melody.

Beautiful and full of worship are the hymns sung by Mrs. Cleveland, while the choice selections rendered by Mrs. Boyle are also a call to adoration and are unsurpassed in sweetness.

Then there are the men, whose voices are always so rich and full, and glad indeed is the audience when Mr. Cumming's, Mr. Paisley, Mr. Hamilton McAllister, Mr. Wilcox and others are called upon to sing.

Best of all, everyone has a chance, and even the strangers are handed a book and are urged to participate in this enjoyable and enheartening praise service.

Our 19th Anniversary

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

Gratefully contemplating all the way the Lord hath led us the past nineteen years, blessed years replete with glory, power and praise, our hearts bow down in adoring worship before Him who hath so graciously supplied all our need, and hath brought us forth "into a large place."

Every night for nineteen years a Gospel service has been held, and God's seal of approval has been strikingly manifested in the salvation of many precious souls.

Our beloved Superintendent, who has been at the helm for eighteen years, has the happy faculty (under God) of securing celebrated divines and distinguished soloists for these sacred fete days. This year, as on similar

occasions, our hearts swelled with gratitude for the blessed prerogatives which we enjoy at the Mission, and which were augmented during the anniversary week.

The special services commenced Sunday, November 17th, with invocation and ended with devout praise. Each meeting was prefaced by a worshipful, yet rousing, song service led by the Superintendent, after which opportunity was afforded the unsaved to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. A man and woman made the happy surrender the first night, and it was a noteworthy fact that throughout the whole week God's presence was so manifested that young and old came singly, and in groups, definitely yielding their lives to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The last night there was a wonderful answer to prayer when a young girl came forward to the altar, her eyes deluged with penitent tears, and unreservedly yielded herself to the Lord Jesus Christ. Her mother had recently accepted the Saviour, and then desired that prayer should go up in behalf of her daughter. God speedily answered, and tender was the mother's gratitude as she said "I thank God for the Eighth Avenue Mission and for the conversion of my daughter."

Rev. A. B. Simpson, the beloved Pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, gave the opening address, which was a sacred admonition to seek an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit which should result in a world wide revival.

When Dr. Simpson had finished, Mrs. Cortlandt de P. Field passed on some deep truths, leaving food for thought as she said, "There is not only a beginning to the Christian life, but there must be the continuation and the result.

Mrs. G. W. Cleveland and Miss Brownewell were the special soloists, and their spirit-filled renditions added much to the deep interest of the meeting.

Mrs. S. H. Hadley, Mr. and Mrs. Ball, Mr. Pope and many other well-known people were also present; but personalities seemed to be forgotten so absorbed was everyone in praising God for what He had wrought through the years. Even the presentation of a beautiful Scofield Bible to Miss Wray by Mr. Cooper in behalf of the Men's Bible Class, seemed to be a part of the worship, as was the Superintendent's brief but reverent reply: "The greatest desire of my life—that of possessing a Scofield Interleaf Bible—is now gratified, and I say with all my heart—Thank you." The chorus which followed, and in which all were invited to participate, rang out with triumphant praise.

These choruses between addresses, and after thrilling testimonies of men wonderfully redeemed from sin, were mighty factors in maintaining the joyful atmosphere which pervaded every meeting.

Rev. George Alexander, D.D., Pastor of the University Place Presbyterian church, gave a soul-searching address on Monday evening, based on the story of the Prodigal Son. The true story of a wicked Captain, who subsequently united with Dr. Alexander's church before going "over there," was analogous and faith inspiring. As Dr. Alexander sat down a woman whispered, "I could listen to that dear man preach all night." Miss May Wolcott sang at the beginning of the service, "This Wonderful Story is True," with characteristic sweetness, and at the close a hymn of invitation.

Mr. F. Murray Olyphant was also present Monday evening, and sang with his usual fine interpretation and pleasing modulation, "I Am Trusting, Fully Trusting Thee." Mr. Olyphant also gave a glowing testimony which was most encouraging.

Tuesday evening representative people convened early to hear Mrs. Sherwood Eddy relate her thrilling experiences amongst our soldiers in France, as well as to listen to a scholarly and helpful address by Rev. J. Palmer, Ph.D., from the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, and Mr. F. Eaton, of Morristown, N. J., who was the accomplished soloist.

We shall not soon forget the beautiful and classical arrangement of "There is a Green Hill Far Away," nor the hymn Mr. Eaton also sang at the close, accompanied by Mrs. Eaton upon the piano.

It was most gracious of Mrs. Eddy to come to us just as she was about to sail to India, but as she counted it her "happy privilege" to be with us, we were happy too.

How we wish everyone could have heard the touching stories Mrs. Eddy cited from real life at the battle front! Pen fails to do them justice!

There was the homesick Canadian lad, only 17 years of age, full of enthusiasm to reach the front, but who all too soon had had his fill of war, and gladly sought the sympathy and human touch found in the soldiers' hut. He was a brave boy for his work was to carry messages through a rain of shot and shell. When asked how he could do it, he replied, "By having no thought of self, and only of getting my message through."

Pointed indeed was the application that we, as Christians, could do better work if we forgot self and thought only of giving the message of God's redeeming love to perishing souls around us.

Again there was the tall, sturdy (yet nervous) young man, ready for the call to go over the top. "Stand ready" is the command, and everyone must be *absolutely* ready! A bomb came into the trench and killed his chum. There was no time to think; the enemy was right ahead! "Over the top!" came the cry. Instant obedience brought death to many, and worst of all no one could stop and care for the wounded. Gaining the trenches, our tall, sturdy boy was nervous no longer, but he had a sting in the wrist and an unspeakable hurt in his leg, but could not see what it was because he was standing in deep water.

"The boys are not afraid to die," said Mrs. Eddy, "but they do want to know what next?" She was glad to tell them about eternal life through believing and receiving the Lord Jesus Christ. Heart searching was the application: Are we absolutely ready to instantly obey our Commander while we live, and after death—what?" Will it be eternal life through Jesus, or will we be among the lost?

In another place where every yard of territory was bought with blood, a young Sergeant stood firing a gun while his younger brother handed up the ammunition. Suddenly a bomb fell on top the elder brother and there was never found a fragment of him. The younger brother was wounded, but he did not realize it; instead he jumped into his brother's place and went on firing! Oh, what unselfish service! Are we rendering that to God, and are we ready to fill the place of our absent brother that there may be no gap in the firing line?

"But," continued Mrs. Eddy, "the biggest fight is within. Pray as never before that these lads may conquer; that Jesus may come into their lives, enabling them to triumph over the foe within; the demon of drink and impurity."

Mrs. Eddy's brother, an officer in the army, shrank from the cruel ordeal of commanding his men to go forward to face death; but he led them and—every one was killed! He was himself pierced through the lungs and lay on No-Man's Land for 16 hours. Feeling his strength going he tried to crawl on his hands and knees, but again he fell, and then again, finally succeeding in crawling a mile—a blood stained way—to reach help. Jesus led the blood-stained way to victory for us. "He always takes the heavy end," said Mrs. Eddy. "Spend time with Him and talk with Him," was her parting admonition.

Wednesday night there was not a vacant seat in the Mission, and people were en masse about the door, while one urchin stood up in the window seat, and another face was so high above the crowd at the door that we suspicion a box from the grocer's shop near by was requisitioned.

On the platform were Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the world-famous leader of song, Mrs. Alexander (his charming

wife), Mr. Brown, Mr. Cook and other celebrated members of the Alexander party, as well as Mrs. Pope Lewis, a soloist of unequalled excellence.

The audience seemed spell-bound! Self was forgotten in the all absorbing panorama. There was a trombone solo with piano accompaniment as people were quietly assigned seats by an urbane usher. The opening prayer was profound, and the song service led by Miss Wray inspiriting. Then, by invitation of the Superintendent, Elsie Wood, a little girl only four years of age, stood up amongst the Easter lillies and ferns, and sang "Since Jesus Came into My Heart." Harry Haines and Mr. Barry, men wonderfully saved by the grace of God, were also called upon to sing.

When the meeting was turned over to Mr. Alexander he taught several choruses in his inimitable style, giving a Testament to a ten-year-old lad (Jimmy Palmer) for singing a new chorus he had never heard until that night.

There were wonderful solos and duets by Mr. Brown and Mr. Cook of the Alexander party, while the playing of Mr. L. C. Voke at the piano (only 19 years of age) was phenomenal. One thought as the evening waned, "If the music of earth can be so transcendently beautiful, God help me not to miss the music of heaven—where are many loved ones." As if in answer Mr. Brown sang, "Take the Bitter with the Sweet," which was a great comfort to sorrowing hearts. Mrs. Pope Lewis' beautiful song at the close was a fitting climax to a perfect evening, which ended by a silent prayer for soldiers and sailors, followed by the singing of "America" and the Doxology.

Another rare treat was in store for us Thursday evening when Dr. David James Burrell, D.D., Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, gave us a mighty uplift by his powerful discourse.

As a boy Dr. Burrell was saved because someone "button-holed" him at a Methodist prayer meeting, and brought him to the point of decision.

Three boys decided for Christ the night Dr. Burrell spoke. Why not pray that a David Burrell may be among them—one who shall bring many to Jesus because someone buttonholed him at the Eighth Avenue Mission November 21, 1918.

"The Flower Land" and other selections were sung with great expression by Mrs. R. J. Boyle and Mrs. G. W. Cleveland, both of whom have endeared themselves to the people of the Mission by their consecrated lives.

Another feast was in store for us Friday evening when Rev. Edgar W. Work, Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, gave us an eloquent and realistic exposition of Luke 6:6. One illustration given by Mr. Work was the story of a ship, wrecked on the Scottish coast. Nearly everyone on board was lost, but finally a man was discovered lashed to the mast. When the storm had abated a bit a boat put out, and after a severe battle with the destructive waves, finally reached the ship, then almost a complete wreck. As they were about to rescue the man, he exclaimed, "There's another man!"

Mr. Work commended the Mission for keeping its doors open every night, and inviting others in, thus remembering "there's another man."

When scarcely fourteen years of age Jesus spoke to Mr. Work, and he accepted Him, following on to love Him and know Him better through the college, and in subsequent years of blessed ministry. Once a timid boy, he is now used of God to bring many others to Him. Mr. Work is deeply interested in the work of the Mission, and we trust he will come again, and speak to us, if God wills.

The same evening Miss Wing sang with power and feeling a classical rendition of the Prodigal Son, and seven young ladies, trained by Miss Wing, sang sweetly "Jesu Died For Me," accompanied on the piano by another young lady. All were from Sunshine Chapel, a branch of Dr. Burrell's church.

Saturday, the 23rd, was the real birthday of the Mission. The people could but feel that they were at another spiritual banquet as they were

privileged to listen to Rev. John R. Straton, D.D., Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church. From the outset Dr. Straton won the hearts of his hearers, and we only wish that time and space would permit us to give his address (as well as those of the speakers throughout the week) verbatim. Surely all were nearer God as Dr. Straton ceased speaking, and Miss Joyce Borden, who was the special soloist this real anniversary night, sang with freedom and distinctive musical ability "The Holy City," as well as another beautiful selection.

The closing service Sunday the 24th was full of unabated interest. People gathered early to again praise God for the Eighth Avenue Mission and what it had wrought in their lives. On this occasion Rev. George H. Dowkontt of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, Mrs. Dowkontt and Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, were seen in the foreground, while Mr. Spicer (at the head of the Christian Police Assn.), Mr. Fretz, Mr. Cranston and others were in the background.

Mr. Dowkontt's text was Acts 27:25. "Be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." "Do not merely say it," said Dr. Dowkontt, "but take hold of it." The audience sat spell-bound from start to finish and many found their hearts thrilling as Dr. Dowkontt proved he believed the Book from cover to cover. Dr. Dowkontt's words seemed a fitting summary of the whole week: the key-note of all the heavenly harmony which had flooded our souls from the beginning, and was the grand finale of the rich chord struck by Dr. Burrell on Thursday evening when he took up the Book of Books, and said it was *the* Book reverenced by his Father, and watered by the tears of his Mother.

As Mrs. Dowkontt's rich contralto rang out "Closer to Thee," with a call to worship in every perfected tone, and Dr. Kowkontt played softly upon the piano, many in the audience were strangely moved. At the invitation of the superintendent many reconsecrated their lives to the Master in the closing moments, and finally sought their homes thanking God for this nineteenth anniversary, and purposing to believe God as never before, and to draw closer to Him through the coming year, if Jesus tarry.

Mission Items

Our dear Mrs. Whittemore thrilled our hearts by her introductory quotation as she addressed the meeting not long ago: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

Mrs. Whittemore's face was radiant as she praised God for another demonstration of His healing power in her body, enabling her to continue in the blessed work of bringing souls to Jesus.

The Doors of Hope, founded by Mrs. Whittemore, have been wonderfully blessed of God for many years. Recently a girl in terrible bondage to the adversary came to the Door of Hope, entered the home, and was speedily and miraculously saved.

God has been doing so much for Mrs. Whittemore of late she said she frequently found herself praising Him aloud. This reminded her of a story which she graphically portrayed: An aged Christian woman, poor in this world's goods, but rich in the Lord, could not refrain from shouting—glory—right out in church, when God's goodness was emphasized by a scholarly divine. This disturbed the elders of the church to such a degree that they continually admonished this child of God to worship silently.

In due time a new edifice was erected, splendid in its architectural design, and radiant with its freshness. A new minister was also installed; consequently the officials felt in duty bound to wait upon the vociferous old lady and entreat her to keep quiet, promising her a much needed new pair of shoes if she would obey their mandate.

The following Sunday this aged saint was conducted to a remote alcove, and the new shoes (as a reminder) were hung in the corner.

The clergyman's eloquence was unmistakable, and his audience seemingly most circumspect, but suddenly in the

middle of his sermon all were aroused by the shout of Glory! Glory! Glory! Shoes or no shoes—Glory! Glory!

Mrs. Whittemore's earnest spontaneity is always inspiriting and for His Glory, and we are sure our songs of thanksgiving are also pleasing to God, who says "Whose offereth praise, glorifieth me."

Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." (Mark 10.14.)

We were singing one of the children's favorite hymns in Sunday School—"Do not forbid them to come to the Saviour, while in their childhood so happy and free," when a little boy, seven years of age (Neil Miller) left his seat and knelt at the altar. No one had spoken to him (that is—no human voice) but God had, and immediately heads were bowed in prayer.

Quietly and reverently Superintendent Huston requested one of the teachers to invite others to come forward if they would like to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

As the teacher told them that Jesus was in the midst, although they could not see Him; that He wanted them to come to Him and love and trust Him, because on the Cross He had died for them, one after another the little children came and knelt at the altar, until thirteen little lambs reverently entered the fold of the Good Shepherd.

We believe this sacred picture will never be effaced from our memory, nor their names from the Lamb's Book of Life. H. M. B.

Our esteemed President, Mr. George Sleeth, is compelled to go to Florida for the winter. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sleeth will be greatly missed from the Mission, but our loss will be the gain of those who are privileged to meet these friends —always so true to every interest of the kingdom.

"Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." James 5:8.

In His Service and in Her Service

A pithy letter from our Vice-President, Mr. Frank H. Mann is full of interest to members of the Mission who esteem him so highly.

"Twenty-four hours in one day is not enough for one to do all that is required and expected in the Field Artillery Training School.

What I thought was a busy life before is hardly to be compared with the strenuous life here.

The work is very fascinating, and gets increasingly complicated as we advance.

We are bugled out of our bunks at 5:15 A. M. and work incessantly until 9:30 when the lights go out and we are glad to turn in for the night.

The memory of the Eighth Avenue Mission is a bright spot in my life, and many is the evening that I wish I might be with you all.

Please remember me with affectionate regard to the friends of the Mission and the members of the Board."

Surely we thank our God upon every remembrance of Mr. Mann, and may the remembrance make us look upward to One who can give grace—and glory too.

"Sweet flowers spring in pestilential marshes."—*W. L. Watkinson.*

As we say farewell to the old year and merge expectantly into the new, it seems fitting to return thanks for the many accomplished and consecrated musicians whom the past year have given unstintingly of time and talent to make the Lord's work a success, among them the Misses Scott, Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Mieras, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Hamilton McAllister, Mr. Cummings and others, to say nothing of the faithful men and women who night after night at the street corner, and indoor services, contribute more than they realize to the wonderful songs of praise that attract many into the Mission, and not a few to the feet of Jesus.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

O clap, clap the hands,
And sing out with glee,
For Christmas is coming
And happy are we!

THE hearts of the children in this neighborhood are again thrilling with joy at these happy, mysterious, and blissful days of preparation which are at hand. The days when the house from garret to cellar is explored (in a thrifty manner worthy of a poor Mission) for left-over's to be used for decoration; ornaments, and all sorts of what nots—to find—perhaps not much of anything worth while. Then the shopping begins. From morning until night the stores are searched, with list in hand, and with the chubby face of a tiny boy—or girl—in mind we select the very doll, or toy, which we know will give the most long drawn out pleasure.

Again, if you could peep into the Superintendent's office, you would never recognize that usually orderly "Study." Dolls to the right of you, toys to the left of you; opened and unopened packages surrounding you; books; tissue paper; ribbon; holly and evergreen tucked away in all sorts of places, all waiting for the hand and head of the fairy god-mother (the Superintendent) to bring order out of confusion, and to set everyone to work.

Of course war prices still exist (possibly higher) but that does not make any difference to the friends of children. Naturally sacrifices *must* be made for the needy, hungry, helpless ones in those devastated countries, but there is no reason why any sorrow should touch the hearts or mar the joy of our little ones. Send the good news, therefore, abroad (that it may reach the hearts and homes of every child within reach of the Mission) that we are planning to make *this* Christmas the brightest and happiest of their lives.

If these lines reach the eyes of anyone who has not already dressed, or commenced to dress a doll, though a bit late get in line.

You will be surprised, perhaps, to know that the Mission practically looks well to it that at least three hundred children come under its wing during the Christmas season (a goodly number when you realize how many other responsibilities fall upon this Mission—which depends for its existence upon the children of God. Behind it is no great wealth, but God has been faithful as the needs arise. He is ever present so we are not at all cast down when day after day some little child (or worn out mother) desires to be enrolled as our Christmas guests.

Did we say three hundred? Well, that was last year anyway but we may have four hundred this year. If everyone does their bit the result will be wonderful, we feel assured.

You would also be surprised to see our line of baby carriages each Wednesday afternoon when the Mother's Meeting is in session. Just remember not one of these precious infants can be overlooked! Someone is expected to take a day off, to explore the stores, and bring us all the wooly lambs, soft pussy cats to be cuddled; rattles with tinkling bells; infants saques, booties and other pretty things that babies need and love. Who will be the first to claim this responsibility?

Another obligation, which we trust some loving friend will assume, is the tiny boy problem. We have a long list of lively baby boys—from two to six years of age, and great is the demand for soldiers, wagons, drums, engines,

blocks, games and many other wonderful things one can find if they will take a trip to the stores in the interest of the boys.

You all know the need, and if you do not do *your* part, at least we have done *ours* in tellling you what is needed.

We have said nothing about candy, because we have concluded that that will be included in your giving.

It is a wonderful and never to be forgotten sight, to see our really splendid Christmas gathering. It is *the* day of all the year for our "Tiny Tots!" To have a front seat and the best of everything that the feast affords you must be under six years of age (or a few minutes over)—that is your passport!

If you are wise enough to be graduated from the Kindergarten (seven years means a grown-up) then you will be on the Sunday School list, and, bless me, they have great times too!

This *especial* gathering is for the babies and children of our Mother's Meeting who would really have no Christmas at all if we did not sponsor them; consequently we aim to keep the atmosphere to their liking.

The tree reaches from the ground to the ceiling, and from crown to toe it sparkles with lights of every color. Tucked here and there are the gifts which loving friends have given for the children.

Devoted service has also made it possible to produce this scene of fairy land which brings unspeakable joy to our little ones whose paths are not always in the pleasantest environment or easiest place.

While the children are remembered with so much loving thought, we do not lose sight of the needs of the homes and the mothers, many of whom work hard every day for the bare necessities of life.

Every mother who belongs to us is supplied with a dinner which is sent to her very door; in fact it lands on her kitchen table. What does it contain—you ask. One—sometimes two, chickens; groceries; vegetables; apples; oranges; a plum pudding, coffee, and of course a pat of butter. Neither do we forget that it takes coal to cook a dinner, so, we make sure the coal box is filled. Before we dream of sitting down to enjoy our own dinner we know positively that no one for blocks around, (who have a claim upon us) is forgotten.

We might add right here that many who apply to us (who have *no* claim except their poverty and need) are also helped. That is the Mission's way of interpreting Christmas as Christ meant it to be interpreted when He said "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these * * * * ye did it unto Me."

As this Christmas number goes to press the bells are ringing, horns tooting, flags waving, sirens screeching, drums beating and anyone who has a scrap of voice left is hurrahing for the cause of liberty, not only for those who already enjoy it, but for the oppressed of many lands. For the time eyes are raised in thanksgiving to the God of all mercy for their first breath of freedom. Deep in our hearts (with unshed tears filling our eyes—as the bells of Christmas ring out their anthems in advance) we raise our grateful hearts to God, and praise Him for the true liberty which was ours when we accepted Him as our Saviour, Justifier and Keeper. Thank God that the death of Jesus means life for evermore to us who have believed; and to the dear boys who died "in Christ" for the cause of right.

At this Christmas season of joy and festivity let us not lose sight of Him who came to us as a child—in a lowly manger—to bring peace, joy and everlasting life to "whosoever will" accept this "Unspeakable Gift."

Prince of Peace

Ne'er since the star led from afar
The wise men down to seek the King,
Had nations need, as now, to heed
The message that He came to bring.

The gloomy age on hist'ry's page,
We pray may never dawn again,
Oh, how we need that God-given creed
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

Volume 11 Number 1

Mission Tidings

January 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By D. L. Moody—

A LOVING deed costs but little, but done in the Name of Christ, it will be eternal.

❖

There is a vast difference between what may be termed a religious man and an earnest Christian; just such a difference, in fact, as distinguished Saul of Tarsus and the Apostle Paul.

❖

Before my conversion I worked towards the Cross; but since then I have worked from the Cross; then I worked to be saved, now I work because I am saved.

❖

If a man has not the love of God shed abroad in his heart, he has never been regenerated; the impulse of a converted soul is to love.

❖

I am nothing without the same God Who has been with me since I started out in life.

❖

Oh, what would life be without Christ! I sometimes get to looking down on this world of sin but when I look to Jesus it makes me look up.

❖

I think one man with Christ in his soul is worth a thousand of those without Christ.

❖

The world has yet to see what God will do with and for and through and in and by the man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him.

❖

There is much more hope for a man who has "zeal without knowledge" than for that man who has knowledge without zeal.

❖

When the Church lives in the power of the thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, I am sure that many will be added daily to the flock of God. If the Church is sound in love, it will be sound in everything else.

If He is with me, we are able to possess the land, and no giant, however great, can hinder.

❖

Every Christian man and woman should work. It is not enough to give personal alms; personal service is necessary. I may hire a man to do some work but I can never hire a man to do *my* work. Alone before God I must answer for that, and so must we all.

❖

The belief of every individual Christian should be, not that "God *can* use me" but "He *will* use me."

❖

When a man knows the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and His love, he ought to tell it.

❖

It helps a man wonderfully to take a bold stand and let the world—both friends and enemies—know that you are on the Lord's side. It is so easy to serve Him after you have taken your stand.

❖

A holy life will produce the deepest impression. Lighthouses blow no horns; they only shine.

❖

Every place where God leads, there is your field.

❖

We have a God Who will always sustain us in doing what we ought to do.

❖

Let us ask God to take away the clouds and unbelief; let us get out of the Doubting Castle; let us move forward courageously in the name of our God and expect to see results.

❖

Let us not remain longer fishing along the shore; let us launch out into the deep.

❖

Look out for the devil at the foot of the mountain.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1919 No. 1

A Personal Testimony

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow. After three years six months of life in Christ Jesus, I can truthfully say "Hallelujah," Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.

Little did I think four years ago, I would live in Beulah Land, but it is just where I am living, while the joy in my soul like the sea billows roll since Jesus came into my heart. Jesus says "Ye must be born again." I was in the dear old Mission on the Bowery.

I was born in New York City—had a good Christian mother—a grand old lady. God bless her—I was brought up to go to Sunday School and Church—received a good public school education, but very early in life I began to drink and drank hard. Time and time again, I would get sick of it all and try to stop it. I even prayed—that good mother prayed—but it was no use. I had a good trade—a good home—everything to make me happy, but the drink kept dragging me lower until at last I found myself heart-broken—alone a drunkard on the bowery. One day, after fighting with a brother of mine—it was during the holiday season I tried to beat it away from the Bowery. I struggled again to get away from the booze, but four years ago I woke up with nothing left—not even a crumb of tobacco. I was surely down and out. That night two young men I met asked me to go to a Mission with them. I laughed at them. Imagine me in a Mission, but they talked so much about it I made up my mind to go and I now thank God I did, because something started that night—a sort of joy and hope came into my life as I went forward at the request of these friends But I did not just have the faith then to believe that God could really deliver me from this dreadful habit. I told the men "it was no use, God would not have me; I had been drinking too long and hard." So I went back into sin.

One day I got a note from my brother telling me he had given his heart to God. "Artie," he wrote, "come over to 293 Bowery." "Nothin' doin," says I to myself, as I threw the note in the fire—but this brother of mine hunted me up again and says "Come over to the Mission, Artie, and see for yourself what the Lord can do." "Nothin' doin'," says I to him, but he coaxed so hard I went and didn't see anything and told them so, and went away. But on the 14th of June, 1915, I arose, after fighting hard all winter—a dreadful uphill fight to keep straight. I arose and went back to the Mission. My brother met me at the door, say-

ing "Hello, Artie, all in again," and his "Thank God he is here" made me mad, but he knew then and I know now that my being there was all in answer to prayer.

As I sat in the hall my brother behind me said, "See that on the wall, Artie." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Jesus says that to you, Artie." As I looked up at those words— I tried to doubt them —but they kept ringing in my ears. I got up and went forward—crying out to God to save me from drink—but the men around me were praying for me and told me if I was a sinner to get right with God and the drink would go out of itself. For three days I prayed, and struggled. It was a dreadful battle —at last I cried in despair, "God be merciful unto me a sinner; save me for Jesus' sake." Then what a joy came over me; Jesus was right there and that night I was truly born again and I knew the joy that my dear old mother told me about. Her prayer for me was answered; her last words on earth were, "God bless Artie my boy— he will now have no mother—no home, God help him." He did—that June 14. I became a "new man in Christ Jesus." "His blood cleaned me from all sin." This first victory over sin and drink gave me so much joy I asked God to make me just as He would have me I soon became a member of the M. E Church and was baptized on the first anniversary of my conversion. Through a special privilege I was baptized in the Judson Memorial Church. About two years ago my brother brought me to the 8th Avenue Mission. It was on a Wednesday night—a Promise meeting. When we entered they were singing, "Fear not I have redeemed thee. Every one in the room gave a text and I gave John 6: 37. Miss Wray was leading and the definite way she said she was standing on God's promises for seventeen years and He never failed her, impressed me very much, also the big mortgages she was carrying and all the other burdens and my one year and eight months seemed very little to be proud of—but she was telling us that Jesus died for us and would do for us if we trusted Him what He had done for her and suddenly a great joy again came into my heart. I believed it all.

I have now been trusting Him for nearly four years—the drink has gone out of my life. He has never failed me.

In due time I became a member of the Men's Bible Class of the Eighth Avenue Mission when fifty or sixty men who believe meet every Sunday morning to learn more about Jesus and His wonderful power to save and to keep.

I can faithfully say the past four years have been the best in my life and further on it is better still.

Come to the Mission and learn all this for yourself.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

ARTHUR THOMPSON.

God's Will

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused. It answered soft and low:
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year," I cried;
But ere this question into silence died,
The answer came: "Nay, this remember, too,
God's will to do."

"To know, to do, can this be all we give
To Him in Whom we are, and move and live?
No more, New Year?" "This too must be your care
God's will to bear."

Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yea, this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love."

—*Selected.*

Miracles Of Grace

THERE have been many miracles of grace wrought in the Eighth Avenue Mission, but none more wonderful than the conversion of our dear friend Mr. James Palmer, who celebrated his 14th anniversary Dec. 7th. A homeless, friendless drunkard on his way to the river "to put an end to everything" he passed the Mission. The singing caught his hear and he came in to rest before going the few blocks to the river. The Superintendent spoke to him about the love of Jesus for sinners and although at first it sounded too good to be true after some persuasion in his drunken, paralytic condition he knelt at the mercy seat, believing that the Lord Jesus had atoned for His sake and that through believing on Him he would find deliverance. God met him that night, saved him and gave him the blessed assurance. Mr. Palmer has wonderfully grown in grace and God has graciously honored him. The wretched body has been quickened and there is no sign of paralysis. Surely with Jesus God has given him all things: a beautiful home, devoted Christian wife who is a helpmeet indeed, and a fine boy whose great delight is to sing the Gospel.

Wednesday evening, December 11th, was the occasion of a very happy celebration. A large number had come through the heavy storm to join with our faithful brother, Mr. Cummings, in celebrating the fourteenth anniversary of his conversion and to give a hearty welcome to Mr. Frank H. Mann, the Vice-President of the Mission, who had just returned from camp. Miss Wray remarked that had the night been fair the room would have been crowded to overflowing, but she reminded us that the announcement of Mr. Cumming's anniversary is always the harbinger of stormy weather. Mr. Cummings read from the 19th Chapter of John—the portion of God's Word that had brought light to his darkened soul. This wonderful picture of the sufferings of Christ was flashed across his vision as he sat in Church one Sunday morning fourteen years ago and this self-righteous man, strong-willed and stubborn, found his stony heart melting and his hardened will becoming subdued. For several months previous to this Sunday morning he had been coming to the Mission services, trying to find peace, for his heart was heavily burdened, but he had set his will against ever going forward to kneel for prayer. "That is all right for other men; they need it, but not I," was his vein of reasoning. Now, all was changed. He had seen the vision of the Lord Jesus nailed to the Cross, bearing his sins, and that was enough. His all-consuming purpose now was to do the very thing he had said he would never do—to come forward and confess Christ before men. He came to the Mission that very night and went forward in a humble spirit and knelt before God. Now all the striving was through these fourteen years.

Thanksgiving night was the eighth anniversary of our dear brother, Mr. Mountcastle. After praising God Mr. Mountcastle said that he believed that the Mission moved down two blocks for his soul's salvation.

The angels bright that holy night,
All-hallowed by His sacred birth,
Poured out their song the hills among,
A song of peace to all the earth.

Oh, once again roll that refrain,
And eastward hang the peaceful star!
Ring Christmas bells for Jesus came
To hush the tragedy of war!

A hearty invitation is extended to our neighbors to come and sing with us Thursday nights.

Christmas Cheer

THERE were in this neighborhood two tiny little boys. We had been watching them for a long time, they never seemed to have much of anything — they lived in a cellar and scampered up and down the cellar steps into the street a hundred times a day always munching something that seemed to give them a bright smile—for they never forgot to smile at us as we passed. As to toys—they never heard of them. The mother was wee and white and worried—lest the Board of Health should decide after all she could not keep her children if she lived in a cellar. She was janitor—she was not strong—could not do hard work—it was her living—caring for the tenement—but she was afraid—so she kept watch over the lads, while they played in the sunlit gutter like little white rats.

We had missed them for a while when one day we saw them again. The youngest was bundled up lying in his mother's lap, his face thin and white —all his bright shiny curls were cut off. "He's been awful sick," whimpered the wee mother, "and now he's worrying about Christmas; we don't see nothing coming our way." Instantly we invited all three of them to our Mission Christmas tree and ran quickly into the Mission to supplement our already over-taxed list with their names. They were to be our "guests." Yes, once in a while we break through rules—in this case we were glad to do so.

The day of the Christmas gathering the worried little mother was first at the door with her delighted laddies. They led the procession of our own hundred "tiny tots," who when the splendor of that Christmas panorama broke upon them were too excited to do anything but stare in that intense way very young children have when they are greatly impressed. We are proud of that Christmas gathering. We love it—we know it is our last word, and your last word is "love." All the Christmas carols ever written sing in our hearts at the moment when that great sea of happy children's faces burst upon us. It seems it is not just the time for talking. It is more the time for prayer and praise. Christ died that we might live. They shall call His name "Jesus" because He shall save His people from their sins." Not that alone but to give us joy, peace—a peace that the world cannot understand. Never is it proved more to us than when we work over the Christmas tree and pack the candy and do the endless shopping or count the dolls or arrange the platform and gather together all the glittering ornaments. It is a labor of love—we are singing all the time At every turn the superintendent is saying, "Make it all as beautiful as you can. Everything that goes on the tree or in the stockings is lovingly "censored," and we know that when at the last moment all is satisfactory that nothing the Superintendent does in the Mission gives her more real unadulterated joy than this gathering together of the Mission babies.

At last the supreme moment arrives. The superintendent just looks down into that sea of baby faces—herself all radiant with smiles as the babies dimple back greetings to her and she asks them "what they think of that tree." "It is for you—all for you—everything on it. Isn't it wonderful," she adds. It surely is—there it stands, a gorgeous emblem of good cheer and plenty; bubbling over with dazzling beauty—great, glittering balls of green, yellow, red, blue, orange, purple, reflecting over and over again in the myriads electric lights that sparkle mischievously everywhere in the branches. You never saw such dolls—dozens of them, from the baby doll in its dainty white robes and cap to the wonderful, almost-alive character dolls.

The tree is covered with dolls staring at us with their pansy-like faces patiently waiting for a mother to love, pet, cuddle, perchance squeeze them to destruction.

Then there are stockings filled with candy and good things all ready to put right over the heads of our "wee ones." In this way they can have all their gifts given to them at once so they can enjoy them and not have them rolling all over the floor—the gifts and the babies, too, sometimes.

A dear, faithful friend with Christ in her heart and love for the children brimming over her finger tips, made within a few days a hundred of these stockings, and they met a great need.

The back of the platform is a veritable Santa Claus Kingdom—a storehouse of gifts all tagged with the owner's name and all very thoughtfully selected—there are rattles be-ribboned and woolly lambs and soft kittens with bells for the babies—and jumping jacks and drums and engines and games and automobiles and picture books and horns and drums and everything else that makes a racking noise for the boys. Of course, we never get beyond the dolls for the girls—we don't want to because never again will they have the chance of receiving such a doll of loveliness as the Mission friends dress for them. "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

There is a brief religious service before the gifts are presented and a few well selected Christmas carols. It is always very impressive to see how reverent and quiet every one becomes as the leader gives the signal for order. It is good, too, to see the joy on the faces of the mothers who realize what it means to the children and during the earnest prayers even the babies cease their restless crying and are awed into silence as though the gentle Jesus was touching all with the reality of His own Presence. The quiet continues throughout the telling of the story of the Christ child, until we all in spirit follow the wise men and fall down at the lowly crib to worship and adore.

It is over now. The last note of the Christmas carol vibrates in our heart. The merry patter of children's little feet die away as our hundred and over guests hugging their trophies flock down the avenue passers-by stopping to enjoy the scene through the open door and enjoying the sight of the happy children who are now chattering like magpies as they munch their candy. The mothers are excited, too, as they tell each other about the splendid big basket that is to be sent next day, containing everything necessary for a royal Christmas feast. "Be sure to be home to receive it," the Superintendent warns them cheerfully at the close of the meeting. "And we'll send coal to cook it, if necessary," she adds.

When evening falls, and the last package put away for the sick child, who could not be present, we close the Mission door where all is quiet dignity again for the evening service. We wend our way home pleasantly and gratefully tired—the Star of Bethlehem shining as a star of love and hope in our hearts and as we pass the house the wee tired mother is there again with her two baby boys. But this time things have changed. For the first time the mother is smiling—the boys are personages now holding an audience with a mighty flow of words, telling their less fortunate playmates about the magnificent Mission Christmas tree and when they had exhausted themselves in the numberless tellings, one awe-struck little fellow asked breathlessly, "Nothing more?" Then the little sick boy shorn of his golden curls sleepily whispered, "Yeth and they singed."

"Ye are the light of the world. Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in Heaven."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Vol. XI JANUARY, 1919 No. 1

Christmas in Our Bible School

THE Bible School of the Mission is in a busy whirl all during the month of December because not only do they have a part in the Christmas gathering in a bit more grown-up fashion to be sure, but they have one special Sunday devoted entirely to a beautiful Christmas service of praise and rejoicing. One of the most capable young teachers becomes Christmas "Mentor," and takes upon herself the responsibility of giving each child an appropriate recitation or song that must be memorized. There are some exquisite Christmas carols to be sung as solos or choruses and to hear those sweet, flexible voices of young children singing praises to God with all their enraptured souls is lifting one very close to the portals of Heaven. The Mission is packed to the doors with parents and interested friends who come with rejoicing hearts thanking God that their children are being guided aright in the days of their youth.

There is no time during the Christmas festivities when the Mission decorations seem more effective than when these young people are gathered in the Mission Hall. It is a bower of evergreen loveliness festooned from post to pillar with Christmas greens, garlands and huge bells of holly red—all backed by the brilliantly glowing Christmas tree and here and there flit the busy children like wingless angels in their pretty simple white frocks. A day or two after the Sunday school reunion the children come together again for the gift distribution and to enjoy the Christmas tree in their own way. The teachers gather with them—each caring for his or her own class and a quiet time is enjoyed under the shadow of the friendly tree.

We are grateful, too, for such a band of Christian workers that represent our Sunday school. From the Superintendent to the consecrated young girl who conducts the primary school class, there is a spirit of self surrender that evinces itself in the earnest teaching of God's word. Sunday after Sunday finds them faithful at their post of duty and during this busy Christmas tide they devote enthusiastically their time evenings to the extra tasks of preparing their Christmas festival. We thank God upon every remembrance of these earnest workers.

At this season of the year no second invitation is needed to rise and sing with all our hearts "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

If you intend to see the Kingdom of God you will have to take up the Cross. It will never be easier than now.

For a believer in Christ, death is only the exchanging of a shifting tent for an enduring mansion.

Thank You

"AS UNTO HIM"

With overflowing hearts we extend at this time a word of sincere thanks to the friends who so generously contributed to the Christmas gathering and made it possible for us to reach out to every needy home in this neighborhood. It is not only for the remembrances that came to us in money but for the loving thought that prompted the unselfishness of friends who gave hours of work dressing dolls in the daintiest fashion—also to those who themselves took trips to the crowded stores to shop for the children. This labor of love surely is a loyal service for the Master.

We were especially touched at the gift of money sent by our soldier boys through the Y. M. C. A. We know this means much personal service and our hearts turn in very grateful remembrance to these brave lads whose hearts turned to the homeland at Christmas tide.

In every gift sent—in every service—in every surrendered hour we see a work that is done "as unto Him," and from Him alone can the real blessing come that awaits all those who have with so much thought and love made this Christmas one of great joy and blessedness to the great and needy throng that lives around about us.

Join Us

Thursday evening these past few months has been devoted to what in these days we might call a Gospel Community Chorus. This new innovation came as a sort of inspiration to the Superintendent who was most anxious to gather in the throng that so constantly pass the door. She just prayed about it and this splendid Thursday chorus is the answer. If we can't talk them in we will sing them in, and we do. The hall is packed to the doors. Of course, there is a patriotic turn to it all—but first and last and all the time Christ is exalted and the Gospel grips hearts through the words of the songs, and many come and find the Lord, and our hearts rejoice that He hears and answers our prayers and extends His Kingdom through these simple songs.

A Helpful Visitor

It was our privilege to have with us, Sunday evening, December first, Mr. Geo. Stevens, an Evangelist of Toronto, Canada, a young man on fire for precious souls.

"Mr. Stevens took for his text Heb. 7-25, "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost," etc.

He told us to take note of the first word, wherefore—saying that whenever Paul used that word in his epistles and also the word, therefore, they were very significant, and he had a wonderful fact to reveal. He went on to tell us how seventeen years before when he was but a lad, one night, while his mother was in her home, on her knees praying for his salvation, God led him into a Mission and saved his soul. He related some conversions he himself had witnessed of men being saved from the depths to the uttermost.

One of the things our brother emphasized in his message was: To keep short accounts with God—"seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

At the close of the meeting in response to the invitation to come to Jesus, a number of men, two girls of thirteen years, and a wounded soldier knelt at the Mercy seat and accepted the Lord as their personal Saviour.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Van Cleef have been greatly bereaved in the death of their beloved daughter, Mrs. Karl J. Karstensen, Mrs. Karstensen was converted in the Mision February 16, 1910, and through the years has manifested in a blessed way her trust in the Lord Jesus. She was very fond of sacred song, especially the hymn "In the Upper garden there." She was only sick a few days then the Lord called her to be with Himself. Her last words were, "I am going home to my heavenly Father and to my baby." Mrs. Karstensen and her mother both found the Lord Jesus in the Mission.

When Our Boys Come Home

ALL thanked God upon the return of Mr. Mann. We had prayed for him every night at the close of the service since his departure several months ago for military life in an officers' training camp in the South. We felt it was a signal answer to prayer as he stood before us, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant, with face radiant and happy. He was the first of those represented by a star on our service flag to return to us. Our hearts vibrated with thanksgiving to God as we reflected for a minute upon all that it meant. Peace had come and these noble men who had gone forth at the nation's call, ready to make the supreme sacrifice, if need be, were coming home again. Mr. Mann expressed his joy at being back in the Mission. He spoke with deep feeling of his appreciation of the affectionate regard in which he is held by the Mission people and asked us to believe that he reciprocated this feeling to the fullest extent. He let us into the spirit of his life in camp during the past fifteen weeks, giving some amusing incidents of the many useful things he had learned to do, such as washing dishes, shining pans and kettles and paring potatoes. But he said he had learned more than this; he had learned one great truth, namely, that, while millions of men were living under changed conditions, there was also a change going on in the hearts of men. Men were seeking to know the deeper and vital truths. Four millions of our men would be returning soon to civil life, he said, and the greatest opportunity of the Churches, Christian Missions and Societies lay in the days right before us. May God help us to seize this opportunity. Truly old things have passed away and all things may become new.

Miss Rogers, Mr. Mann's fiancée, was present and spoke a few fitting words, after which Miss Wray immediately adopted her into the Mission family.

Our Daily Mail

"On this the opening day of the Anniversary week, I am letting my mind run over events of the past 19 years, and marveling at God's wonderful methods in supplying needs at Mission according to His riches in Glory. Of course, I will follow the week through, thanks to your kindness in sending me program. I am daily remembering those represented by the 32 stars on our Service Flag and praising God that the 8th Ave. Mission has been so nobly represented in France and elsewhere by our boys, which of course means that a portion of the God given victory belongs to our boys, and through them to the dear old Mission. Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Pray daily for great wisdom, guidance and God given power on part of those responsible for peace arrangements. It is a great responsibility. Remember me to everybody at Mission. May the dear Master bless and strengthen you."

(Signed) G. C. SLEETH.

Corp. Jack Kahler, 3rd F. A., somewhere in France:

"At present we are located in billetts in a French village. We are only a short distance from the line now and very anxious to get up to the front and into action, for we believe the fighting will soon be over and the enemy making a full surrender. Our Regiment has adopted a little French orphan and has contributed enough to send him to school. Remember me in your prayers. I think of you and the good work and pray for you."

Private Charles Haight, 2nd F. A., somewhere in France:

"I have been thinking of the Eighth Avenue Mission quite a good deal lately. The Salvation Army girls and their meetings make me think of the Eighth Avenue Mission. They sing some of our Mission songs and Oh, it is such a comfort. Sometimes we do get the blues, but the thought that you are praying for us cheers us up.

Private Wm. Smillie, 357 Inf., somewhere in France:

"I am glad to say we hold a Bible Class every night we have a chance. We have a young man in our company who has studied for the ministry who generaly gives the lesson. Saturday night he was not with us and I had the privilege of reading. I read the 15th Chapter of John and explained the scripture as best I could. We hold the meetings in our billetts spreading a blanket on the floor, then we put one of our helmets in the centre with a candle on top of it for light, then we all lay on our stomachs with our Testaments in front of us—that brings our heads altogether in a circle. I guess you will understand how I mean. Best regards to all my friends at the Mission."

Mr. Walter S. Elliott, Y. M. C. A., Headquarters, Chinese Department, France:

"I was glancing over my diary of a year ago and living over again today the splendid days with the Eighth Avenue Mission. It isn't often that one gets time to indulge in reminiscense over here, but today I made connection with my army locker, the first time in some months, and I have taken a couple of hours to brouse through it. I was glad to receive your letter and to be re-assured of the prayers of the friends at the Mission. The Lord has been blessing me above all expectations. My work has expanded and enlarged until my vision and responsibility takes in all the Chinese who are in the American lines and also those in the French lines as well. Five Chinese speaking friends are now working with me in various parts of the area for which I am responsible. It is a happy thing to have many of the Chinese asking to become Christians. They are very responsive. Pray for them. It will mean lots to their fellows in China for them to go back confessing Christians. Jesus is precious!! God bless the Mission."

Private Henry Michaels, 605th Engineers, France:

"The war is over and probably many of our U. S. forces will be back home for Christmas. I have had many opportunities to read my Testament and I have a hunger for His Word, which cannot be satisfied. Give my regards to all the brothers and sisters at the Mission and tell Mr. Curtis to keep up the good work of street corner preaching."

Joseph Chervenansky, 112th Engineers, France:

"I was taken sick from the front with bronchitis and influenza. For a few days was in a field hospital, then taken to a base hospital. I cannot describe the blessedness and sweetness of the Lord's presence with me in this sickness. Will you, dear Miss Wray, give praises and thanks in the Mission to our dear Lord for His wonderful love and presence with me. I am still in the hospital but improving. Remember me in your prayers and give my Christian love to all my dear friends in the Mission. As the War is now over I hope to see you in a short time."

Private James Bow, 1st C. O. R. D., England:

"I am in good health and getting along fine. I must say I have been blessed and guided ever since I left dear old New York. The Lord has been with me every step of the way. I have had some miraculous escapes and that I am alive is wonderful when so many around me have been wiped out completely. Give my kindest regards to all of the Mission."

"I earned the enclosed offering for the Anniversary Fund by doing laundry work for two of my roomers, a little self-denial, but with a thankful heart that the Lord helped me."

"Enclosed is one dollar for renewing my subscription for 'Mission Tidings,' that blessed little paper. I just love it and read it with great joy."

Our Monthly Letter

THE EIGHTH AVENUE MISSION
290 Eighth Avenue,
Jan. 1st, 1919.

Dear Friends:

It is with pleasure at the opening of the New Year to send you all a simple heartfelt message of greeting and tell you that for the coming year we shall aim through this very special letter to keep you in close touch with your beloved Mission and all things of interest that transpire.

Many dear ones who in former years were close to us are now far away and to them especially we send a word of fellowship and good cheer. Since our dear boys have left us and in their place we have raised the service flag with 34 stars, the superintendent has inaugurated the habit of all standing very quietly at the close of the service—raising our eyes to the flag—then reverently bowing our heads and praying for these dear absent ones. "We promised them," she adds, "and we want to keep our word." Surely there is never a time that we thus pray that our eyes do not glance at the chairs in front where so many have knelt—sought and found the Savior there, and our hearts go out to these friends wherever they are and pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon them. Oft times the Superintendent brings down a letter and reads bits to us when it is not personal and we are always so glad to hear from some one who was one of our flock. We are still singing all the dear old familiar hymns and a lot of thrilling new choruses. We were very proud with good reason, we think, when at the recent prophetic Conference, Mr. Charles Alexander, the great song leader, told that vast audience if they wanted to know how to sing to go down to the Eighth Avenue Mission and learn. And it is not Mr. Alexander who leads that wonderful song service either.

We are so very pleased over our three beautiful new flags that float out so gloriously in the breeze on gala days. All gifts to the Mission—an American flag—an English flag and a French flag—the three indomitable allies, who with heart and life and blood gave liberty to the world. We are looking to the day when our boys come home when they wave for them.

For the past year the meetings in the Madison Square Park have been discontinued and were transferred to the foot of West 23rd St., right at the river front, where an endless crowd passes to and fro. The result of this Sunday "open air" have brought splendid results and Sunday after Sunday men and women found their way from that meeting to the Mission. On account of the extreme cold in that exposed section of the city, we closed the meeting the first Sunday in December and continued the meetings of praise and testimony in the Mission. This aims to be especially helpful to Christians and young converts. At the close of the four o'clock meeting the Superintendent invites her friends and co-workers to join her in her own rooms above the Mission, where we have a blessed hour of fellowship—an informal cup of tea and a "bite" all so daintily prepared and to wind up, sit before the open fire-place talking softly to one another of Him who hath redeemed us or singing sweet carols that refresh our heart and start us happy and comforted on another week. We all feel very grateful to our dear Superintendent for surrendering these precious moments of her leisure time—nay her rest time—to her people, but when we protest she gently chides us. So we revel in our pleasant hour and thank God for our leader.

We are not going to tell you anything about the Sunday morning Bible class for men, because every one is so enthusiastic over it—never a dissenting voice—that we think it is world renown—one thing is certain—it makes a great change in the lives of men—the women tell us that and we do know that our mothers do everything to get their men folks to join it.

It is so with all the meetings—God's presence seems real to us all—great emphasis is placed on studying the bible—there are adult classes just for this purpose Sunday and especial classes at night to build up young converts.

In closing let us send a special message to those who are not with us and a word of assurance of our continued love and fellowship. We do not forget the earnest requests for prayer of those who from time to time pass this way or those who keep in touch with us on foreign fields persecuted and suffering, but steadfast in their consecration or again those of our absent ones who need sympathy or encouragement. Shall this then be the glory of the coming year that no opportunity shall be missed of making Christ real to the souls that need Him.

THE SCRIBE.

A PRECIOUS MINISTRY

"SEEK ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6:33.

Primarily this is our starting point, because we believe God's Word and have found from practical experience that when a man or woman is truly converted the first desire is to get work so that they may care for themselves. Until work is found, however, the question of food and clothes and lodging must be faced, and we have been able to supply this for numbers of people.

Our missionary in her house-to-house visitation comes across almost unbelievable poverty. Sometimes it is a fireless stove on a cold winter day. Then again it is a mother in despair because the children are hungry. To such our missionary not only brings the sweet old story of love, but soon coal and food find their way to these homes and somehow it is easier for the missionary to tell her story and for the mother to receive it when the shivering little bodies have been warmed a bit. One or two instances will be sufficient to convince one of the very helpful place our relief work has in the ministry of the Mission.

A woman aged and infirm lived in the front room of a basement, the rent being paid regularly by someone who had become interested. For coal and food and clothing this aged saint was dependent upon the loving thought of others. When our missionary found her on a chilly day she was sitting by the window bundled up in numerous old garments to keep warm. There was neither coal nor food and this was the second day of such condition. It was not easy to get the old lady to admit the truth. When asked why she had not applied for relief to some society she said, "I prayed the Lord to send one of His children and He has answered my prayer and sent you."

At Christmas over a hundred families were supplied with a basket containing a good Christmas dinner for eight people, besides Christmas cheer to many others in great need.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

AT the commencement of another year our hearts go out in Thanksgiving to God who has in a marvelous manner poured out in such a very special blessing on the Mothers' Meeting. From a small beginning—simply a nucleus of eight women and one faithful worker—we have grown until we have a visiting list of over 150 mothers, and a record of an average of twenty workers each week. At the very commencement we very definitely took God for the success of this very important part of the work and He has been faithful. A little incident occurred a few weeks ago that will perhaps illustrate that this Wednesday meeting means not only to the neighborhood but to each individual heart. The meeting had closed—the last baby carriage with its precious burden had trailed out of sight when two friends remained behind to have a word with a group of workers concerning a woman who had grown discouraged and despondent to the extent that she was becoming impossible even to those who loved her best. "I was thinking," said her friend, "when I heard the testimonies of these mothers today, what a wonderful help it would be to my poor unfortunate friend to come in here, surely she could find solace in this Gospel message. "Why not bring her," some one suggested. "We have tried but it seems impossible to influence her." Then the missionary answered, "We will pray for her earnestly. God hears and answers prayer, but better still let us plan a visit to her." The impressive part of the talk was the faith of these earnest workers, each of whom had found the Lord Jesus in the Mission and had the tremendous, the vital faith to believe that what had saved and helped them was alone possible to reach the heart and need of this afflicted sister. Yes, "Faith is the victory," and we have this very faith to believe that through earnest prayer she will come to the Mission in God's own good time and her sorrow will be turned to joy. There is always plenty of opportunity for service in this dear mothers' meeting and if one is not overburdened with household cares, they can be put to work for the Lord every day of the week. Do you know that we have right now every Wednesday over fifty babies under two years old and twenty-five whose ages can be counted by weeks. When the mothers hold them up in their arms to quiet their restlessness during a Gospel service—it is a sea of babies. It is a privilege to have all these infants in our keeping and when we go into the homes to do in a small way what we can to help conditions, we are edified and greatly blessed to hear these mothers tell what the Mission means to them on Wednesday. These mothers could not take out a whole Sunday morning to go to church—there are too many imperative duties right at home to keep them busy, so the Mission meets this need in the Wednesday afternoon service. We always need teachers for these mothers, as while they sit quietly and sew they learn a scripture verse—then each class in turn repeats it during the Gospel service.

The large improvised play room never ceases to be a delight to the children and a surprise to the visitors. How it gets there so suddenly—then disappears as suddenly—seems to be a problem. Come to the Mission some Wednesday and we will tell you all about it and see for yourself how it is really possible to have a Gospel service and children's playroom working together harmoniously.

There is a great demand for clothing for our mothers and children, so

if at this time you are replenishing your own wardrobes we would be grateful for what is discarded. Our dear faithful missionary, Miss Woodward, has evolved a systematic method of distributing clothing out of the big box, which seems to be very satisfactory. As she visits she finds out the special need in the homes—then in a very quiet unostentatious manner spends an hour or two sorting and classifying garments, makes them into bundles with the names of the recipients on the outside—then has the mother call for her special package—thus avoiding all confusion.

Again we are praising God that many of our afflicted families who suffered during the influenza epidemic are united and back in their homes. Truly the reaper death took his toll, but in all these cases they were those taken who were already in such a condition of lowered vitality that they could not fight the disease.

We have one family in mind where the mother and father and four children were taken away in one day—the mother with two babies in her arms. How grateful we were to visit them on their return and stand with them until the father was strong enough to resume work. Not one child who was with us at our country home was stricken. These children have all been conscientiously visited and in every instance continue to keep fat, strong and rosy. The mothers tell us that these little ones young as are tell them what kind of food we gave them and insist upon cereal and stewed fruit and milk and bread—even realize that the trash to be bought with pennies in some way does not stand for comfort and well being. This is exactly what we want the summer work to mean to the neighborhood. Right now at the beginning of the year we are starting with our list keeping an eye of eternal vigilance on those we realize will need us most. If any one in looking over their household furniture has tucked away a very nice baby crib we should welcome it. We have just two—all clean and white newly enameled with freshly laundered coverings, but at the most they only hold four babies—the others must be held or take turns in the cribs, as we have nearly fifty other children from two to six who need our constant attention also. We have been very rigid this year in not admitting children who have reached school age, as it is not the place for them—this playroom has been established to accommodate the mothers who if their children were not admitted could not come at all to the meeting and when they do come our aim is if possible to relieve them from the care of the children so that they can sew and enjoy the singing and the Gospel message.

The Wednesday Mothers' meeting is truly a restful place—a place of blessing and rejoicing to all who come and that is what the Mission means it to be—the Mission helps these homes in time of need just as far as its limited means permit, but its cry to all who enter its portals at any meeting is always and ever the same, "Get right with God. Get right with Him today." He alone is the answer to all needs.

A Happy New Year

A Happy New Year! Oh, such may it be!
Joyously, surely and fully for thee!
Fear not and faint not but be of good cheer
And trustfully enter thy Happy New Year!

Happy, so happy! Thy Father shall guide,
Protect thee, preserve thee and always provide!
Onward and upward along the right way;
Lovingly leading thee, day by day.

Happy so happy! Thy Savior shall be
Ever more precious and present with thee!
Happy so happy! His spirit thy Guest,
Filling with glory the place of His rest.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

Volume II Number 2

Mission Tidings

February 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Rev. Andrew Murray—

It is only as God works for me and in me that I can work for Him.

❖

All His working for me and my waiting on Him has but one aim, to fit me for His work of saving men.

❖

Life and work. Beware of separating them. The more work you have, the more your work appears a failure. The more unfit you feel for work take all the more time and care to have your inner life renewed in close fellowship with God.

❖

Christ liveth in me—is the secret of joy and hope and also of power for work. Care for the life—the life will care for the work. Be filled with the Spirit.

❖

Pray much for grace to say in the name of Jesus, "The Father abiding in me doeth the work."

❖

We must learn to believe in the power of littles—of the value of every individual believer. As men are saved by one, they must be trained one by one for the work.

❖

How was Christ able to work the works of God? By God abiding in Him! How can I do the works of Christ? By Christ abiding in me!

❖

In work everything depends, O believer, on the life—the inner life—the divine life. Pray to realize that work is vain except as it is in the power of the Spirit.

❖

Let the life in fellowship with God be true, the power for the work will be sure. As the life—so the work.

❖

Obey the command to be filled with the Holy Spirit. Believe in His indwelling. Wait for His teaching. Yield to His leading. Pray for His mighty working. Live in the Spirit.

❖

When the mighty power of God works in us we are surely able to do. Only give way to the power working in you.

❖

Pray God by His Holy Spirit to reveal it to you that you have nothing to live for but to let the light and love of the life of God shine upon souls.

❖

Christ keeps watch over the work He has left to be done on earth; His kingdom and glory depend upon it.

❖

Christ's heart is in His work. Every day He watches over it with the intensest interest; let us not disappoint Him nor deceive ourselves.

❖

It is a heart wholly given up to God, to His will and love that will know His power working in our weakness.

❖

Our Lord says: "My grace, My strength." It is as in close personal fellowship and love we abide in Christ and have Christ abiding in us that His strength and grace can work.

❖

More love to souls, born out of fervent love to the Lord Jesus. Is not this our great need?

❖

Lord, open our eyes to see Thee doing Thy great work of saving men, and waiting to give Thy love and strength into the heart of every willing one. Make each of Thy redeemed a soul-winner.

❖

A doer that worketh shall be blessed in doing.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 2

A Personal Testimony

INFINITE grace has raised me from the gutter-most to the uttermost salvation. In other words, eight years ago, as a consequence of sin, I was without a home, separated from wife and daughter, friendless and without hope, but to-day, praise God, I am in a lovely parsonage (an ideal home) with picturesque gardens; my dear wife and daughter are with me, and last but by no means least, I am the pastor of Ashland Methodist Episcopal church as well as three other churches in this vicinity.

"I am living in the mountains underneath a cloudless sky;
Drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry."

How did it happen? I do not wonder that you ask! How I wish I could come in person and tell you the old, old story, always new, on this my eighth anniversary, but as it is impossible for me to leave Ashland at the present time, permit me to be reminiscent—for His glory.

Eight years ago, January 5, 1911, I was an outcast on the streets of New York, without a friend in the world:

"I was poor as the poorest, outcast from the fold;
I sank by the wayside with hunger and cold;
But He bade me look upward, *His* riches behold;
Oh the wealth of the world is Jesus."

I shall never forget that memorable night when I wandered into the Eighth Avenue Mission (cursed with an insatiable appetite for drink), looking for the English woman a saloon keeper had told me about, saying "Go to the Eighth Avenue Mission and turn out that English woman and I will give you all the drinks you want."

However (as I have told you before), instead of my turning out the superintendent of the Mission, God turned my life around, making me, as I yielded to His power, a new creature in Christ Jesus.

After a few visits to the Mission one hymn they sang took such firm hold upon me that when the invitation was given to raise one's hand for prayer, mine went up, and God saw it. He came to my rescue as He, who notes the sparrow's fall will see the feeblest effort Godward.

Little did I think that I should be requested to step forward and kneel at the penitent seat, but I responded to the appeal, consequently secured the greatest bargain of my life: "An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Certainly I needed to ask God to forgive my sins for Jesus' sake, and I did. When I arose from my knees the superintendent said, "Have you accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" Oh, what memories of wife, daughter and mother surged through my mind as I looked upon her face, stamped with heaven's purity! So vividly did my past life present its contrast that I could not feel sure that night that God *had* forgiven me; but the seed was planted, and shortly after, in my little room on 27th St., one Thursday night at seven o'clock, completely broken and undone, the seed took deep root in my heart, and I knelt and said a prayer my mother had taught me when I was a child:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon this little child:
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.
Amen."

The light dawned; the seed sprang into life; the raising of the hand in the Mission and the stepping forward were honored, and I had, according to God's Word, become "a new creature in Christ

Jesus." Upon the first page of my pocket Testament are written these words:

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17.

From that day to this I have welcomed every opportunity to lift up the blessed name of Jesus, and, thank God, the question of remuneration has never entered my head, and never will. The Lord has done so much for me and mine I certainly would not look to making money out of any ministry I may be privileged to do for Him; at the same time I do not have to worry for His Word says: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:19.

All His promises are true, and this one I have proved many times since I came to the Methodist parsonage in Ashland, N. Y.

I am content to take my reward from the Lord when He gives me possession of the mansion He has prepared for me: "A building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. 5:1.

I rejoice to-day that I am a child of the King, and am also glad that He is no respecter of persons. All He has done for me He can and *will* do for any one who will give Him a chance. Praise His name! "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day and forever."

More than ever am I desirous to help a lost and dying world to find Jesus, for "He came to seek and to save that which was lost."

We are not what we believe, nor what we feel—*we are what we will.*

Will to let Him have *His* will in you. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

What things? The things of which the devil robbed you, perchance wife, family, mother, brother, sister, and the things that bring peace and joy in their wake. When I sought *first* the kingdom, and desired to be clothed with *His* righteousness. He fulfilled His promise (as He always does) and now I can truthfully say *God has restored to me all that I lost through my sin and folly.*

REV. J. AND MRS. ENTWISTLE AT THEIR PARSONAGE.

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." 2 Tim. 1:12.

"My Saviour's love still guides me on,
My only chart and compass—He,
I'll trust Him 'til the journey's done,
For well I know who pilots me."

Yours in His service,

JOHN ENTWISTLE.

Red Letter Days

It was a mixed quartette composed of two ladies and two gentlemen, and their theme was——The Sweetest Story Ever Told—but they did not stand beside each other and await a grand introduction on the piano, instead the sacred melody of the heavenly choir was perchance forgotten in the joy on earth that four people at different times, and through varied experiences had been converted, on New Year's Day.

Mr. Turner, a clean-cut post-man, was the veteran soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ for it was thirty-six years ago (before there was any Eighth Avenue Mission) that he was born again.

Later, when in need of Christian fellowship and encouragement he found the Mission (now launched upon its 19th year) and God so comforted and strengthened him through its services that it has been a sacred resting place ever since.

Although Mr. Turner is an honored member of Grace Methodist Church, and engaged in its many activities, he also finds time to come to the Mission and encourage fainting hearts not to be weary in well doing, because God's promises are true, and in due season they will reap, if they faint not.

Brother David Eagan, better known as "Faithful David," set the joy-bells ringing in heaven New Year's Day, 1903 (16 years ago) when God worked a miracle in his life. Before that notable event David's home was in saloons and cellars for he was absolutely unable to keep sober a single moment. Even the saloon keeper considered him a menace to his business, and often kicked him out; but later a bartender strode into the Mission and said to one of our missionaries "This Mission did a good thing when they took in that ere David and got him off the drink."

"Yes, indeed, David preaches a sermon of God's power and grace wherever he goes!"

Since he came into the Mission that night, and the Holy Spirit revealed unto him Jesus, drink passed out of his life, and for sixteen years David has not missed a single meeting.

Mr. Eagan is the faithful steward of the Mission, and his loyalty to its superintendent and to every interest is known to Him who is able to bestow a royal reward. There is absolutely nothing too hard for David to do for his Master. God bless him, and continue to make him a blessing is the reverent prayer of our hearts.

Mrs. H. M. Bater (ten years old in the Lord,) a high school graduate, and a woman of ability, reared near conservative Boston, (Milton, Mass.,) came to New York some years ago. She was very homesick and unhappy when she was transplanted to the neighborhood of the Mission one New Year's Day, and she found His presence so real that she felt her need of a Saviour and received Him that night into her heart and home. From that moment she has been signally blessed by seeing her eldest daughter and a brave son (now in France) soundly converted.

Mrs. Bater has been an untiring and efficient worker for her Lord, and her influence and helpfulness has been much appreciated in the Women's Meeting, the many Open-air Services; as teacher in the Sunday School; in house to house visitation and in any place her Saviour leads. God grant her many more sacred birthdays—if Jesus tarry.

Miss Doris Bater was the last member of the quartette to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ, and many have cause to thank God that when her mother celebrated her first anniversary in 1910, Miss Doris wisely concluded that her mother's Saviour should be her Saviour too, and she came forward and definitely surrendered her young life to the One who went all the way to a cruel Cross for her. Miss Doris has a class of boys in the Sunday School and their loyalty

to her was evidenced by the fact that they were present at this her ninth anniversary, and one boy had the courage to rise to his feet and thank God for his Sunday School teacher. These boys, we might add, are, the age when boys sometimes think they are too old for Sunday School, but their loyalty to teacher and Sunday School speaks eloquently of the prayer life of the teacher, whose dependence is upon Him, and who finds time in a busy business life to give first place to the Saviour and His work. Some of the boys have already received the Saviour, and shall we not unite in prayer with Miss Bater for the conversion of every boy in her class, as well as for every unsaved child in the Sunday School?

Miss Rose Kohler, whose Christian experience has been unique, practical and helpful, on Christmas night, 1918, told us of a wonderful gift she had received just five years before.

Priceless was this gift; and wise indeed was Miss Kohler to make room in her heart for the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

That eventful night, five years ago, Miss Kohler was passing the Mission when she suddenly decided to step in a minute and see the Christmas tree. Ever since then she has been stepping in upon every possible occasion for God spoke so definitely to her heart that night that she yielded, and received the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour, consequently loves her spiritual birthplace. There have been peculiar testings through the years for "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth;" but Miss Kohler knows the place of victory, and is never happier than when she is telling of the Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and is permitted to bring others to Him.

Many friends were present Christmas night to congratulate Miss Kohler upon the possession of God's "unspeakable" (indescribable in the Greek) "gift."

Mr. E. B. Davies, an English gentleman deeply loved and respected at the Mission, celebrated the twelfth anniversary of his conversion Tuesday evening, January 14th.

"I thank God from the bottom of my heart," said Mr. Davies, "that He picked me out of the Slough of Despond!"

"Before I came here to-night I went down on my knees and asked God to give me words that would encourage some discouraged one to look up, and see there is hope in the Lord; and I asked Him that I might be a blessing also to His children."

God answered prayer for men were mightily moved by the marvelous things God had wrought in Mr. Davies' life. and one dear Christian woman later said: "What a splendid meeting we have had! Mr. Davies' conversion was simply wonderful! In fact all the testimonies to-night were so spontaneous, so informal, yet so earnest, given with such freedom, and the atmosphere was so home-like that I feel as if I had been on the mount with Jesus and did not want to come down again into the valley of commonplaces."

True it was. Mr. Davies' experiences have indeed been unique and varied; but through them all one could easily trace the loving hand of his Heavenly Father brooding over his wandering path in infinite tenderness, and the benediction of a mother's prayers, rich in faith, bringing him to the end of himself—to God.

At the age of fifteen Mr. Davies (like so many other young men) wanted his own way and was obsessed with a desire to go to sea.

There was no monotony in the trips he took to many lands, but there were bad companions and plenty of intoxicants until he was enslaved by drink.

Finally his only recommendation for employment was a doubtful one, and read as follows: "Mr. Davies is a good man, but I cannot keep him sober."

His only hope for money for liquor was work in saloons, and this work he took that this craving might be satisfied.

One evening, while sobering up a bit, he came into the Mission where they were singing "Tell Mother I'll be there

in answer to her prayer." The hymn touched a tender chord in his heart, and brought to his mind the picture of his sainted mother, the tears raining down her face as she bade him good-bye.

Mr. Davies broke down completely, and a lady came and told him about Jesus, inviting him to accept Him as his Saviour.

Simultaneously the devil whispered "You are nervous and you *must* have a drink." Out of the Mission the devil drove him, and over to 6th Avenue, but before he entered the saloon God took a hand in the battle, and there flashed upon Mr. Davies' mind the fly-leaf of his Bible (given to him by his father many years ago) upon which was written these words: "May God bless and keep thee, my son; to Him I commend thee."

Right there on the street Mr. Davies asked God to keep him out of the saloon, and He did. In fact, Mr. Davies never returned to his work in the saloon, but came to the Mission again and asked God to forgive his sins for Jesus' sake.

From that moment Mr. Davies has been divinely kept by His grace, and many people thanked God for Mr. Davies' life, and for his quiet walk with Jesus through rain and shine; sorrow and disappointment; encouragements and discouragements.

White carnations (the special decoration) were fitting emblems for this happy occasion; but, praise God, whiter still are the souls that trust for cleansing in the precious blood of Jesus.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollyea (missionaries from Africa) came to the Mission one evening, and their two little daughters (Marie and Julia) charmed us by their sweet singing. In fact their message will abide for they taught us the following chorus, sung to the music of "Count your blessings":

Read your Bible, read it every day,
Read your Bible, read it, come what may;
Read your Bible, read it every day,
Never mind what any of the critics say."

Items of Interest

A check for the sum of $434.40 has been received from Mr. Seth B. Thompson, being the amount of the legacy left to the Mission by his honored father. Mr. M. L. Thompson was for many years a Director of the Mission and a consecrated and esteemed co-worker and friend.

A letter was received a short time after the signing of the armistice from a very dear friend and one intensely interested in the salvation of souls everywhere. The letter contained a one thousand dollar Liberty Bond with these words, "This is my thank-offering for the great victory that God has given us. I want it to go to the Missions, for I feel that I know no other work that does so much for the souls of men." This consecrated offering we are applying to our Building Fund. God richly bless the donor and this gift to the Lord for peace and victory.

"Thank You"

We praise the Lord, and heartily thank the donors for the clothing they have so graciously sent to the Mission for our poor families.

Words are inadequate to express the gratitude of the recipients. Especially was the clothing for infants received by God's poor, tired mothers with beaming faces and deep thankfulness; while skirts, shoes, etc., were prayerfully and wisely distributed to the most needy.

Our poor box is nearly empty again, but we believe God is working and that other packages are on the way.

LIFE'S LITTLE DAY

Our life is but a little day,
A little day so swiftly flown,
'Tis like a flower which buds at morn
At noonday blooms, at night is blown.

So brief our life, so short our stay
In God's fair garden, on our way
To His high tableland above,
We needs must fill the hours with love.

—*C. B. Cleator.*

MISSION TIDINGS

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- - - - FRANK H. MANN

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Vol. XI FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 2

BLESS them Lord, and make them a Blessing. The Mission converts and workers themselves as though moved by the spirit of God have elected to spend an hour as part of the Sunday four o'clock meeting in visiting the neighborhood. They are all so enthusiastic about it that as they separate in small groups and start out in the bitter cold to seek souls—they carry conviction in their very presence. Before leaving the Mission the superintendent leads a preliminary meeting asking God to bless this precious ministry, saying just the right word to each one as she bids them Godspeed. As they go from home to home, climb numberless steps, rap upon door after door, they breathe a prayer that the word they say or the card they leave will bring great results for God's glory. Sometimes they are cordially received—sometimes indifferently—again, repulsed, or met by a group of ungodly folk, but always they preserve their friendly attitude and return to the Mission to have a quiet cup of tea with the superintendent and a pleasant conference comparing notes or seeking suggestions, one from another. Surely this is God's power working in the Christian's heart who finds it his greatest joy to have the very life of God flow into him, and through him and *out* from him to those around.

Congratulations

"I want to congratulate you on the Anniversary-week meetings. I could attend only two,—those on Wednesday and Friday evenings. During the many years that I have attended the Mission, I have never heard more wonderful singing than 'Is it the crowning day?' As Mr. Alexander said, the people at the 8th Ave. Mission seem to mean what they sing. Dr. Edgar W. Work's address was a source of great joy and profit to me. He was so sincere and genuine, and his presentation of an old gospel story was so new, so vivid, so loving, that I was greatly helped. I was especially impressed by Dr. Work's good taste, and by the fact that he gave the people of the Mission his very best. Trusting that Christmas at the Mission this year may be a season of great rejoicing."

When You Help

Another interesting part of the relief work has been the help we have been able to give a number of men, many of them quite young, who came from distant towns and cities to seek work in New York. After a time their little money is all spent and without any means to go back home and utterly discouraged many have found their way to us. Some have been helped to procure employment, others have been helped to get home. In some instances the money spent has been returned with letters of appreciation of the words of encouragement and the kindness that saved them from despair.

To Trust God

To trust is to accept Jesus as being what He represents Himself to be and then to treat Him accordingly.

Lord What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

CRUNCH, crunch, crunch sounded passing feet, while shrilly wheels creaked over the frosty pavement.

"First cold day!" shouted a neighbor as he pulled his cap over his ears, buried his hands in his overcoat pockets, and started down-town.

It was a morning when one would gladly hug the fire-side (if they had one) but alas, many were without wood or coal.

From the Eighth Avenue Mission went forth those who deemed it a privilege to give temporary relief as funds would permit.

Indescribably desolate and dreary seemed the tenements as we entered the cold halls and realized that pipes were bursting, and many were finding it impossible to cope with the situation.

The first man we met had an empty tea-kettle in his hand, and was the picture of despair as he stood helplessly before the main pipe and realized his hot water deluge had only augmented the flood which would soon be ice.

Going to the first landing we groped our way to the rooms of Mrs. B. Yesterday she was both cold and hungry, and we had now come to see if the relief given had improved conditions.

How we rejoiced to see a cheerful fire burning in the kitchen grate, which warmed to some degree the adjoining room, so narrow and tiny it held only one couch, a trunk, chair and small stand.

We could feel the air coming in around the window; but there were no frozen pipes (the water was kept gently flowing) and comfort reigned where yesterday was discomfort and discouragement.

With beaming face Mrs. B. opened the box near the stove, to display her small stock of wood and coal, proving how carefully she had used them (creating the wish that the one who had made the money appropriation, perhaps with a prayer, as they cast it into the red-lined basket, might witness the change their kind thought had wrought).

Solicitous for our comfort our hostess invited us to linger in the kitchen until we were thoroughly warm, consequently we had opportunity to note the neatness of every appointment, so scanty and yet spotlessly clean.

Seated comfortably near the fire Mrs. B. became reminiscent:

"I have not always been in need," she commenced apologetically, "but was once well-to-do and happy. This was my childhood's home," she said, displaying the picture of a beautiful country mansion.

"I received every advantage while my mother and father lived, but when they died my brother-in-law told me that I 'had only been an adopted daughter; nevertheless I would get my share of the property.'"

"Grief-stricken and ill-treated I was about to leave them all and go away where they would never see me again; but I prayed very earnestly about the matter, and God's answer was a great surprise! A young man (the village store-keeper) proposed to me, and we were married immediately. I never had cause to regret the step for he was ever a kind and loving husband.

"Later one of my sisters sent for me, and on her death-bed whispered, 'Forgive me, I have wronged you, but Jim has everything in his own hands.' Yes, it was true, but Mr. B. and I were happy in our little home, and every need was supplied by the store, so we made no claim.

"I was interested in church work, and did just what you are doing to-day, went around helping the poor, and all went well until the panic of 1903, when Mr. B. hurt his head and lost his store simultaneously.

"I struggled to keep our little home together by doing dressmaking, but it was up-hill work because I saw Mr. B. was so ill that he was slowly but surely slipping away from me. I sacrificed everything to help him regain his health, but to no avail. One day, four years ago, they took him to Blackwell's Island. I went over to see him at seven o'clock; kissed him good-night (sob) and he died next morning at five o'clock.

"Again I struggled to keep soul and body together by taking a child to board, but the mother never paid me for my services, and the result was that I was threatened with dispossession."

'At the same time I suffered severely with muscular rheumatism, until I was finally persuaded to go to the Island 'just for a few days for proper treatment.' Imagine my surprise when the woman in charge said 'She is well enough to walk and must go to the City Home.' That night I slept in the poor-house (sob). It did not seem to hurt many of those around me for they appeared contented and happy, but I thought it would kill me!"

Bravely she struggled for self-control, but it is not easy for a refined, self-respecting person to keep a stiff upper lip under such circumstances, and if our eyes were also dim with sympathetic tears we were not ashamed.

After a little she continued: "Often I would walk down to the East River, and would have jumped in if Jesus had not been in my heart; but my trust in Him kept alive one little spark of hope, and so I prayed that I might get away from there and secure employment.

"This little home to-day is God's answer, and I hope He will enable me to keep it."

"How did you get away?" we inquired.

"When I was strong enough," she replied, "I asked one of the clergy to help me, telling him I was a good cook, and would even wash and scrub if he would get it for me.

"He did the best he could, and secured my release to go and help a woman who was looking for a house-keeper. This woman, however, misrepresented her wishes, for when I arrived I found she expected me to do all the work in an 18-room house.

"God gave me the strength and the courage to do it; but just as I was getting adjusted to her arrangements, she suddenly discharged me, giving me only half pay.

"When I inquired what was wrong, she replied, 'I have learned you are from the poor-house! My neighbors would ostracize me if they knew I went to the Island for a maid. You must go at once!'

"I went, and only had five dollars to start life anew! Then, like a sweet dream, came the thought that since 1884, when I was converted in the Moody and Sankey meetings, I belonged to the Lord; so I asked Him to guide me, and he brought to mind the janitress who lives here—an old friend of mine. She kept me that night, helped me to get this little home started, and I took work in a factory to pay expenses.

"All went well until I had to give up my work on account of this painful felon on my hand; but again God answered prayer and sent you with coal, wood and food, and I do thank Him."

Just one instance among many in our big City! "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?" A. F. M.

Live For Something

Live for something, have a purpose
And that purpose keep in view,
Drifting like a helpless vessel
Thou canst ne'er to life be true;
Half the wrecks that strew Life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely
But they drifted with the tide.

—*Robert Browning.*

Start your subscription for MISSION TIDINGS *now.*

Our Daily Mail

DEAR MISS WRAY:

Have just been reading MISSION TIDINGS, and my heart rejoiced over the paragraph of little Neil Miller. How graciously God works in that dear place, among young and old! Is it not a precious work indeed when God *directly* touches a life! One always feels so sure of 'a going through' in after years. Really, Miss Wray, that incident ought to brighten many a dark horizon line for you as the days pass."

John Sievewright writes as follows:

"DAD'S CHRISTMAS LETTER"

"DEAR MR. SLEETH: To-day (Nov. 24th) all of the men of the A.E.F. are asked to write to their Dad. Not having my Dad I write to you, for I never go into the country but it makes me homesick as I think of the trips we used to take in the auto'.

I am still driving the Packard Truck

What a blessing it is to know the war is all over! After four and one half years of fighting I wish you could see the faces of the French people as they see our boys victoriously marching into Germany, for they know they have won a big victory in the biggest and most righteous cause the world has ever known.

All that the French people can do for us they do gladly because they are so grateful for all the Americans have done for them.

We have a service at the church at Chateauraux this afternoon led by Rev. Mr. Bush of Philadelphia, who is over here with the Y. M. C. A. The 'Y' has a nice place here: a large dining room; commodious reading room and pool tables.

We are all wondering when we will come home. Probably it will be spring before we can leave here.

We had a real battle coming over. The submarines came very near getting us. A torpedo passed across our bow, but there were two gunners despatched for each submarine, and we sank one. We fought desperately for one hour and a quarter, and it surely was exciting to see those boys handle the guns!

God was with us all the way, and to Him be the glory.

Thanking you for your interest in me; with love to all, "JOHN."

"DEAR MISS WRAY: Would like to share with you the great joy God Almighty has given unto me: Out of 50 of my family, my sister and her two children are alive at Aleppo, Turkey. There was great joy when the letter was received. The Turkish plan was to exterminate all Christian Armenians. I knew all my people were fleeing, and I feared their physical strength would give way under Turkish cruelty; but these were saved—that together we might return to our own land and preach the Prince of Peace (Jesus, the Saviour) to the Turks, Mohammedans and Moslems. Heretofore missionaries have never been able to work amongst the Turks as their 'Koran' never permitted them to do so; but the outcome of the war will enable us, hand in hand with the missionaries, to work for the salvation of Turkish people. Pray for us.

Your friend in Christ,

G. GREGORY."

Our brother G. H. Gray has been signally honored by the award of the Military Medal for his brave ministering to the boys in the front of the battle. We will look for it on the left side of his tunic when he comes home, D.V.

Mr. Gray was wounded in the knee, but received good care in the hospital, and later went to a convalescent camp where he secured a much-needed rest as he had seen "rough times" at the front.

Mr. Gray writes as follows: "But for God's goodness and mercy I could not have gone through the hard fighting I have seen! Our Battalion was the first to enter Mons. It would make one's heart bleed to see the natives fairly lay themselves at our feet when we entered

the city at 3 a.m. When the boys lay down on the Square to get a little rest (for we were pretty well played out) the natives would come around us and give us coffee (and drink to those who would take it). It was appalling to see the wanton destruction that had taken place as the enemy left the villages! I shall have much to tell the Mission people when I return. Remember me to all, and tell them that God is still 'All and in all.' I love Him better than ever before.

Yours in His Name,
G. H. GRAY."

Mr. Henry J. Barnes has a good position in Buffalo, N. Y., and sends "A Heartfelt Happy New Year to all the converts of the Eighth Avenue Mission."

Mr. Barnes says: "God is wonderfully blessing me, and graciously using me to win precious souls for Him. My text for 1919 is John 15:5. Like the branches of a small apple tree, those nearest the ground bear the most fruit. In other words, we must keep humble—at the foot of the Cross—if we would be of real service to Him.

Yours very sincerely in His service,
HENRY J. BARNES."

Private Joseph Chervenansky, as usual, is overflowing with gratitude to God for salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. Listen to this:

"This is Thanksgiving Day so I give special praises to my dear Lord for all His mercy and goodness to me. One year ago to-day in the Mission I praised God for a month's salvation. To-day in France I praise God for a year's salvation. The temptations here have been many; and sometimes it seemed as though the devil would crush me in my weakness (we all know we are *very* weak against the devil and his temptations), but praise the Lord, by trusting in Him I have been kept and delivered from all evil, consequently I can say from a full heart 'When I am weak then am I strong.' Was in the hospital in November, but am now well and on sentry duty. Hope, however, to be back in the United States before long and give praise to God for the victories He has wrought. Yes, I long to be at the Mission. I trust those who are near appreciate its privileges as do we who are far away. Give my Christian love and greeting to all my friends.

Yours truly in Him,
JOSEPH CHERVENANSKY."

Private Henry Michaels had an interesting voyage from Camp Merritt to France, and is not only intensely interested in his army work, but in the study of God's Word, which the Holy Spirit illuminates as he reads. Sailing to Liverpool some of the brave boys were prostrated with "Flu" and one was buried at sea. There was a big ovation when the convoy arrived; but sad indeed was it to see almost everyone dressed in mourning. Cheer upon cheer went up for the American boys as they marched through the streets, while some one confidently shouted, "Now our sons and brothers will be avenged!" MISSION TIDINGS has been a great comfort to Mr. Michaels as well as to all our boys in Camp "Over There."

Good News From Florida

From Florida flashed Mr. and Mrs. Sleeth's Christmas and New Year's Greetings, as follows:

Luke 2:11. 2 Cor. 9:15.
2. Cor. 10:31.

"I'm living on the mountain, underneath
a cloudless sky;
I'm drinking at the fountain that never
shall run dry;
Oh yes! I'm feasting on the manna from
a bountiful supply—
For I am dwelling in Beulah land.

More and more we thank God for the President of the Mission, and his wholesouled wife, who walk and talk with Him.

Renew your subscription to MISSION TIDINGS. This is the time.

The Prayer Bell

"Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come! Come! Come! Come!
The prayer bell's voice from the steeple calls
Each eventide ere the darkness falls,
And rich and poor—the old with the young,
Obey the call of the ancient tongue.
In spirit only can some obey
That 'Calling up' to God's House to pray—
To pray, while the sun sinks in the West,
For absent ones—their own, and the rest
Of absent ones, in the awful fight
To conquer wrong, and to crown the Right.

"Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come! Come! Come! Come!
The call obeyed. Intercessions, blent,
On unseen wings, have a swift ascent;
The golden vials before the throne
Of God they fill; so to Him is shown
That on His love and His power depend
The hearts of those who petitions send
To Him for help for the suffering bands
Of men and women in shattered lands.
God sendeth signs that His Angels bear
His blessings down as the fruit of prayer.

"Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come! Come! Come! Come!
To hearts that prayed in the evening light
The echo comes in the hush of night—
When sleep is broken, and thoughts surround
The absent ones on the dangerous ground;
When outside things are by night concealed
To inward sight is a light revealed,
And loved ones seem with the Angel friends
Who give the help which the great God sends
As human friends unto Him have prayed
When they the call of the bell obeyed.

"Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come! Come! Come! Come!
The steeple bell could not utter 'come!'
The steeple bell would be always dumb
Were not a hand, by a will outstirred
To move its tongue to outsend the word.
So prayer—the means of the making clear
The heart's desire—must be lifted here
To God . . Whoever neglects to pray
Neglects to help in His ordered way . , .
God grant each eve when the bell is heard,
More souls be stirred to obey the word—
'Come! Come! Come Come!
Come! Come! Come! Come!'"

—*Daphne Hammonde.*

The Land Beyond The Sunset

There is a land that I look toward as I watch the sun set. I have never seen it. I have never seen any one who has been there. But this land beyond the sunset—this land of immortality, this fair and blessed country of the soul, this Heaven of ours is the one thing in the world which I know with absolute, unshaken, unchangeable certainty. I may not always be certain about this world. But that after-world—that I know. And as the afternoon sun sinks lower Faith shines more clearly and Hope lifting her voice in a higher key, sings the songs of fruition. My work is about ended I think. The best of it I have done poorly; any of it I might have done better. But I have done it. And in a fairer land, with finer material and a better working light, I hope to do better work. —*Robert J. Burdette*.

The work God is doing and seeking to have done in the world is to win it back to Himself.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

A Song in the Night

While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, the almighty word of the Lord came down.

All ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth, See ye! And when He bloweth a trumpet, Hear ye!

Ye shall have a song in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept; With gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come unto the mountain of the Lord.

There is a song so thrilling,
So far all songs excelling,
That he who sings it sings it oft again.
No mortal did invent it,
But God by angels sent it,
So deep and earnest, yet so sweet and plain.
The love that it revealeth,
All earthly sorrows healeth;
They flee like mist before the break of day.
When, O my soul, thou learnest,
This song of songs in earnest,
Thy cares and sorrows all shall pass away.

There can be no more blessed message at the opening of the New Year to pass on to our dear Mother than the thought conveyed in the little poem here published. To the worn and patient mother watching at the bedside of an ailing child or perchance wondering where the next meal is to come from or how to provide clothing, shoes for her precious brood, there can be no words more comforting if she can truly say:

When O my soul thou learnest
This song of songs in earnest
Thy cares and sorrows all shall pass away.

Just a "trus song" dear mothers, let us all learn it together and make this just the very best year of our lives.

We had been hoping at Christmas time to be able to reach out to at least three hundred very small children but upon a closer investigation we have discovered that we have in fact helped five hundred little ones. Of course we have not included them in our actual Christmas gathering because we have a regular group that come to our Mother's Meeting whom we call our "very own babies," but into the hands of many children who would otherwise have had no Christmas at all we have placed some trifle—perhaps—it was only a big red apple—or a fat yellow orange—or a tiny doll—left over or an insignificant toy, but love went with it. In this way we hope to draw into our Mission parents who are far from God and alas whose little ones seem to be left out at Christmas time, but the Mission eye is alert and watchful and as far as we know no child in Chelsea under six anyway was overlooked. We just divided our portion of good things. Five hundred children is a big number for a poor little Mission but we reached it and are thanking God for it.

At the first of the year it has always been our custom to let the children take home all the dolls and playthings that have been in use since the opening of the season. This year we were made very happy by having a splendid donation of wonderful toys—games and books—partly used it is true but nevertheless far better than anything we could have bought. The children are having a glorious time with these very delightful toys and it is difficult for the mother to coax the children to go home at the close of the meeting.

All the gifts asked for the babies and boys in our December number were received—even to the little kittens with bells. The superintendent called us in into her own rooms and there they stood on her couch in all their glory. How thankful we were and it was but a few moments' work to put the name of the very tiniest ones who were to receive them around the neck of the gift

so to speak. The Wednesday following Christmas all the babies came with their toy tied on their baby carriage but within reach of its hand. We do not only thank these friends at Christmas time, but all year around because we know what happiness their thought brings to our children. On a recent Wednesday we had a visit from some friends from Jersey—a visit to the children's playroom. These friends had opened a Mission in Jersey called the "Jungle" and were contemplating opening a mid-week Mother's Meeting and wanted to see how we managed the children. We make no effort to "manage" them. We just interest them and study them and love them and aim to meet their normal needs. When the visitors came—the children were too occupied to even see them. One group was engrossed in cutting out with blunt, round edged scissors, soldiers and red cross nurses. How beautifully they were doing it too without any supervision. Another group was poring over some almost alive picture books. In a far corner, safely sheltered from danger the little two-year-olds were building with blocks, big high towers and walls—then tumbling them all down again as quietly as could be. Another group of little girls had dolls—all seated in a row on the edge of the platform mothering their dollies and waiting their turn to use the one doll carriage we possess. Our visitors went away very much impressed and before the month has closed will have started their own Mother's Meeting and children's play room. They realized as we did long ago that it was not a practicable thing to have a Mother's Meeting unless provision is made for the children under school age. We must not forget at this time our gift of a dozen Teddy bears—most of them entirely new—some used but a few times. They were all beauties—and wore big yellow or red bows—some brought their own easy chair. These welcome guests are to be kept for the playroom so that all may have a share in the pleasur of their company. Some good friends from Pelham Manor came down very early one morning to bring these Teddies and many other gifts. They were sent to us from the Pelham Manor School children who for many years have been devoted friends of our little ones. Surely those who have brought so much blessing and joy to such poor needy little ones that live around about us in this congested neighborhood will have the blessing returned to their own hearts and lives.

In reading our Bible we find these lines: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse and proved me now saith the Lord of hosts and I will pour you out a blessing. There shall not be room enough to receive it."

The President's Prescription

Give the Bible to them unadulterated, pure, unaltered, unexplained, uncheapened, and then see it work its wholesome work through the whole nature. It is very difficult indeed for a man or for a boy, who knows the Scripture, ever to get away from it. It follows him like the memory of his mother. It haunts him like an old song. It reminds him like the word of an old and revered teacher. It forms a part of the warp and woof of his life.

—*Woodrow Wilson.*

"They That Wait Upon The Lord"

We are glad to tell our interested friends that our dear workers have been sustained by God in a wonderful way these past few months. Since the commencement of our very busy season in October when the strenuous fall work really commences, they have kept steadily at their appointed tasks, without a break. The quiet rest for a few weeks in the mid-summer proved a veritable tonic that has given them new strength to "carry on." At the Christmas season there were endless and varied activities going on constantly but our workers just stood in our midst each as a "tower of strength" and we thank God for so wonderfully preserving their "going out and their coming in" "from this time forth and even for evermore."

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

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MAR 7 1919

Volume 11 Number 3

Mission Tidings

March 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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—By Frances Ridley Havergal—

His justice is, if we may reverently say so, the strong point of His atoning work.

❖

The result of willing consecration of ourselves and our service is always joy.

❖

The word of Our King is all we have and all we need for deep utter heart rest, which no surface waves of this troublesome world can disturb.

❖

If we have an entire and present belief in "My Grace is sufficient for thee" should we feel nervous at anything He calls us to do for Him?

❖

We lean upon the word of the King for everlasting life, why not for daily life also?

❖

And if God 'cannot' do who can? All the "craft and subtlety" of devil or man is powerless against one syllable of the royal writing.

❖

If we are really guests at the King's table in its fullest sense—if we are feeding upon Christ Himself and not on any shadow of the true substance—we must be satisfied.

❖

Are we not more apt to think more of speaking to God than of God speaking to us?

❖

Do not let us pray less but let us listen more. And the more we listen, the more we shall want to say: "Thou shalt call and I will answer."

If Jesus says "come" don't you think you may venture?

❖

Thank God that He does not let His children go on comfortably when they wander and fall!

Oh never, never shrink from the probings of our beloved Physician. Dearer and dearer will the hand become as we yield to it, sweeter will be the proofs that He is our own faithful Friend who only wounds that He may perfectly heal.

❖

In his love and in His pity He redeemed us, in the same love He bears us and carries us all the day long.

❖

"Nothing can hurt those who are joined to Christ 'for with me thou shalt be in safeguard.' Nothing? If He said 'nothing' have we any right to add 'Yes, but except.'"

❖

When "self" tempts us (and we know how often that is) let it be met with "Not your own" and then look straight away to Jesus with "I am Thine."

❖

Do not wait to feel very "much oppressed," before you say "O Lord undertake for me." Far better say that at first than at last as we too often have done.

❖

For the might of a look of the Lord is enough for anything. Only we must meet His look; our eyes must be ever towards the Lord, and then we shall not miss it.

❖

When the wise men "opened their treasures" they brought out gold and frankincense and myrrh. When Jehovah opens unto us His good treasure we shall see greater things than these.

❖

May we be glad that even our sins are not hid from Him? Surely. For He who knows all can cleanse all.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, MARCH, 1919 No. 3

A Personal Testimony

HOW I thank God for the knowledge (the witness within) that my sins, which were many, are forgiven and forgotten. Drunkenness was not my weakness, although I frequently drank to excess, but I was a "confidence man, easily getting the other fellow's money.

Of course, I was a stranger to work, but not to gambling, stealing or anything, as we termed it "to get by."

W. T. CHAMBERS.

Oh, what a change to be saved by His grace!

Over a year ago, in a casual way, I wandered into the Eighth Avenue Mission. In my pocket was over two hundred dollars; but I have since found that money does not buy happiness! I listened to the singing, the Bible talk and the testimonies, but doubted them all as I had always prided myself over my skepticism.

At length, Miss Wray, the Superintendent, came directly to me and enquired if I would not like to be saved, and give my heart to the Lord. Most emphatically I said "No!" but her prayers and those of the Christian people present must have followed me, for soon after I was deeply convicted of sin.

One memorable night (the 20th of January, 1918) I could not sleep, and was haunted by the interrogation "If God should call you tonight are you prepared to meet Him?" Naturally I tried to banish the thought, but could not, and passed a sleepless night.

In the morning, praise God, I arose, got on my knees before God, and with a sincere and contrite heart asked Him to forgive my sins for Jesus' sake. I rejoice that He heard and answered that prayer; and that today, after a year's experience, I can truly say "Jesus is strong to deliver and I have proved He is mighty to save."

I had always been such a successful sinner that I had quite a struggle at first to "make good;" for one of the first things I did was to go to a Department Store, where I had previously stolen a pair of shoes, confess my sin, and pay the price. It was not easy—the struggle to go back was worse than the stealing; but, thank God, He gave me the victory; and, although I have not had nearly as much money as I handled formerly, I have continued to pay back money that for years I had owed until today I can look every man in the face with a clear conscience. In my heart is peace and contentment, and better still the knowledge that when the Master calls I shall see Him as He is. God has completely changed my life, and when Jesus comes I expect to hear the words "Well done."

During the month of November two of my best earthly friends passed away. One of them was killed when I was in the Mission. That was, indeed, a testing time, but I had learned where to carry all my sorrows, and the God of all comfort imparted sustaining grace. What a privilege it is to carry everything to God in prayer! He upheld me in my trouble and I am leaning more and more on His everlasting arms.

I have never found a Friend like Jesus; He is sweeter as the days go by!

I am saved for time and eternity, knowing it beyond a shadow of a doubt because God has said it in His Book of Books.

If anyone who reads this humble testimony doubts the power of God to save and to keep, I beseech you to try HIM and see for yourself. Be sincere and believe Him for He will "abundantly pardon" all those who come to Him. Glory to His Name! That this may also be your experience, dear Reader, is my earnest prayer.

"In prayer I will wrestle, God will perform;
With Christ in the vessel I'll smile at the storm."

Yours in the Lord,
W. I. CHAMBERS.

Pass It On

Hast thou found some precious treasure
Pass it on.
Hast thou some peculiar pleasure
Pass it on.
For the heart grows rich in giving
Loving is the truest living,
Letting go is twice possessing,
Wouldst thou double every blessing?
Pass it on.

Redeem

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; . . . I have redeemed thee."

The wonderful power of God to transform a life was beautifully illustrated by the testimony of Capt. Wm. N. Noble when he celebrated his second spiritual birthday Feb. 23. A large audience convened to do him honor, and many friends improved the opportunity to speak words of felicitous encouragement. After the hearty and worshipful song service, Miss Wray (our Supt.) pertinently invited Captain Noble to speak.

With characteristic lowliness, he arose and quietly thanked God for salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.

After a moment's pause, he said: "Tonight I can understand how Daniel felt when he was summoned into the presence of King Belshazzar; but I am willing to speak for the glory of One who hath redeemed me from sin."

Many in the room knew that it had also cost Capt. Noble something to be true to his convictions of right for he had relinquished some of the dearest earthly ties that he might be true to God and serve Him.

Many were also put to shame by Capt. Noble's knowledge of the Bible. Once the Word of God seemed "a dry old Book to him, but since the Holy Spirit had illuminated its pages he loved to read it; in fact, during the last 18 months he had read through the New Testament nearly 25 times, and the Old Testament 3 times.

Through our open-air service at 24th St. and 8th Ave., Capt. Noble found the Mission. Wending his way up-town to seek boon companions and play cards, where liquor's would abound, he paused and listened to the cornet solo by Sergt. Beattie, an enthusiastic supporter of the open-air work. So gripped was Capt. Noble by the music that he came into the Mission. The beautiful hymns stirred him so that when an invitation was extended for people to raise their hands for prayer, he raised his. To one who quietly urged him to accept Jesus as his Saviour, he said "If God will do for me what those men, who testified tonight, say He has done for them: take tobacco, drink and profanity out of my life, I *will* serve Him."

God did the work, and Capt. Noble kept his vow.

Saved To Serve

OUR hearts were thrilled as Mr. William Chambers paused at the first milestone on his Christian journey, and said, "I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me."

Mr. Chambers was formerly a gambler; was well-known at the races; drank heavily; did not believe in working, yet always had plenty of money; in fact he had two hundred dollars in his pocket the night he came into the Mission. During the service someone said to him, "Would you like to be saved?"

"No!" was his short and emphatic reply.

Prayers followed him, however, and that night he found he could not sleep. The battle between right and wrong raged mightily until the morning light flooded his room, when sin-sick and weary he knelt by his bedside and gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"From that hour," said Mr. Chambers, "I blasphemed no more, for wherever I go Jesus, my Friend and Saviour, goes with me."

"I am no angel, and the devil is always after me, saying, you could go out and make all kinds of money if you were not a Christian—but in the hour of temptation I cry to Jesus and He saves me. I count all but dross that I may win Christ. I praise Him that He has removed all desire for gambling drink, blasphemy, the lust of the flesh and tobacco. I pray that I may keep humble at the foot of the Cross where He can use me for His glory."

Radiant was the face of Mr. Thomas Wood the night of his second anniversary because he was honestly trying to efface self and exalt his Saviour. Gratefully he acknowledged one big thing that God had done for him in teaching him His Word. Two years ago he did not know one book from another, but he rejoiced that now he could tell where all the books were in the Bible, and reverently invited our attention to the fourth chapter of 1 Thessalonians. The crowning feature of this happy anniversary occasion was the sweet singing of Elsie, Mr. Wood's four-year-old daughter, who held the audience spell-bound as she sang of Jesus and His love.

God had truly made real in the life of Mr. Wood His exhortation to "abound more and more;" where two years ago he was going the pace that kills, now (January 28, 1919) he was asking himself, "Where will I be when the Lord comes?" suggested by the chapter selected.

Mr. Wood has a wonderful testimony to the power of God to transform a life. When only 17 years of age he could drink as much as a man 40 years old; played the races; cursed those who loved him best and frequented pool-rooms. Mrs. Wood found comfort in the services of the Mission, and together with her mother accepted Jesus and brought the children to the Sunday School. Naturally they desired Mr. Wood's conversion, but were almost afraid to invite him to the Mission as he was not interested in spiritual things. Mr. Wood, however, began to wonder where his little daughter learned the hymns she sang, his conscience telling him only too plainly that she did not get them from him. Finally God spoke so definitely to his heart that he decided not to go out on his motorcycle that Sunday afternoon, and he tried to persuade his pal not to go; but the other young man was obdurate, went, and was repaid by being sent to the New York Hospital. Said Mr. Wood, "Don't touch anything God denounces." If people would heed there would be fewer broken bones and fewer broken lives. Continuing, Mr. Wood said: "That Sunday afternoon I told Mrs. Wood I wanted to hear someone speak, but when she suggested the Mission, I replied 'No Mission for me, I don't want a hand-out:' nevertheless I finally yielded to the plead-

ing of the voice of God, and went. As a result I went forward to the altar, asked God to forgive my sins for Jesus' sake, and am wonderfully saved—and my house. My wife and mother-in-law now find me easier to live with; and above everything else I am desirous of bringing other lost souls to the Master."

Mrs. Rosena Schaefer (Mr. Wood's mother - in - law) corroborated Mr. Wood's statement, and told how the whole family had been led to the Saviour through coming to the Eighth Avenue Mission.

Saturday Feb. 15th, our dear friend Mr. Cooper celebrated the 19th Anniversary of his conversion. It was a wonderful story he told us. The prayers of a dying mother followed him through the years until he definitely found the Lord Jesus and confessed Him as his Saviour.

Mr. Cooper always seeks in his testimony to show people that the Christian life is a most practical one and that His heavenly Father is interested in every detail that concerns His children and that God literally answers the prayers of faith. On his Anniversary night he gave so many incidents of remarkable answers to prayer.

Our brother is a living witness to the truth of the Word, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." The quiet consistent life of our brother has won the love and respect of all who know him, and his help in the work has been a great blessing. Mr. Cooper will never know, at least down here, all that his consistent life and earnest testimony has meant not only to young converts but to older believers.

We pray that this coming year may be full of blessing for our brother and that God will give him the desire of his heart—the opportunity to help men Godward. Many testified in his Anniversary meeting to the inspiration and blessing he had been to them.

Mission Items

IT was a wonderful and delightful surprise when we read in the MORNING PRESS that Sergt. Rowland Beattie was amongst the soldiers arriving that day. A letter just received from him had said that he expected to be overseas another six months. We could scarcely wait for the time when we should see him and take his hand once more in welcome. We had not long to wait, however, for a few days after unheralded he quietly slipped into the Mission, and because it was so unexpected there was no big welcome home service, but the welcome could not have been warmer, or more sincere.

Sergt. Beattie is suffering with his eyes, the result of driving a motor truck for long months and always at night. The strain of peering through the darkness has been great. He is also crippled with rheumatism, but still praising the Lord, and all at the Mission who know and love him are thanking God for his safe return. We are trusting that with rest and good care and attention he will soon be himself again. Directly Mr. Sleeth, our big-hearted President, heard of Beattie's return and condition he wrote asking us to arrange, if at all possible, for Sergt. Beattie to go to Florida, where Mr. Sleeth now is, to spend a few weeks there where everything would be done for his comfort. Sergt. Beattie is the first of our boys to come home from overseas, and we trust from now on to be welcoming many others.

* * *

Dr. Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, was one of our distinguished and welcome visitors recently. Dr. Blanchard gave a most earnest and helpful address, speaking not only to the unsaved, but urging Christians to a full surrender to the Lord Jesus. It was a heart-searching message and at the close both unsaved, as well as many Christians were at the altar presenting themselves wholly to God.

A letter just received from our old friend Earl Clark, one of the first men to be converted in the Mission, tells of God's blessing upon his pastorate at Glendive, Mont. A fire recently destroyed the parsonage and with it many of his personal belongings, including his books, typewriter, etc., but he and his family are praising the Lord through it all. Mr. Clark would be glad of the back numbers of the ALLIANCE WEEKLY. We should be glad to forward them to our brother if they are left at the Mission any time.

* * *

Mrs. Schluenzen, the mother of Mr. Henry F. Schluenzen, our faithful co-worker, secretary, and member of the Board of Directors, fell asleep in Jesus February 8th.

For a great many years Mrs. Schluenzen walked in close fellowship with her Lord, whom she loved and served so faithfully. The great need of the Heathen world pressed hard upon her loving heart and many missionaries have been helped and encouraged through her prayers and self-denying ministry. Her home-going was as beautiful as her life. It was not death but translation. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ"

Mr. Schluenzen and his two sisters have the deep sympathy and earnest prayers of all the Mission friends.

* * *

Mr. A. H. Cole, of New Rochelle, was a welcome visitor in January, and gave an interesting blackboard talk which gave us a fresh glimpse of the love of our Triune God through the plan of the ages.

* * *

A rare treat is afforded students of the Bible on Friday evenings. Rev. Mr. Cranston is giving a series of addresses on dispensational truth.

* * *

Many grateful acknowledgements are received from our boys "over there" and from many parts of the world, thanking us for Mission Tidings, which has seemed God-sent in time of need.

Welcome Home

A royal welcome was accorded Sergt. Rowland Beattie (the first of our Eighth Ave. Mission boys to arrive from France) Saturday evening, Feb. 22nd.

Just before Sergt. Beattie spoke, Miss Wray said "We are all happy tonight to welcome home Sergt. Beattie, but those who are happiest are those who have prayed for him. He is here tonight, safe and sound, in answer to prayer."

Then the vast audience, which reached the very doors, arose and reverently sang: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Thrilling indeed were Sergt. Beattie's experiences in France: He read the 8th Chapter of Romans, and then said "France is a tough old place to keep straight in, but there was a power behind the flag, and that was the Word of God."

'The food was not always good, nor the coffee; but they were better than the French wines which made many a boy forget God."

Very ill from pneumonia, the doctor said his recovery was due to the fact that his system was free from tobacco and alcohol. Under the same circumstances, the son of a Major, (who could command the best medical skill) died, because he had lived to the flesh.

Sergt. Beattie had been gassed, affecting his eyes, and rheumatism was the result of cruel exposure, yet he could praise God for marvellous deliverances all along the way.

Persecution was in order "for righteousness sake." One day our young Sergt. went flying out of the aviation field, ropes, hammar, Mission Tidings and all, because a Catholic did not care to hear God's Word.

Dying lads, however, were glad to hear the truth; and beside the rough grave of many a soldier, with bared heads, the Word of God was an unspeakable comfort.

In closing, Sergt. Beattie paid a glowing tribute to the women of the Red Cross, and the Salvation Army.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Vol. XI MARCH, 1919 No. 3

You Are Invited

Anyone who desires to be a soul-winner should join the band of workers who are having most interesting experiences in their house to house visitation Sunday afternoons.

We meet at the Mission at 3:45 and after a brief devotional service, go out two by two, under the direction of our Superintendent, to invite people to the privileges of the Mission, and primarily, to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Already there have been gratifying results for precious children have been added to the ranks of the Sunday School; strangers have been wonderfully blessed by coming to the evening services, and in one instance, two people came to the altar and received the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour—a direct issue!

It is also a grand opportunity to minister to shut-in's, who so often welcome the visitors cordially and receive the Word hungrily.

YOU, dear reader, are cordially invited to come with us. If timid, our Superintendent will graciously arrange for someone to go with you who is perfectly willing to do the talking while you silently pray. Come and bear fruit for His glory.

An Encouraging Incident

We were crossing the Avenue recently to wend our way to the extreme west where most of our mothers live, when a young woman who keeps a store nearby, called to us to come in a moment, she was one of our own mothers, her face was beaming with happiness as she told us about one of our workers calling on a Sunday afternoon and asking her to send her children into the Sunday School. "Why, yes," she answered, "my little boy could go, he is three" the baby but eighteen months was too young, "but I cannot leave the store and I have no one to take him there or bring him back." "I'll gladly call for him every Sunday," answered the worker, "it will be a great joy and privilege." "From that day this friend calls faithfully for the child," continued the mother "and the boy is delighted—comes home singing the hymns and insists on teaching them to the baby who tries to lisp the words after him—then," the mother continued, delightedly, "a recent Sunday Andrew (the child's name) came home with a picture and insisted upon my gettting the bible and telling him all about it. I was very busy but I just had to stop as he kept saying: 'Mama, the teacher told me I must just make you tell me.'" This is only one illustration of how the Sunday afternoon crusade work—the actual personal contact with the mother and the home is bringing forth such blessed fruit for the Kingdom of God.

"God's Word" is the *final answer* to any and all questions pertaining to this life and the life beyond.

His word can decide any question which may arise—and settle it definitely and truthfully.—S. Wray.

A Great Mystery

THREE dainty blue dressing-gowns, so warm and beautiful, arrived at the Mission enveloped in enchanting mystery!

From whence did they come?

Even the delighted superintendent could not tell for there was no name to be found, although she gave the matter immediate and scrupulous attention.

Tantalizingly serene lay the gowns as if understanding and enjoying the secret.

Woman-like, the superintendent tried one on, and lo, it just fitted her! She could not resist the temptation to forget for a moment she was overwhelmed with weighty responsibilities, but with the freedom of a young girl with her first long dress, turned around for a better light that she might see how pretty it really was with its light blue background and delicate white figure.

O, there was a cord and tassel too! Yes, and pockets! How comfortable! How convenient!

Of course she must put her hands deep into the pockets, draw the gown closer together and see just how nice it would be for some sick person to snuggle down into the warm depths. But, what was this her hand ran up against? A piece of paper? Ah, yes, a valuable piece of paper; nothing less than a dollar bill!

Enthusiastically she reached for the other dressing gowns, and lo, they each had a dollar bill in a spacious pocket.

Reverently grateful, with a fresh vision of God's gracious provision for shut-in's, the superintendent removed the gown; carefully replaced the dollars in their respective pockets, and asked God to bring to mind the ones to whom they should go.

If the gowns could have spoken they would have rejoiced that although they were going to be separated, and might never see each other again, they were going on a heavenly mission, and were doing service for the King.

If they could have felt as people feel, they would have been comforted because the persons who took them not only looked kindly disposed, but each had a Testament tucked in her bag, and, of course, asked God to bless them and make them a blessing before they started out.

If these gowns could have been as interested in the new homes to which they were going, as we are interested in the places to which God sends us, how glad they would have been to note every detail, and then write to the mysterious donor and tell her how happy they were to faithfully wear them out in His service. The letters, we imagine, would read something like this:

The Kimonas Speak For Themselves

I arrived safely, and was given to a missionary. She delivered me speedily to a very sick old lady. Her rooms were dark and dreary, and her hands and feet were cold. A district nurse came in, gave the aged woman a bath, and then put me on her. I hug her for all I am worth. I was, oh so glad, when she put her wrinkled hands in my pockets and got them lovely and warm. The missionary lady gave her some bed slippers, too, so simultaneously she got her feet warm. They bought fresh eggs with the dollar, and because the old lady was in pain they got some peppermint and gave her a reviving drink of that. Best of all the old lady thanked God for me. She said "God has always been good to me." Wasn't it grand to praise God under such conditions? Yours for his glory,

Number One.

I liked the girl very much who brought me here. She was not afraid to smile, and she had a pretty auburn tint in her hair that reminded one of the sunlight. She loves Jesus,

and she gave me to one of the sweetest faced mothers you ever saw. This little mother had been awfully sick, but was sitting up. I know I shall be very happy here for everyone in the family belongs to the Saviour, and talks with Him often; besides there are little children here who come and put their hands on me, and caress me as they would a kitten. I know you will be glad, too, that the dollar went for fresh eggs to build up the mother. Is not that splendid?

With love,

Twin.

I had the time of my life getting here! It was rich the way that superintendent wondered where we came from. She gave little exclamations of delight when she saw how pretty we were (excuse my conceit) and it quite took her breath away when she found the dollar you put in our pockets. She told the missionaries to "buy strictly fresh eggs for the dollar," and they said they would. I was given to a little woman with a sweet face, whom they called "Mother Mac." No tired mother about her though, for she was more spry than any young girl, and her heart just overflowed with love as she took me to a sick girl who had on an old faded kimona, and a white cloth tied around her aching head. This girl kissed "Mother Mac" and then almost cried for joy when she saw me. This girl works hard for only four dollars a week, and helps support two others, but now she was too sick to work, and had time to get acquainted with me. Believe me, I will nestle closer than a sinapism until she has new courage and new life. We are a happy family for there are two old people here, and they are saints. Even the fresh eggs are gleeful because they are going to nourish that poor, tired child instead of being sent to the Belmont to be cracked by the cook. One broke its shell just from pure delight when she heard the old man tell how he recently took a trip on a train; saw a beautiful sunset, and asked the man next to him if he was a Christian. Then he said to him, "When you come to the end of life don't you want God's glory to surround you like that sunset? It will if you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ." Hope you get this letter all right so you will know what became of us.

With a heart full of joy,

Triplet.

Praise Changes Things

The following story was told by a missionary from the China Inland Mission:—

"We were travelling from one station to another, and it was imperative to reach our destination on time. There was a large caravan of men, women and children, much luggage, and four mules. Crossing one of the bridges, there was a sudden halt, and we wondered what had happened, becoming exceedingly anxious knowing every moment was precious. One of the missionaries went forward, and found that one of the mules had become obdurate, refused to go forward, and finally laid down in the middle of the bridge, refusing to budge. All around people began to pray, but the mule still clung to the bridge, and his eyes flashed disobedience; then it occurred to one young girl, who could sing like an angel, to do an extraordinary thing, and she went and stood beside the mule and sang 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Immediately the mule arose to his feet, pulled his burden, and the caravan reached its destination on time. Praise as well as prayer changes things."

"It is not the weight of jewel or plate
Or fondle of silk and fur,
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich
As the gift of the wise ones were,
And we are not told whose gift was gold
Or whose was the gift of myrrh."

Thursday nights we have a very special service of Song. Consecrated Christians, soloists, bring the Gospel Message in Song. The meeting lasts but one hour. You are invited.

Our Daily Mail

Somewhere in France,
January 6, 1919.

Dear Miss Wray:—

Perhaps you know I have been having quite a little trouble with my eyes on account of driving so much over here without lights on our trucks, but I do not mind losing half my eyesight for Old Glory, and to obtain peace and safety for millions over here.

I have been all over France convoying motor truck trains, and know the roads like a book. Have been in some wonderful places up on the Swiss border, and down on the Spanish border. Can you imagine me talking Spanish? Well, talked with my hands, feet, mouth, lips and in fact every faculty I possessed; but, say, I am a real Frenchman when it comes to Parley-Francais!

It would surely be a delight to speak enough French to tell these dear people, who have been so kind to me, about the Lord.

I am praying for the meetings at the Mission, and especially for the open-air work that God may save many souls. My heart is with you all who are plugging away night after night at the street corner.

I believe Jesus is coming soon, and what a day that will be! We wait with longing in our hearts and yearning in our souls for His blessed return. I have faced death many times since I left the Mission, but I trusted in the Christ who saves and keeps, and have been safe in the hollow of His hand.

Remember me to the friends at the Mission.

Yours in the Master's Service,
(Sergt.) ROWLAND BEATTIE.

* * *

Sergt. Harold N. Bater writes as follows:

In army life a Christian has to be on his guard all the time for the devil seems to grease the wheels for the natural man, but sands those of the spiritual; but when one is clothed with the whole armor of God they are fully protected.

Well, the war is over, and we are all anxious to get back home. You could not have sent us home before Kaiser Bill was licked, but now that the job is done we want to go home at once.

It will certainly be great to be at the Mission again and have Christian fellowship. I long to see you all and tell you about the wonderful things I did not get a chance to do.

Love to all sisters and brothers in Christ.

(Sergt.) HAROLD N. BATER.

* * *

January 1, 1919.

Dear Miss Wray:—

This is my first letter of the New Year. Surely, I could not write to a better place than the Eighth Avenue Mission! It has left an indelible impression upon me. One song sung at the street corner keeps ringing in my heart, and when I get sad, or blue, thoughts of the Mission clears away the fog.

We are spending our New Year's day in a little town sunk in the hills of Germany. We will not have a dig dinner, but a big song of thanksgiving in our hearts that we do not hear the cannon's roar; the crack of machine guns and see death on every hand; but instead there is peace in the air and everything is quiet and still. To those of us who have seen something of the war this means far more to us than a big dinner or a feather bed.

I want to thank you all for your prayers.

As soon as I get to New York you will know it for the first place I shall make for will be the Mission.

Yours sincerely,
C. W. HAIGHT.

* * *

Chateauraux Indre, France.
January 11, 1919.

Dear Miss Wray:—

Although I received a week ago the

box you sent me I am still enjoying its contents. It was wonderfully well packed and contained just the things that a soldier likes. Such kindness helps me to live the life that I know to be right and gives me courage to overcome in the hour of temptation.

Nothing is more encouraging to a soldier than to know that somebody cares; when I think of you, Miss Wray, the Mission folks, and the people of my own church, to say nothing of the loved ones in my own home, I am more than ever determined, by His grace, to walk in the straight and narrow path, for it is the only way of peace and happiness.

It is a great joy to know we have a victorious peace, but now that the big job is done we are all anxious to get home. What a joy it will be to come to the Mission again! I am longing to hear the testimonies that ring so true; hear the word of God expounded so clearly (as it always is at the Mission and my own church) and hear the songs we all love.

I had a card from Sergt. Beattie a short time ago. He was well and still trusting in the Lord Jesus as his Saviour.

A number of my comrades and myself hold a prayer meeting every Thursday night, and our meeting last night was a wonderful blessing. We study God's word, sing hymns and have sacred fellowship in prayer.

I am hoping to be at home soon, and it cannot come too soon for me.

God bless you all at the Mission.

Faithfully yours in Him,

JOHN M. SIEVEWRIGHT.

* * *

A letter from Mr. Chervenansky, bearing recent date, sustains a note of triumph from beginning to end:

"In God is my salvation." I am daily rejoicing in the Lord, who meets all my needs, and delivers me from all evil."

Mr. Joseph Chervenansky was unable to celebrate the first anniversary of his conversion October twenty-one because of his absence in France, but he deserves honorable mention, not only for being a fearless soldier in the United States Army, but for being a brave and valiant follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he enthroned in his heart Oct. 21, 1917.

Mr. Chervenansky, by the power of God, turned that night from every known sin; and his sincerity and manly stand for everything pure and good throughout the past year has won for him a permanent place in the Mission, and a deep respect in the hearts of its people.

* * *

A picturesque card from William Smillie gratefully acknowledges a package of eatables (with the superintendent's card in it.)

Does God Answer Prayer?

Those who read Mr. Entwisle's testimony last month will be interested in the following account of the gracious revival in his church. After a week of prayer with the Spirit mightily at work, I was led to hold a revival. I hesitated at first on account of shortage of fuel, and being without janitor. I ought to have known better little things like these are nothing for God to remove in answer to prayer.

So we started in with our revival Sunday, January 19th to 26th, inclusive. And for our slogan we circulated the following: *"Does God Answer Prayer?"* Well, to begin with, we had a man come to the parsonage to offer his services as janitor for the revival. So far so good, answer No 1. Then one farmer sent down to the church a load of wood—a gift—this set the people wondering—answer No. 2; and then we had three or four loads delivered, wood is mighty hard to get this year there is plenty around us, but like God's vineyard, the laborers are few. When we started business for the Lord He supplied the need and does not He say He will, where is our faith?

We had our program in the printer's hands just in time, complete with the exception of Monday night, and this we left vacant trusting in the Lord to send us someone—as He had done so

many times to the dear old Mission where I was saved—and sure enough He did, as we were singing the first hymn, in walked the Rev. J. E. Parker from Grand Gorge, and he not only gave a stirring message but sang two solos. The most skeptical say the third time pays for all, well here was our third answer to prayer. We have the most wonderful God, if you will only believe. When I was at the Mission I used to look at Miss Wray's face and I had a presentiment that she was going to tell us of another answer to prayer, and sure enough before the night was over we should hear from her lips how good God was in sending His servants to speak to us. In connection with our week of prayer and revival we held noon-day prayer meetings and so formed a group praying for souls for Christ. This I am sure has had a lot to do with the success of the revival.

Each night God delivered through His inspired servants a thrilling message that sank deep into the hearts and before the week was out there was no escape, everything was so simple, the way so clear from sin to salvation.

The beginning of the week we had favorable weather, but towards the end storms were raging, and they are different here than in the City. Under the circumstances the attendances were fine. We were all looking forward to Sunday morning, January 26th, which had been designated "Ingathering Day." When we hoped to start the angels in heaven singing and rejoicing over souls being gathered into the fold and we were not disappointed. Praise the Lord.

The morning brought forth sunshine, which was a happy augury for great things, surely God was in at the end as well as the beginning. You can take for granted that where souls are coming to Christ, *there Christ is!* The attendance was one of the best ever, the sermon was taken from John. 10-28. "I Thirst."

And when it was finished it had not been preached in vain. Picture the scene, the people are gathered all around the front of the chancel rails, kneeling and praying, let us reverently cast our eyes on other answers to prayer from a wonderful Saviour. Why there is old Ira, an old Drover, who has not been to Church for ages, and now he has accepted Jesus Christ and is right at the front. How did this happen? Last May this man said to the new minister, "Say, Dominie, I would not go to that Church, there's people there I got no use for." The Lord said to the Dominie here is someone for your own personal work. So the minister began to pray privately and publicly got in a word of testimony, talked about the souls saved at the Eighth Avenue Mission, spent two days berrying on the mountains, got old Ira interested, result old Ira accepted Christ.

Another says why did you see Mrs. B. at Church, that is the first time she has ever been seen in a church, and who was that young lady in the choir, why that was Mrs. H's daughter who had to be sent away from home on account of her ways. We reverently look to the left of us and there we see Mr. and Mrs. C., two people who along with others, caused a strife to come into the Church, from which it has not recovered yet. Now they are right back ready to come to membership again, and their son H., who has offered to teach a class in the Sunday School.

And so on we could enumerate other cases. It has certainly been a week of surprises. The reason is that we worship and preach a living Christ. When the dear Lord passes this way we want our Church to be ready. Pray for us.

JOHN ENTWISLE.

Helpful Thought

One of the most remarkable things about Abraham, was, he *"never talked back"* to God.

He *obeyed* God.

Abraham went out from his father's home, house and country—not knowing whither he went.

Implicitly trusting on God's promise *to lead him.*—Mr. Cranston.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

THE first two weeks in February were scheduled to be "Follow up" weeks to take the time to go directly into the homes of our little ones whom we felt definitely belonged to the Mission and to our summer household. To us it was an important matter to see how these children were standing the test of the winter with its limitations. We found that one of the greatest hardships of the poor these dreadful war times has been the lack of wood. It has been almost impossible to get wood at all. It has been very high. Nearly all our families depend upon wood for fuel and in previous years the factories and merchants were glad to give all their surplus supply to any one who was willing to carry it away. It is not so any longer—cash is required for the smallest box. It was no uncommon sight in this section of the city any morning or afternoon to see a mother with all her children carrying bundles of heavy wood or large boxes, chopping it and storing it away for future use. The drawback of wood is that it takes the time of one person to keep the "home fires burning," and while it gives a splendid heat while it lasts it quickly burns out and in case of sickness where it is often a matter of life or death to keep a fire all night, wood does not prove equal to the emergency and a bushel of coal at such a time is worth its weight in gold. The Mission throughout the winter keeping in close touch with the homes and their needs makes every effort to send coal where it is most needed or in fact never refuses assistance that is possible to give. It was with grateful hearts we realized as we went from home to home that God was blessing His work in the neighborhood in a truly marvelous way.

We were stopped before we reached our destination by such a very old gray haired woman who was chopping wood—she just wanted to say God bless the Mission and thank us for some groceries and warm flannels that had been sent. Although the woman belonged to our Mothers meeting she was unable to come as she cannot cross the streets alone, particularly in winter when it is slippery. For years this old woman has been cared for by a younger woman for which care she reciprocates by caring for the house and making things comfortable for them both; but recently "Sarah" the bread winner broke her wrist and was unable to work for weeks and when we found it out and filled up the larder with provisions, it was absolutely empty. No word of complaint did we hear in the desolate home—just a spirit of trusting God and gratefulness that they could get treatment free at the clinic and that Sarah's job was waiting for her when she was able to return.

It was just noon when we reached our destination and the released school children were scampering home to get a bite to eat. This family lived on the ground floor of the dreariest tenement that could be imagined. We stood at the door a moment before rapping to listen to a sweet high treble child-voice half scolding and half crooning a baby to sleep. When we entered we found a sweet little girl of eight caring for an infant but a few months old—she was trying in vain to rock the cradle and at the same time keep the baby's bottle in a position where he could feed. We made the poor white-faced baby comfortable and took an inventory of the room, except for a stove in which there was no fire and some tubs and a few bits of furniture, the room was desolate. Another little girl, about four, the one we came to call on, was nowhere to be seen, so we asked "Where is H——" "Oh she is on the bed, she won't eat

and she cries all night and nuffin is the matter at all," replied our little over-burdened mother. We hunted up our little friend and held her close and got her confidence and she told us she had a "toof ache." By the time four other children came in for lunch, the oldest, a sensible dignified girl—old before her time—just twelve, presided. First she stuffed the cold stove with papers, lighted them, then drew from the back the coffee pot, filled it with water, let it get hot—she had brought in a fresh loaf of bread and some sausages. The whole crowd of little ones gathered round the table—while the little mother brought out a bottle of milk and sugar bowl from somewhere and divided everything in equal shares. They seemed very happy—it was "home" and expressed even in its inadequateness a mother's love, a mother's struggles. The mother then came in, worn and tired and anxious. It was the same old story—the husband all wrong—gone astray—refusing to support his family and the Judge had committed him to the Island at hard work to "think it over." The only support the family had was the oldest daughter barely sixteen, making seven dollars a week—when the baby was better she could put it in a Nursery and work herself, then things would brighten. The mother was grateful for the wonderful summer we had given her little girl who had been well and strong ever since and also for the happy Christmas time we gave them. It is such homes we aim to reach and to help and to bring them within hearing of the Gospel because we know it can and does meet every need of body and soul and spirit.

The next home gave us much encouragement because God had lifted this mother and children out of much real misery. The father had become a victim of influenza and died—he had been drinking for years—abusing his wife—neglecting his children. The one who came to us in the summer was in a sad condition of wrecked nerves. She was hardly six. The Mission she told us, had stood by her until the last, sending food and warm bedding and she believed God had saved her husband before he passed away. At the present moment she had a few clean rooms, was earning ten dollars a week, enough for her frugal needs. They were quite at peace. The children (her little girls) came faithfully to the Sunday school and were growing in grace and the fear of the Lord.

One more visit then a happy day's work was done. This was into the home of a mother who had been with us since we started—both she, her husband and four out of her six children had been all in the hospital and were just getting like "themselves again." Although the husband could work but half a day. We were glad to leave them some shoes and rubbers and a bundle of baby clothes for the little stranger that was expected any moment. There were three members of our summer household in this home and a merry, healthy trio they were, hugging us all at once and wanting to hear all about next summer so near at hand after all with the touch of spring already in the air.

We had our little memorandum book in hand in a very business-like manner on this trip and it was great fun for our "tiny tots" to watch us write their names down and "for the first trip" each child added. We are trusting God in His own way and time to prepare just the place He wants us to have and enjoy with these children. It is with love too and rejoicing we want to go out ahead of time and do all the necessary preliminary work, counting even the most menial service a privilege for "His dear Sake." The children of to-day are the mothers of to-morrow. Is any cost too great that will help them achieve their greatest efficiency? The future of America is in the hands of our children. May God give us His wisdom.

A Gospel Meeting for women Wednesdays at 2 P. M. "Come. Bring Baby along."

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

Volume 11 Number 4

Mission Tidings

April 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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— By J. Stuart Holden —

Fellowship with Christ means a strengthening of all the moral and spiritual fibre of our make-up, enabling us to resist, to avoid and to conquer.

❖

There is that in the fellowship of Christ which brings out the best that is in a man.

❖

God is great enough to fill eternity—and yet He comes to dwell in the small soul of the man who trusts Him!

❖

When the reign of grace begins, when the reign of the Lord Jesus is set up in the soul, it is a reign of tenderness and sympathy, but always of unspeakable strength.

❖

God does not remove the consequences of sin; but He does renew the spirit of consecrated obedience and holy endeavor, and re-enforces them unto victory.

❖

While it is true we can never erase the record of the past, it is also blessedly true that our Lord, out of the wreck and ruin of the past, can reconstruct life unto victory and glory.

❖

However grievous has been the failure to realise His purpose, God can remake the lives which He originally made for His glory.

❖

There is that in the Lord Christ which causes all men who come in contact with Him to reveal themselves.

❖

No man can long be insincere in the presence of Christ.

❖

Life declares itself, when brought into contact with Him, very much as that which is written in so-called invisible ink is revealed when subjected to the action of heat.

What a man is in the deepest depths of his being, somehow gets itself expressed when he comes into Christ's presence.

❖

I must bring myself constantly, day by day, to the mirror of God's Word, both to see what manner of person I am and what manner of person God intends I should be.

❖

The ebb of the tide of the summer sea is almost unnoticed until the water has left the land dry. The ebb of spiritual power is like it. Be watchful!

❖

Christ commits to us the work that angels cannot do—to interpret His intention to men and women who know Him not, or, knowing Him, who spurn Him.

❖

No man ever rises higher in service and in open devotion than the level of his own heart-love to the Son of God.

❖

The secret source of all strength for the outward life is the companionship of God in Christ Jesus, by His Word, and through His Spirit.

❖

I see God through my difficulties for my difficulties sharpen my vision.

❖

No one may limit what God will do in answer to faith.

❖

It is possible, despite all the roar and bustle of life round about us, despite all the smoke of sin and the malignity of the devil, to live a fragrant and beautiful life if we abide with God.

❖

God does His work in spite of everything which seems to create impossibilities.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, APRIL, 1919 No. 4

A Personal Testimony

"He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

This is just what the Lord did for me the first time I went to the Eighth Avenue Mission, New York City.

I have a good Christian mother, and was, therefore, brought up in Church and Sunday School. I liked to go, and would also read my Bible. At the age of sixteen I was baptised in the First Baptist church in Conshohocken, Pa.,

(Mrs.) Nellie E. McClain

thinking that was all that was necessary to insure my salvation; but when God spoke to my heart at the Eighth Avenue Mission, October 20, 1918, I realized one could be a church member and yet be lost; that they could be a professing Christian without being a possessing one, and that one needs Jesus to be satisfied.

A short time after I united with the church I accepted a position in Atlantic City, and simultaneously grew careless regarding church attendance, going my own way and seeking other diversion. When I went to New York City later I rarely attended church and for several years drifted farther and farther away from God; but, try as I would, I could not get away from my mother's prayers.

At length I became so sin-sick and soul-sick I felt as if I did not have a friend in the world. Concluding New York City was to blame: that it was so big one lost their individuality in the crowds, I concluded to go home to my mother; but even then I was not satisfied and returned to New York.

One Sunday evening I was so very lonesome I went out for a walk. Going along with a heavy heart, I heard singing, followed the sound and came to the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, where an open-air service was in progress. The singing was enheartening, so I lingered; and then I became interested in the earnest testimonies of men and women who graciously spoke of the sacrifice of Jesus on Calvary to redeem sinners.

One of the gentlemen who spoke was a Mr. Smith, whom I knew to be a real Christian, for he had often urged me to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, but I would not pay any attention to what he said and continued to go my own way; but this night I accepted the invitation to attend the service at the Eighth Avenue Mission, and following the Christians into the place, again enjoyed the hearty and cheerful singing.

At the same time God's presence in the place was so real that I became deeply convicted of sin, and wanted, more than anything else in the world, to get rid of the burden. I continued to feel so down-hearted and blue that when the superintendent asked if any-

one desired to be remembered in prayer I knew I needed them, and raised my hand. The next step was to go to the mercy-seat, and when I found myself on my knees from the depths of my heart I asked God to blot out all my sin and make me a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Then and there He answered my prayer, and gave me the witness within that my sins were forgiven (even forgotten by God), and that I was born again through faith in the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus Christ. At the same time He also answered my mother's prayers, which had followed me for years.

How I praise God for the Eighth Avenue Mission and what it has done for me!

I am only seventeen weeks old in the Lord, but am happy in my new life. I never knew such happiness in my old life: then I was alone in a great city; now I have found a Friend whom I never knew before. ONE who will abide, and has been the Comforter through hours of sickness and trouble. In fact I know I have many friends now instead of none: my Heavenly Father has many children who are my sisters and brothers, and together we are joint-heirs with Jesus Christ.

How wonderful is God's love!

Although I am still comparatively young (28 years of age), I am perfectly contented to live on the Lord's side.

I am now back in Pennsylvania, attending the same church where I was baptised twelve years ago, and we have the same minister. Pray that I may be wonderfully used wherever I go to win souls for Jesus. I have proved that Jesus can make one strong and give them courage to bear anything. He has certainly made me a different woman.

Dear Reader: If you are sin-sick, down-hearted, discouraged, lonely or burdened in any way, tell Jesus about it, and trust Him with all your heart, for I know "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Yours in Him,

(Mrs.) Nellie E. McClain.

An Easter Story

In many a shop window Easter joy was heralded by beautiful lilies, fragrant hyacinths and many a sprig of green: all silent deponents of resurrection life.

Even missionaries might have lingered before the florist's windows to note God's artistic coloring in rare orchid and gorgeous azalea, but for the urgent need to forget everything but suffering humanity, and to gladly minister to them in His name.

"Mr. F. is dying at the hospital. His wife desires th ' you should go and see him. .Will you go?" came a message over the 'phone.

"Certainly" was the hearty response, and armed with Bible, tracts, etc. two missionaries soon found themselves inside the enclosure that sheltered many an aching heart and suffering body.

Here in the hospital there seemed a sad absence of anything to remind one of Easter, and the only suggestion of brightness was a sprig of green lying on the window sill in a doctor's office.

Passing a line of physicians in fresh white suits, walking slowly in groups to the supper pavilion, the visitors reached the elevator, when a girl (instead of the regular elevator man of by-gone days) said interrogatively "you have a pass?" "Missionaries" was the quiet response. Up, up they went, and reaching the stipulated ward enquired for the dying man. With bated breath they went to his bedside, expecting to point him to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world;" but to their surprise and great joy he said "Not long ago some people from the Mission came in here and told me about Jesus. The best I knew how I accepted Him as my Saviour. They prayed that I might be saved and also healed. I am better the nurse says." In answer to prayer God had wrought a miracle, and a few days later the man had all the Easter joy he could bear for he was discharged from the hospital, and went home thanking God for salvation, restoration and the privilege of again ministering to the needs of his little family.

There were others, however, who needed consolation and a word of help and sympathy, so to each in the ward was spoken a word about the Master's great love, and to those, able to read, a tract was given. One young man could not speak a word of English, but he was desperately ill, and his countenance indicative of distress. The missionaries spoke to him but he could not understand. At last one of the missionaries pointed upward and said "Jesus," and his face lighted with a glow which only *that* peerless name can bring to dying souls.

From the men's ward, the missionaries went to the women's wards, where the twilight shadows were giving place to a light here and there. Here the missionaries ministered to one of the dear mothers of the Eighth Avenue Mission who had been recently stricken with pneumonia.

How good it was to find her sweetly trusting in Jesus, and also free from pain and physical discomfort.

Hardly had the missionaries arisen from their knees, after commending this dear one to the Lord, when they observed a middle-aged woman sitting near and softly weeping. One of the visitors went immediately to her, while the other sought out a hard-faced girl in the opposite corner.

Putting her arms around the shoulders of the weeping woman, the first missionary said "Pardon me, I could not stand your tears and longed to comfort you."

"When I saw you pray," sobbed the woman, "I wished you would pray for me, but I would not have made so bold as to ask you if you had not spoken to me."

She struggled bravely for self control, and then went on saying, "You see I was a child's nurse in a lovely family. The baby was twenty months old, and I loved her so; and they all loved, me, but suddenly without warning, I fell to the floor, my whole right side is paralyzed. The baby, although she could not talk, seemed to understand, and made such a strange unusual noise, sitting there in her chair, looking at the door, that her mother came speedily and found me in this terrible condition." Again overwhelmed with her misfortune, her tears fell like rain, but finding her voice again, she continued: "I have been here three weeks and there is yet no improvement. Will you please pray for my recovery?"

"With all my heart," responded the missionary, "But can you say 'Thy will be done?'" With quivering lips she replied "Yes." Together they committed the matter to the Great Physician and sympathizing Jesus. As the missionary departed, the woman said "thank you," while the gleam of hope in her eyes seemed to bring Easter joy where before there was only homesickness and sickening fear.

"I wish you would speak to that girl in the corner," whispered the other missionary "for she is weeping bitterly." Surely she seemed deeply convicted of sin, and as the visitor went to her, and put her arms around her, saying "Can I do anything to help you?" Sob—sob—was her only answer. Seeing the girl's arms and hands were paralyzed the first thing to do was to take the corner of a cast off sheet and wipe her eyes for her. "Thank you" she murmured softly.

"Can you tell me anything about your trouble?" was the next enquiry.

"I am ashamed to tell you," was the girl's answer.

"Never mind, tell Jesus about it then, for He loves you very much."

With unspeakable anguish written on her—not unpleasant—face, she turned toward the visitor and said "Once I traveled with Christians, and even now can quote verse after verse of Scripture, although I am a Jewess. When I was thirty-two years old I married a profligate, and then followed a life of sin and crime so black that it makes me shudder: My diseased body is the penalty." With agony written on every bit of her face(mental agony) she exclaimed, "I imagine everyone turns from me, doctors, patients and nurses! O what made me tell you for you will turn from me too!" The first impulse was to draw back for fear of infection, but power

was given from above to still keep the girl in loving touch, while the visitor said, "No, dear child, I am not going to turn from you but will be your friend and love you; but there is One who loves you infinitely better for He died for you, and can help you. His previous blood cleanseth from *ALL* sin."

Like a drowning man catching hold of a life-boat she grasped the precious truth, and believed and received it. It was a broken prayer, mingled with sobs, which she uttered, but God heard and answered, giving "beauty for ashes and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Under the canopy of God's love she had received the Father's kiss of forgiveness, and the peace which passeth understanding entered her heart to make her Easter in the hospital radiant with heavenly joy, exceeded only by the joy in the presence of the angels of God over the sinner that repented, and was redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus. A. F. M.

"When I asked a plain woman, the wife of a weaver, what she could tell me about the discourses of Robert Murray McCheyne, pastor of St. Peters Presbyterian Church, she said 'It did me more good just to see Mr. McCheyne walk from the door to his pulpit than to hear any other man in Dundee.' A fine tribute, that, to the power of a Christly personality.'" Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D. D., L. L. D.

A veteran missionary, in asking for an associate, wrote: "Send us a despiser of difficulties, who will not be discouraged under the most adverse circumstances, who will unite unflinching courage with consummate tact, know how to do impossible things and maintain pertinacity that borders on stubbornness with a grace of manners that softens asperity."

"God said it.
Christ did it;
I believe it;
That settles it."

Mission Items

Called with "an holy calling" was our friend, and missionary, Mr. Elliott, first to go to China, and second (when he was here on a furlough) to go to France.

Mr. Elliott said *yes* to God "Here am I—send me," consequently has been wonderfully successful in each high calling. A fluent linguist, and master of the Chinese language, he was specifically equipped to direct the coolies in their road building in France. A cheerful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an able student of God's Word, he was also peculiarly fitted for the duty and privilege of encouraging his chosen people to overcome the home-sickness and hardships that threatened many times to engulf them. In many instances Mr. Elliott made so attractive the life of a true Christian that many desired to also live "the life beautiful."

Spell-bound, we listened to Mr. Elliott, Sunday evening, March 2nd when he related many thrilling experiences at the front.

Mrs. G. W. Cleveland sang (O, so prayerfully) the following:

"I would follow where Thou leadest;
Thou, my Saviour, Friend, so kind;
'Till my pilgrim journey ended,
Perfect rest with Thee I find.

Our prayers and best wishes followed Mr. Elliott upon his return to his labors in France the 5th of March; and his closing words abide with us: "You will find the 90th Psalm always a great comfort. Abide in Him; He is our dwelling place."

The following encouraging testimony was given by a man in one of our evening meetings: "Four years ago I staggered out of a saloon on the corner of 24th Street and 8th Avenue, and started for this Mission to see what I could do against it, but God saved me that night, and ever since then I have been doing all I could against the saloon."

A Wonderful Answer to Prayer

In a hospital in France a Chinaman, seriously wounded, became so crazed that a panic was imminent, for none could quiet him. Rev. Walter Scott Elliott (our Mr. Elliott) bravely approached the patient, spoke soothing words in his own language (the Chinese) and then prayed with him. Almost immediately God answered and gave the painfully delirious man sweet sleep, finally restored him to health, and thus, through the affectionate ministry of Mr. Elliott, the Chinaman accepted the Lord. As a result, hundreds of Chinamen, clever and intelligent, were reached by the Gospel.

Shall we not continue to pray for Mr. Elliott and his work "over there"?

The Tuesday evening meetings, perhaps, are not so largely attended as some of the others, but the Holy Spirit's presence is sweetly manifested; the messages full of application and worthy of appropriation. One by our superintendent from John, 14th chapter, was charged with a heavenly current which was revivifying.

A not-uncommon error was rectified when Miss Wray said: "I am thankful the mansions prepared by our Lord are not made from the material we are sending up; but are solely the result of His great love and mercy."

Miss Alice Hamblin from Hephzibah House was present, and gave us the following food for thought:

"Commit thy way unto Jehovah;"
I've done it.
"Trust also in Him;"
I'm doing it.
"He will bring it to pass."
I expect it.

"God thought it;
Jesus bought it;
The Bible taught it;
Faith brought it;
The Holy Spirit wrought it;
The devil fought it;
But I got it. GLORY!"

People absent from the Monday evening meetings miss a rare treat. An unusual opportunity is thus afforded students of the Word for instruction—just now in the Book of Genesis.

Mr. Alwyn Ball is our instructor, and we thank God for his able ministry.

The half-hour testimony meeting which follows is of vital import, many giving glowing and touching tributes to prayer and Scripture learned at mother's knee. Some, perchance, have been sadly drifting for a time through the false teaching of the higher critics, but have gladly grasped the life-boat of child-like faith in God and His Holy Word, and are again safe from modern shoals.

Thank God for the true apostles He graciously sends us!

In the Sunday School superintendent and teachers combine to give the Gospel preeminence, and it emphatically PAYS! One little boy (Neil Miller) with childlike spontaneity knelt at the altar and gave his little, trusting heart to Jesus. With the baptism of a Livingston he went right to work winning other little boys. When at play, near his home on 14th Street, he found two other boys, and asked them if they loved Jesus. They were honest-hearted boys, and said "I don't know." "Come in to my mother and she will tell you about Him," said our little missionary. This Christian mother left her baby to coo over her rattle, and told these boys the sweet old story of Jesus and His love. These boys, about twelve years of age, accepted Jesus, and the joy-bells rang in heaven. Since Jesus saved you, Dear Reader, how many have you brought to Him?

"My mother's discipline was loving but thorough; she never bribed me to good conduct with sugar-plums; she praised every commendable deed heartily, for she held that *an ounce of honest praise is often worth more than many pounds of punishment.*" Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D D., L. L. D.

A Cal
For A Program

THE Eighth Avenue Mission has operated for twenty years
Eighth Avenue near 25th Street. Its work is done under
direction of a Board of Directors. The task of this Mission is
reconstruction of lives that have been broken by sin. It is a labo
tory of practical Christianity. The Gospel is its one remedy for s

There is a gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic s
vice every night. There is a Sunday School, mother's meeting a
children's play room. There are meetings in hospitals and the visi
tion of needy homes. There is immediate relief of the poor. Th
is educational work through special classes and a monthly magazi

Some Phases of Our Work

A flourishing Men's Bible Class composed largely of men saved and re-established through the Eighth Avenue Mission.

A group of mothers from the neigh whose only religious instruction is w get at the Mission.

Some of our children—we not only seek the wanderer, but we seek to prevent wandering.

One of our outdoor meetings in whic year we reach tens of thousands of churched men of New York.

5,000
ng Broken Lives

Is Proposed

To provide for the enlargement of our auditorium to meet our needs in connection with our evangelistic meetings held every night in the year.

To provide appropriate facilities for conducting meetings for women where they are taught to sew and where the Gospel message is simply presented.

To provide a play room for the young children who must be taken care of while their mothers are assembled in sewing classes.

To provide facilities for a large and growing Sunday School for which our present rooms are totally inadequate.

To provide facilities for small classes and groups of various kinds where specialized instructions may be given.

5,000 Needed

To meet the indebtedness in our present plant	$15,000
To secure additional property adjoining our present plant	8,000
To make necessary alterations	2,000
Total	$25,000
A friend has offered a generous part of this amount if we can raise the balance. The pledge is for	$5,000
To be raised	$20,000

MISSION TIDINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Eighth Avenue Mission

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By the year One Dollar in advance.
10 cents per copy

Editors { .....SARA WRAY
.....FRANK H. MANN

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Vol. II APRIL, 1919 No. 4

"VICTORY."

(2 Cor. 2: 14.)

Grant me that inward victory, Lord,
Thou only canst bestow,
A victory of the hidden source
Whence outward life doth flow.

Give me to know unruffled peace
Throughout life's busiest days,
A holy calm, a heart at rest,
A spirit filled with praise.

Gather each idle, wandering thought
Into Thy blest control,
And let Thy spotless purity
Possess my inmost soul.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make His face to shine upon thee,
And be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,
And give thee peace, Amen.

Eighteen Milestones

Mr. A. Lissner celebrated the 18th anniversary of his wonderful conversion Sunday evening, March 9th (instead of Thursday, the 6th—the real anniversary day).

As Mr. Lissner reverently read the 10th chapter of Hebrews it seemed to be illuminated with new light for Mr. Lissner was a Hebrew by birth. He was not taught, however, that there was a God, much less that Jesus was THE MESSIAH; yet from a child he had a heart conviction that there was a Supreme Being who made the world and ruled it. This heart hunger was so great he felt he was being called by this Supreme Being to confess his belief in Him, and his inward convictions, but he disregarded the voice until at last he drifted farther and farther from these promptings, but became more unhappy from day to day.

Finally Mr. Lissner went into a Moody meeting, and there he met the superintendent of the Eighth Avenue Mission, who invited him to the Mission.

When he came to the Mission the superintendent requested all who were Christians to raise their hands. Mr. Lissner raised his hand, but was so convicted of the untruthfulness of the act that he sought the superintendent and talked with her, and the result was that in the meeting the following night he went forward and accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour.

Ever since that night Mr. Lissner has been confessing Jesus Christ as his Messiah, and praises God for the privilege of bringing others to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

BY MRS. J. H. BARNEY

"By faith the Lamb of God I see,
Expiring on the cross for me;
He paid the mighty debt I owe:
He died because He loved me so."

'Twas I that shed the Saviour's blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Son of God,
I joined the mockery.—*H. Bonar.*

Our Daily Mail

Corp. V. L. Burgess, Battery F, 309 F. A., writes as follows:

"Dear Miss Wray:

"It is almost beyond words to thank you for the box of food I received from Halifax, Eng., through your kindness. I certainly appreciated it, and sincerely hope that some day I may be able to thank you personally for it."

"I have had the good fortune to come out of every battle unscratched, and am also hoping to reach America in safety."

"The news that the war had ended brought much joy, but there will be greater joy when word comes that we are homeward bound. Most all of the fellows in the A. E. F. have what we term 'the gang-plank itch,' or 'the Statue of Liberty blues.'"

This characteristic note of victory comes from over-seas on a postal card signed "Joseph Chervansky."

"Le Mans Embarkation Centre."

"Rom. 8:38, 39."

"I am living on the mountains underneath a cloudless sky."

We say, God bless you, dear boy!

"Keep on praising God,
He'll give you grace in the toughest place;
Keep on praising God."

One of our dear boys, G. H. Gray, picturesquely and proudly attired in kilts, is happy in the fact that he is back in dear old Blighty, Eng., the same camp from which he started for France. He is also rejoicing with a deep, unspeakable joy, that he is returning "clean in body and mind as when he left Canada." He has had a wonderful opportunity of seeing Rev. A. C. Dixon in Glasgow (when touring Scotland) and of testifying to God's goodness before a vast crowd in one of Dr. Dixon's meetings. "Remember me to all at home," writes Mr. Gray, "and tell them that God is best of all."

Frank R. Willey (Y. M. C. A. Secretary), with refreshing boyish enthusiasm (unabated by hard experiences "over there"), bursts forth with this song of praise:

"The package of eats arrived O.K., and whatever the cost it was not too much! It is absolutely the best dinner eaten in France." A Lieut. said 'I don't blame you for having a private mess!'

"Mission Tidings has been a great blessing over here, and when read by a clarinet player (in the 305th Field Art. Band, 77th Div., called Gen. Pershing's Band), awakened his interest to such an extent that he offered to play at 290 Eighth Ave. some evening when he comes home."

A glad welcome awaits Mr. Willey and all his friends when they return.

Rev. Walter Scott Elliott, in a recent letter, has voiced the experience of the children of God, who, night after night (circumstances permitting), worship at the Eighth Avenue Mission.

"Am proud to call myself a member of the Eighth Avenue Mission; and my heart rejoices when I am privileged to have a share in the feast of good things always spread upon the table. It is inspiring to see the faces of men and women who love the Lord Jesus, and have such good (true) stories to tell of His *lifting power*: lifting heavy loads; lifting the weight of sin and sadness, and giving power to overcome, as well as joy in the realization of His ever-presence. It always gave me renewed blessing whenever I attended the COMMUNION gatherings at the Mission. There is surely communion with the risen Lord evident to all who truly know Him. The blessing I received there has been a sustaining one for I have been going in the strength of the meat received there "many days." God bless you all!

Faithfully in His glad service,
Walter Scott Elliott."

"I found in theology the true things were not new, and most of the new things were not true." Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D. D. L. L. D.

Blue Thursday

It was not blue Monday, but decidedly blue Thursday! Not a ray of sun had been seen all day; besides the biscuits were stale in the morning, the soup tasteless at noon (tongues coated), and everyone's nerves reduced to a frazzel at night!

In sheer desperation we left the small boy (worth his weight in gold, of course, but capable of asking some less than a thousand questions a day) to the tender mercy of a loving father, and started for the avenue.

The cool night air fanned feverish brows; but the continuous din of the street was deafening, and the shop windows uninteresting. O where could rest be found!

A blazing cross, radiant with electric lights, attracted our gaze, and we soon read "The Eighth Avenue Mission," while over the windows, in big letters, was the word "WELCOME."

"Guess that will hold you for awhile," laughingly challenged one of the party, and, willing to try any venture, we followed the crowd into the hall. A book was put in our hands as we passed a stout man (with not unpleasant face), standing by the door.

Another tried to get us to go way up front and take a seat, but we were elusive and took a seat near the wall.

A lady, with a band of blue on her hat (instead of in her heart) was playing softly and artistically upon the piano, while another lady (so free from self-consciousness that it was unspeakably refreshing) sat beside the piano and sang softly some soothing strains—evidently a selection of mutual interest.

At eight o'clock another lady, strikingly trim in figure, walked to the platform, and with easy grace assumed command. With a voice finely strung with sympathy, resourcefulness and intensity she requested a man in front to ask God's blessing upon the song service. This did not phase him a bit, but instead he spoke reverently, as if he believed God was right there.

When the leader had made sure everyone in the room had a book, she announced "No. 3," which penetrated our mental weariness like church bells through a dense fog. "What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought," rang out with no uncertain sound, and hymn after hymn was sung, while (God forgive us) we felt more like crying than singing.

Suddenly, as if she saw the neglected hymn book in our lap, the leader said, "Are you singing unto the Lord? There is a verse that tells us how to sing. What is it?" The people were too well-bred to look at us, but with averted heads they said all-together, and very distinctly, "Let the word of Christ dwell in *you* richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Colossians 3:16."

Of course we knew the leader meant us, but she courteously looked off into space, and said "Now sit up straight, put back your shoulders, and sing that way!"

We dared not disobey, so opened the book, and straightened up a bit. "Think of the words," again she suggested, while she read "There is a Comforter come from above, He is mine." Sweet consolation was so mixed up with a lump in the throat we could not sing for the life of us, but we no longer felt stupid (and, must we confess it, half a heathen).

There were impromptu solos by men and women, and one sweet faced girl in the audience with black ostrich feathers around the top of her hat sang, "One day they left Him alone in the garden," with such sweet pathos it made that nasty lump come in our throat again: but the chorus (seemingly by a trained choir, led by two pianos) was so grand we began to catch the enthusiasm, but not until the whole assembly hummed the song was the climax reached.

Another surprise was then in order as the leader said, "Do you think you could worship God and whistle it? If you en-

tertain any scruples (for this is God's house), you may refrain."

Electrifying was the sweet, joyous whistle of that beautiful hymn! It seemed to bring to our vision the boyish freshness of unsullied youth, whistling happily (bare-headed and care-free) out under God's canopy of blue. Upward went the blue in our hearts to make more blue God's perfect sky. Now we *could* straighen up with right good will and enjoy to the full the uplifting solo by a Mrs. Cleveland, who sang with exquisite interpretation "So for tomorrow and its needs we do not pray; But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for today."

We lingered to hear a Mrs. Collins (a contralto with a wonderful voice full of heavenly sweetness) sing "Beulah Land," and again "Shall I meet you there," and then came home wonderfully rested, and kissed the sleeping boy good-night, resolving never to miss another Thursday night from that Mission, and purposing tired "Daddy" should go along, too.

Perhaps that is why we are telling you the story of "Blue Thursday," so that if you also have a day tinged with monotony and vexation, you will go to the Eighth Avenue Mission, sit still (don't rock the boat") and let it take you out of yourself into HIMSELF, where the blue suggests God, heaven, glory and loved ones gone before.

An army chaplain told us an encouraging story one Sunday evening, saying: "A young soldier applied for his discharge, and his Christian officer asked him if he would not also like to be discharged from the service of satan. As the officer earnestly talked to him about the danger of being in active service for *such* a guide, the young man was deeply convicted of sin, and before he left the room knelt down and definitely enlisted in the army of the Lord. The chaplain earnestly entreated us to speak a word for Jesus—"in season and out of season." God help us to be ardent and courageous recruiting officers in the KING'S service!

A Word to Mothers

We want our mothers to know that the Thursday Night Gospel Song Service is especially suitable for them. If, after a long day of home work—washing, ironing or cleaning—you want a real uplift—a time of great spiritual, refreshing and an opportunity of just pouring out your soul in song, manage to come once in a while. You will surely have the time of your life.

A recent Thursday we were very much interested in a young girl who by accident, nay by God's design, came into the Thursday Night Meeting. We watched this young girl, seated by our side. She was barely nineteen, but her face was tired and worn—her whole attitude even in her extreme youth, was discouraged—dejected. Suddenly a change came over her. The songs gripped her—the gospel message was reaching her heart. Her face changed as she followed every well modulated tone of the leader's voice. She listened intently to the Gospel verses. Her face became bright and happy as she leaned over and said, "Isn't this beautiful. I was never here before. I love it." As they sang hymn after hymn she became so intensely excited with a sudden real joy, she wanted to clap. You had only to watch her to realize in some deep hidden way God was speaking to her heart. As she left the Mission she seemed to be walking on air—she was thrilled to the heart and without any further talk or invitation the following Sunday afternoon she very definitely gave her heart to God and joined the Sunday School. We believe from now on will change many ways she felt were displeasing to God and follow on in the straight and very narrow, but very glorious way.

So, dear mothers, if you can not come Thursday night—if your husband will not come—use all your power to send your young daughter, so that under the blessed influence of the Mission, with its sweet Christian fellowship she may be sheltered from the many evils that abound in this great city.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

With the awakening of Spring at the glorious Easter season our hearts awake, too, with a great longing to reconsecrate ourselves—our lives and all that is best within us to the service of the Master.

The Mission is reaching out as never before to call into the fold of the Lord Jesus all those who are far away or if perchance near are not heeding His loving call.

Surely it is in answer to prayer that our dear Mothers are so faithful to the Wednesday afternoon service, coming with great regularity through rain and snow, bringing when possible their whole family of such very little ones. The entire front of the Mission is lined with baby carriages and if you peep under the cover you will see one, perchance two babies quietly sleeping with the pleasant sunshine covering them with its healthful warmth. The play room in front of the Mission is always crowded, and a royal good time we all have, ministering to the needs of the children.

Some very thoughtful friend some time since sent a number of warm, brightly-colored woolen caps to the children, also a number of mufflers. One holiday Wednesday we distributed them to the most needy children. How delighted they were to exchange their well worn hats for these snug comfortable caps and delighted, too, to tuck their chilly little hands into the cozy muffs. These gifts were sent to the superintendent, who, in turn, handed them over to one who took very great pains to see they were given out to the most needy.

We are also glad to record at this time another gift of wonderful baby clothes—in fact almost an outfit—for a dear mother who awaits her seventh little one. A number of good friends from Pelham Manor got together when they learned of this need and packed between them a very sensible box of the most necessary articles. On the wings of love we flew to this very needy home, had the great joy of helping the dear mother pack the things carefully away in her baby basket until the little visitor arrived. There is nothing so much appreciated in the Mission as baby clothes, as we have a great gathering of babies and when you consider the handicap under which many dear mothers labor it is wonderful how wonderfully strong and healthy the babies look.

We are trusting if all is well to open our children's home early in June, and at the present time we are visiting the homes to make up our list intelligently, as the children we plan to take are under seven and are those only who are not eligible in other places, and in most instances are delicate and need just the care given them in the beautiful restful spot we have chosen. We also hope this year to have a splendid playground equipment, so that the children may have lots of pleasant exercise—sliding, running, jumping, swinging—always in the fresh air, because we have so arranged things that it will be only necessary to go indoors to sleep and at mealtime. We are within a pleasant walking distance of Randall Bay, where there is such fine swimming and several times in the summer we shall engage an auto for the jaunt to the ocean where the children can spend a long beautiful, restful day on the sands, filling up their lungs with the pure air that saves their lives and sends them back rosy and rugged to the city to start life again at least not so handicapped as when they first came to us. The mothers do appreciate this summer outing for their children and as we visit them and exchange ideas and opinions have a sort of home conference. They tell us, too, that the relief to them-

selves in mid-summer, when the great "white heat" almost overpowers the city, is tremendous.

We have been wondering if any one who chances to read these lines has an extra victrola to spare. We have heard of homes where they have even three. We have a playground at our children's home that is just the right size for the children to have all sorts of suitable games. We can't carry the piano outdoors, but a victrola as an inspiration to skipping, hopping, trotting, is just what the children need. Think it over and see if you can spare one—no, we don't say buy — then when you have decided in the children's favor—pick up the phone quickly before you change your mind—call up 6716 Chelsea—ask for the Superintendent—tell her all about it and she in turn with deepest gratitude will give you the exact address where to send it—then when we get settled you come out and see what a lot of pleasure you are giving little ones, who, alas, except for the loving thought of Christian friends would have but little to make life bearable.

To those who have been sending clothing throughout the winter we want to send a special word of thanks. Day after day as we go into the Mission we see packages made up and tabulated on a list so that each mother has a turn in receiving a share of what is sent to the Mission. The packages, boxes or barrels are opened under the direct supervision of the Superintendent, who very conscientiously sees well to it that those who are in need are served first. It is truly a problem for these mothers with large families, not only to feed, but to clothe and provide shoes for five, six and seven children. So as the Mission friends help out, we in turn distribute with prayerful discretion.

As we intend dressing the children who come to us this summer ourselves, we should be glad to invite any friends to join us in sewing at home. It does not take much material to make a garment as the children are from two years to six and the dresses are the very simplest style possible, so that they can be easily laundered. Contributing even a few dresses really meets a very great need and they are readily sewed by hand, so if you have one or two cut out you can pick them up in your leisure moments. You will surely be surprised at the result of your efforts and you may feel you have done a real service for our children who come to us with a very scanty outfit.

The attendance at the Mothers' Meeting this year has been the largest we have ever had. At a meeting in February there were one hundred and thirty present and out of this number fifty were "tiny tots" under six of course. We feel that the Gospel given in its simplicity and sweetness draws these dear women and that they come for comfort and leave receiving it—as they come again and again. It is no uncommon sight at the close of the meeting on Wednesday to see a number remaining behind, simply that they may have a quiet talk and a word of prayer with the missionary.

The dear workers, too, come faithfully to attend to these classes and take great interest in the spiritual welfare of those in their charge—aiming only to become the channels through which His love may flow down and bless.

"You who are the oldest,
You who are the tallest,
Don't you think you ought to help
The youngest and the smallest?

"You who are the strongest,
You who are the quickest,
Don't you think you ought to help
The weakest and the sickest?

"Never mind the trouble,
Help them all you can;
Be a little woman!
Be a little man!"

—*Mabel Reynolds Makepeace.*

"For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister." Heb. 6:10.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

MAY 20 1919

Volume 11 Number 5

Mission Tidings

May 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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— By Andrew Murray, D. D. —

"Brother, you know that the Lord is a God that often hideth Himself. He desires to be trusted."

❖

"He is oftentimes very near to us without our knowing it. He is a God who knows His own time."

❖

"It is as Christ becomes to us all that God has made him to be, that the Holy Spirit can flow from Him and do His blessed work of leading us back to know Him better and to believe in Him more completely."

❖

"It is as we yield our hearts to the leading of the Spirit to know Christ and look at Him, and believe in what is revealed, that the Spirit can take possession of us."

❖

"The Spirit is given to reveal Christ, and every revelation of Christ fully accepted gives the Spirit room to dwell and work within us."

❖

"May God lead us to this simple and full faith in Christ, our great High Priest and King in the heavens, and so into a life in the fulness of the Spirit."

❖

"The one thing needful for the Church, and the thing which, above all others, men ought everywhere to seek for with one accord and with their whole heart, is to be filled with the Spirit of God."

❖

"It is the will of God that everyone of His children should live entirely and unceasingly under the control of the Holy Spirit."

❖

"Without being filled with the Spirit, it is utterly impossible that an individual Christian or a church can ever live or work as God desires.

❖

"Everywhere and in everything we see the proofs, in the life and experience of Christians, that this is but little enjoyed in the Church."

❖

"This blessing is prepared for us and God waits to bestow it. Our faith may expect it with the greatest confidence."

❖

"The great hindrance in the way is that the self-life, and the world, which it uses for its own service and pleasure, usurp the place that Christ ought to occupy."

❖

"We cannot be filled with the Spirit until we are prepared to yield ourselves to be led by the Lord Jesus to forsake and sacrifice exerything for this pearl of great price."

❖

"For a healthful Christian life, it is indispensable that we should be fully conscious that we have received the Holy Spirit to dwell in us."

❖

"There are disciples of Christ who know little or nothing of this conscious indwelling of the Holy Spirit."

❖

"It is the great work of the Gospel ministry to lead believers to the Holy Spirit."

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, MAY, 1919 No 5

A Personal Testimony

When first requested to write a brief story of my life, I hesitated, feeling one could not write of themselves without an apology, but when it was suggested that it might help some one else, and thus be for the glory of Jesus—who *is* worthy, I consented, trusting Him to make it a means of blessing to some one who perhaps, like myself, have limitations, but who, by yielding all they have to Him, may be used to bring others into the kingdom.

Starting life with one of the greatest assets a boy could possess: a Christian mother and father, and surrounded by Christian influences in the City of Churches (Brooklyn, where I was born), I ought to have been an out-and-out Christian in youth; but I was only a nominal Christian, although a member of the Methodist church, when I entered Bellevue hospital 13 years ago to train for a nurse.

During the two years' course (and an additional year as supervising nurse) there were many opportunities to speak a word for Jesus, and to point dying souls to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world but I was obsessed with the desire to master my profession, and left the—supreme vocation—to missionaries and Christian workers who came to the hospital every Sunday afternoon, held a short service, and spoke to the patients.

They did not confine their remarks, however, to the patients, but one day two gentlemen (a Mr. Cummings and Mr. Clark) button-holed me, and invited me to the service of the Eighth Avenue Mission.

Of course, I did not want them to think I was a rank unbeliever, so I thanked them politely and promised some time to accept their invitation.

To keep my word, I went to the Mission occasionally, and enjoyed the relaxation from professional duties; but one night (May 1, 1909) the Superintendent (Miss Wray) invited me to come to the altar and accept Jesus as my Saviour, that I might be born again and be saved.

"Think of it," promptly spoke the devil: "You, a church member, a graduate nurse, going to the altar where bums and drunkards kneel! Of course, you know you are far better than the boy from the street!"

Then, with telegraphic rapidity came an accusing conscience, saying "You are far worse than the boy on the street, for some of them have never had a chance, and do not know any better; besides, you do some of the things they do. What about tobacco and the social game of cards?"

God was dealing with me, and when He speaks there is no dodging the issue. I had no recourse but to ask Him to divest me of my wicked pride, and help me to be a clean out-and-out Christian, for Jesus' sake.

From that day to this, thank God, cards have not passed my hands, and God has helped me to keep clean and to live a victorious life in the hospital, on Eighth Avenue, in France and wherever I have been called to go.

When tempted in the hospital to play cards with the patients, God opened a way so I did not have to yield, and in every temptation (as I breathed the name of Jesus) He caused me to triumph.

To Him be the glory!

When war was declared, I tried to enlist in the U. S. Army, but the age limit was 21 to 31, and I was refused because I was above age.

They offered me a position in the Hospital Corps, but I so longed to be with the boys at the front that I

gained my point by enlisting in the Canadian Army.

Finally I went overseas with reinforcements for the 42nd R. H. C. We started 50 strong, but only two returned. Out of the 50 I am sure eight were saved; and it was my sad privilege to close the eyes of two.

G. H. Gray

When I first arrived at Montreal, God gave me the courage to take a bold stand as a Christian; but the devil kept me from having clear sailing, and the laughter and ridicule were not easy to bear. One man said "Religion may be all right for private life, but you cannot be a Christian and a soldier at the same time." There was no time for argument, and no desire for controversy; but, thank God, He helped me to live the life, and to prove that the religion of Jesus Christ *can* triumph anywhere.

After a little. persecution ceased, and these boys were manly enough to acknowledge God's power *was* sufficient to keep a soldier under all circumstances.

I am, O so glad that God kept me true, for one lad was converted going over and we had wonderful times together. The last I knew he was standing true under all the army conditions.

What are army conditions? perhaps you ask.

There is only one answer: The temptations are manifold! There is the lure of the wet canteen, tempting a boy to drink rum when he is suffering with thirst; the lure of a game of cards when he is longing for relaxation and diversion; the lure of bad companionship when he is homesick, lonely and depressed, and, in addition, the one who is a Christian must endure ridicule bravely, kneel unflinchingly on his bunk and pray to God while haversacks, shoes, and even planks and stools are hurled at him.

It made it easier when the other boy stuck with me, and best of all, because God helped us to stick, others came around to our way of thinking.

One day at the front I was commanded by my superior officer to drink rum. We had been standing all night in water to the hips and were shortly going "over the top." It was as much as ones life was worth to refuse, but God gave me the strength to tell why I did not wish to obey. "Listen," said the officer (not unkindly), "you *must* take it for you are going to lie on 'no man's land' all night."

Nevertheless, God saw to it that he did not insist, and I had the satisfaction of hearing him say next day, "You don't look any the worse for being cranky."

I am, O so fond of sports, and took great interest in some games that were going to come off, and in which I was to participate, but to my dismay they were announced for Sunday, June 23rd, together with a divisional order for me to be in my place.

It was tough, but I could not go and be true to God. Again He helped me to keep true, and to keep my rank as well. How I rejoiced afterwards when the boys said, "We were watching you." Two out of seven in our dug-out were saved. They might have been lost if I had failed.

Again God marvelously met me when I was the victim of a machine gun, and was wounded in the knee—the knee-cap

was almost broken. In answer to prayer God gave me the use of my knee which otherwise would always have been stiff.

I have seen comrades fall on right and left, but God protected me, and to Him I give all the praise.

I did not intend to write of the military medal awarded me, but do so by special request.

Made stretcher bearer, it was my duty to be at the front and pick up fallen comrades. The German's were advancing, and we were told to withdraw to a little hill. Suddenly a bullet hit Corp. B. in the back and pierced both kidneys. Against orders and against protest I went out and brought him in on my back dressed his wounds outside, under fire, with the swish of machine bullets on every hand. One bullet went through my haversack, and my mess-tin was punctured, but the excitement was so great I did not know it until afterward, when I discovered my life was saved by the bullet being stopped by family pictures I had carried.

I made the Corp. as comfortable as possible in the trench, and he passed away with a prayer of thanksgiving on his lips that he was saved.

Reverently I praise God for all He has done for me, while I earnestly beseech all the unsaved to accept Jesus as their personal Saviour before it is too late.

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

For His glory,

G. H. Gray.

"If ministers, instead of trying to *prop* the Cross of Christ, would simply *point* men to that Cross, more souls would be saved."—Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, Eng.

"God made mothers before he made ministers; the progress of Christ's kingdom depends more upon the influence of faithful, wise and pious mothers than upon any other human agency."—Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D. D., L. L. D.

John I

Will you soon forget the stirring address from John I, given by our beloved superintendent one recent Saturday night? I trow not!

Taking for her subject our Saviour's call to His 12 disciples, pointed was the interrogation: "Has He called you?"

It is true, as Miss Wray said, that into the heart of every man, woman and child who believes that on Calvary's tree the price was paid for their sins, there comes the desire to bring others to a saving knowledge of that glorious truth. It is a God-given desire, and in order.

God said to Abraham: "I will bless thee and thou shalt be a blessing." That is the divine order for service: First be saved by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and then bring others to Him. We cannot be fishers of men, and help others to know Jesus until we know Him ourselves. God calls no one to work for Him until they have first received Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. It is according to our faithfulness in little things that He will lead us to do bigger things for Him. It was while David was a faithful tender of sheep that God called him to be a faithful king.

God's call always claims implicit obedience, and we must not fail to go where He wants us to go, and be what He wants us to be.

Best of all the Good Shepherd will go before us to clear away the difficulties, so we need never be afraid.

If Jesus is a reality to us we know it by our desire to tell others about Him.

"Let everybody see it,
That Christ has made you free;
And if it sets them longing,
Say, 'Jesus died for thee.'"

Hannah Moore's famous shepherd said: "The weather tomorrow will be what suits me, for what suits God, suits me always."

A Double Anniversary

Two ladies sat upon the platform, March 28th, looking peaceful and happy. Why? Because they were saved: one 14, and the other 16 years ago.

Presently they told us all about it, and it was most interesting and helpful, especially as they did not have a monopoly on the Fountain of Joy for others were invited to take the plunge—if they would.

Mrs. R. W. Havens was the first to speak, and one could see at a glance that her 14 years' experience had imparted new life and light—which her face reflected.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," she quoted, and then followed a remarkable story of the way God brought peace into her life, when, with child-like faith, she accepted Jesus as her personal Saviour.

Mrs. Havens was carefully reared as a Catholic, but this did not satisfy her cravings after God, consequently she thought seriously of leaving the world, and entering a convent, but the thought —"I cannot leave my mother" kept her from yielding to the impulse.

One night, out of curiosity (and to ridicule) she attended a Salvation Army meeting. She felt that she deserved a reprimand, but to her amazement, the more she misbehaved the nicer the officers were to her. These meetings seemed to move her as none before, and God continued to work in her heart until she decided to join the Army. This was not easy, for her mother was a strict Catholic. However, she expected some encouragement from her step-father, who was a Protestant—but just as she was ready to announce in the home circle her determination to be a Salvationist, her step-father was brought home dead.

Satan was determined that he should not lose this promising life, and persuaded her to stop confessing Jesus as her Saviour, tempting her sorely with jewelry, feathers and the things of the world; but March 28th, 1905, she came to the Eighth Avenue Mission, definitely yielded her life to the Lord Jesus Christ, and was so true that four years ago last April she was rewarded by seeing her own dear mother converted.

In closing, Mrs. Haven's said: "I have never regretted the step." The very way she said it would convince the most skeptical that faith in the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ was the only way to obtain peace in life, in death and in the world to come.

Miss Carrie Rahskoppf was the 16 year old convert, and as she stepped to the front of the platform there was the same triumphant glow upon her face, as she said, "I thank God for the happy night when I was washed in the precious blood of Jesus."

Young, and feeling the need of a mother's counsel and love, her heart grew rebellious and cold when God—so many years ago—took her precious mother to Himself.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," but He could not let this young woman wear out her heart in impotent grief, and graciously led her to the Mission.

This was a revelation to her, for, as she expressed it, "I never had heard such hearty singing; such earnest testimonies and such reverent prayers!"

It was just the bright reality for which her lonely heart had hungered; but the adversary also made a bid for her soul, stirred up rebellion and pride, doing his utmost to persuade her not to yield to the impulse to trust Jesus under all circumstances. So nearly did he win the battle that Miss Rahskoppf determined to leave the hall; but the blessed Holy Spirit pleaded "God can give you power to be brave and walk to the front just as easily as to walk to the door." About to yield to the still small voice, again the adversary whispered, "What about tomorrow? You will feel differently then." But the

Spirit quickly over-balanced with the words "Trust and obey," which Miss Rahskoppf decided to do, going to the front, kneeling, and uttering the first real prayer of her life, saying from the depths of her heart: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

"Now," said she, "Jesus is my Redeemer, Teacher, Guide; in fact, my all and in all."

Our anniversary reminiscences would not be complete without a word about "Dear Mother Mac" (younger in years than many who call her mother), who, like Dorcas of old, has endeared herself to many hearts—for her work's sake.

It was a glad day for this sad world when "Mother Mac" (Mrs. Robert MacAllister) accepted Jesus Christ as her Saviour, because, tried in the furnace of sorrow herself, she knows how to lead others to the God of all comfort; knowing the lure of the world, she can tell of a Saviour who satisfies the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness; having had her share of heart-ache and anxiety, she can confidently affirm that "He is able also to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

At the age of 19 years, when a regular attendant of the Episcopal church, God awakened in her heart a desire for something better. She was confirmed, and practised rigid self-denial during Lent, but it was not until she definitely believed, received and confessed Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour that she was saved,—and her house.

Today a Sunday-school class of young ladies call her "Blessed," and men, women and children thank God for the life of this little woman—so frail in body, but so strong in fortitude and faith.

Blessed Easter

The Easter programme of our Sunday School was a great success, and reflected much credit upon Misses Staubach, Melby and Brownewell, who had it in charge.

A word of appreciation is also due the faithful teachers who graciously cooperated in training their individual classes.

The chorus singing, led by Miss Brownewell, was of unusual merit—full of Easter joy, while a duet sung by seven young ladies deserves special mention, so well did they sustain their parts.

The Scripture reading by Miss Didaglia was reverent and devotional, and the delightful recitations, so clearly enunciated by the girls and boys, were highly praiseworthy both in selection and rendition.

A duet by Jeanette and Mary Wilson was most effective and pleasing.

The singing of three boys (Edward Leoffler, Leonard Hounker and Jimmy Palmer) was meritorious as they held well to their parts (soprano and tenor), accompanied by Sara Leoffler at the piano.

Again Jimmy Palmer played the piano while three girls (Sara Leoffler, Mina McKay and Anna Frosckine) sang the solo part of a beautiful selection, with Jimmy putting in a melodious alto on the chorus.

An exercise by girls from the Intermediate Department was educational and picturesque, but the crowning feature was the little tots in recitation and song.

Our phenominal, four year old soprano (Elsie Wood), sang several selections with sweet baby accent.

A Scripture verse by Ruth Boesewell (a tiny tot standing upon a chair) was clear and plain.

Another tot (Dorothy Hargrave—bright as a button) spoke a longer piece, and two little boys (Mervin Chapman and George Robertson) declaimed with no uncertain sound.

Finally there was a heart searching story by Miss Wray in her address to the children, which was so used of God that many children, with earnest face and purpose, arose and decided to belong to Jesus.

MISSION TIDINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

By the year One Dollar in advance.
10 cents per copy

Editors { .....SARA WRAY
.....FRANK H. MANN

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VOL. II MAY, 1919 No. 5

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." 2 Cor. 9:6.

The above verse of scripture was suggested by the following little note from one of our dear friends who has the work of the Mission upon her heart: "Because the verse on my calendar today is 2 Cor. 9:6, I am sending the enclosed bond for an Easter offering. I pray you may get the full amount that you need."

The whole-hearted, generous response from so many of our friends to our Easter appeal for the paying off of our mortgage and the enlarging of the work has made us very happy. While the gifts have been very generous, it is the spirit of the givers that has touched our hearts and made us praise God for the goodly company of the household of faith who love the Eighth Avenue Mission and have expressed it with earnest words and gifts, which mean in many cases much self-denial.

We should like to quote from a few of these letters: "Here is my small gift of love to the Master and may He richly bless the work and workers of the Eighth Avenue Mission this coming Eastertide."

Another gift "From one who has enjoyed with you over and over again what money could not buy."

"My heart will always hold a very warm spot in it for your Mission and I pray God to richly bless the work there."

"I am trying to put the blessed little chorus, 'Just a little help from you; Just a little help from you; Wondrous things the Lord may do, by just a little help from you,' in practice enclosing herewith this amount as a token of gratitude for what the Lord has done for me."

"I feel my gift is very small, but it is all that I can do and He knows. God bless you and the Mission, which is the dearest spot in New York to me and I thank God that He ever guided me there."

Our Men's Bible Class, which is always so ready to respond to any need, have pledged $250 to this Fund.

The Sunday School lovingly gave their Easter offering for this same purpose.

One dear sister brought her savings of $25 in dimes and nickels in fact we could fill Mission Tidings with incidents such as these.

The time fixed for the payment of the mortgage is June the first. This will give any friends who have not responded, and yet wish to, an opportunity to send their gift to the Treasurer, Eighth Avenue Mission, 290 Eighth Avenue, New York, who will gratefully send an acknowledgement and receipt.

Campaign for Clearing Mortgage and Extension

Money Acknowledged by Mission Receipts

No.	Amount	No.	Amount	No.	Amount	No.	Amount	No.	Amount	No.	Amount
1	$14.00	49	$10.00	97	$ 2.00	145	$ 2.00	193	$ 5.00	241	$10.00
2	10.00	50	5.00	98	1.00	146	2.00	194	20.00	242	1.50
3	25.00	51	5.00	99	1.00	147	1.00	195	1.00	243	2.00
4	25.00	52	2.00	100	15.00	148	5.00	196	10.00	244	10.00
5	25.00	53	2.00	101	25.00	149	10.00	197	10.00	245	5.00
6	5.00	54	5.00	102	50.00	150	25.00	198	2.00	246	2.00
7	5.00	55	2.00	103	5.00	151	1.00	199	5.00	247	5.00
8	2.00	56	5.00	104	25.00	152	50.00	200	10.00	248	2.00
9	6.00	57	2.00	105	1.00	153	2.00	201	10.00	249	25.00
10	100.00	58	25.00	106	5.00	154	5.00	202	25.00	250	2.00
11	1.00	59	2.00	107	5.00	155	10.00	203	1.00	251	50.00
12	5.00	60	5.00	108	5.00	156	5.00	204	1.00	252	2.00
13	100.00	61	5.00	109	3.00	157	5.00	205	1.00	253	1.00
14	25.00	62	5.00	110	10.00	158	5.00	206	2.00	254	1.00
15	5.00	63	2.00	111	1.00	159	7.00	207	2.50	255	50.00
16	2.00	64	2.00	112	2.00	160	10.00	208	2.00	256	25.00
17	5.00	65	2.00	113	10.00	161	10.00	209	2.00	257	1.01
18	5.00	66	10.00	114	5.00	162	2.00	210	2.00	258	11.00
19	50.00	67	1.00	115	5.00	163	1.00	211	1.00	259	2.00
20	10.00	68	1.00	116	1.00	164	15.00	212	15.00	260	5.00
21	2.00	69	1.00	117	2.00	165	5.00	213	1.00	261	18.00
22	5.00	70	3.00	118	10.00	166	5.00	214	2.00	262	5.00
23	5.00	71	50.00	119	1.00	167	3.00	215	10.00	263	1.00
24	25.00	72	100.00	120	2.00	168	10.00	216	10.00	264	3.00
25	10.00	73	2.00	121	10.00	169	2.00	217	5.00	265	2.00
26	5.00	74	50.00	122	5.00	170	25.00	218	1.00	266	1.00
27	25.00	75	5.00	123	10.00	171	5.00	219	3.00	267	5.00
28	1.00	76	2.00	124	5.00	172	15.00	220	10.00	268	15.00
29	1.00	77	1.00	125	10.00	173	1.00	221	5.00	269	5.00
30	20.00	78	10.00	126	100.00	174	5.00	222	5.00	270	5.00
31	1.00	79	15.00	127	25.00	175	10.00	223	5.00	271	5.00
32	15.00	80	5.00	128	10.00	176	3.00	224	1.00	272	5.00
33	25.00	81	1.00	129	100.00	177	5.00	225	10.00	273	10.00
34	10.00	82	10.00	130	5.00	178	2.00	226	12.02	274	25.00
35	20.00	83	10.00	131	15.00	179	2.00	227	3.00	275	2.00
36	25.00	84	2.00	132	50.00	180	50.00	228	5.00	276	10.00
37	2.00	85	1.00	133	7.00	181	1.00	229	3.00	277	2.00
38	10.00	86	1.00	134	1.00	182	10.00	230	10.00	278	10.00
39	100.00	87	10.00	135	10.00	183	2.00	231	10.00	279	1.00
40	2.00	88	20.00	136	1.00	184	20.00	232	100.00	280	1.00
41	1.00	89	2.00	137	5.00	185	10.00	233	2.00	281	2.00
42	10.00	90	2.00	138	2.00	186	5.00	234	2.00	282	3.00
43	50.00	91	1.00	139	5.00	187	25.00	235	100.00	283	25.00
44	5.00	92	1.00	140	1.00	188	32.00	236	10.00	284	20.00
45	5.00	93	100.00	141	5.00	189	10.00	237	15.00	285	25.00
46	1.00	94	10.00	142	2.00	190	2.00	238	50.00	286	25.00
47	5.00	95	1.00	143	5.00	191	5.00	239	5.00		
48	5.00	96	25.00	144	1.00	192	5.00	240	10.00		

Total receipts up to date $3,361.03

Amount in Bank for this purpose previously acknowledged 2,820.73
Thanksgiving Victory Bond from a friend 1,000.00
Pledges 400.00

$7,581.76

Easter Hallelujahs

One of the most inspiring and helpful services ever held at the Eighth Avenue Mission was held there Easter Sunday night. At eight o'clock, when Miss Wray opened the song service, the hall was well filled, and the platform was crowded with members of the choir, who rendered special Easter music. Everything looked much as usual—Miss Wray was presiding, and the Misses Scott were at the pianos. With the exception of a large flowering plant upon the platform, there were no decorations.

After a word of prayer to ask God's blessing upon the meeting, a twenty-minute song service followed. But there was nothing unusual in this. It was the hearty, joyous singing always heard at the Mission. Then came the first surprise of the evening. Miss Wray introduced a double quartet of the older girls from the Mission Sunday School. Their fresh soprano and alto voices blended most beautifully as they sang, without books, three verses of an Easter carol.

Although one hears the announcements 365 times a year, one listens with breathless attention to hear Miss Wray tell of the men's Bible class, the Monday night Bible-study and testimony meeting, the woman's meeting on Wednesday afternoon, and the "best meeting of the week"—that on Wednesday evening, when precious promises from God's Word are quoted, and much time spent in the study of the Bible. Always at the Mission a special Easter offering for the building fund is made. This year they are trying to raise 10,000 dollars, which with the 5,000 dollars promised conditionally by a friend, will pay off the mortgage. Miss Wray told of one member who brought an offering of 25 dollars made up entirely of dimes saved with much self-denial throughout the year. Other poor people, as by miracle, had been able to save perhaps a dollar or two, and with shining faces brought these humble gifts and laid them at the feet of their risen Lord. While money is very acceptable at the Mission, it is not considered the most important thing, and when Miss Wray said, "If you can't give a cent, you are as welcome as though you could write a check for a hundred dollars," every one knew that she meant what she said.

The Scripture lesson and the message from the Word were given by Mr. King, and were appropriate to the occasion. But is was the Easter music that was most enjoyable. The choir, composed entirely of converts and workers of the Mission, all Christians, sang three Easter anthems. Although the volume was sufficiently great to indicate that every one on the platform was singing, there was no shouting, but real, melodious singing. The voices of the women were especially lovely. Then followed a trio by Mrs. Cleveland, Miss Scott and Mr. Cummings. One of Uncle Sam's soldiers, who is also a soldier of Jesus Christ, sang a fine bass solo. He was accompanied on the piano by Miss Mason. One of the greatest treats of the evening was the singing of the male quartet, who sang the verses of the song, "Low in the grave He lay, Jesus my Saviour." Then the choir and the audience with a great volume of sound joined in the chorus, "Up from the grave He arose," etc. At the conclusion of this song the members of the quartet remained standing, and each man gave his testimony. The last number of the special music was a duet by two of the sweetest singers of the Mission—Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Boyle. It was an exquisite setting of "In the cross of Christ I glory."

Miss Wray's gracious invitations to accept Christ, Miss Mason's prayer, the testimonies, the requests for prayer, the evident presence of God in all that was said or done in the meeting, made it one long to be remembered. Never this side of heaven will it be known what the influence of such a meeting is.

Mission Items

God's power and presence was never more sweetly manifested than it was one recent Sunday evening when, immediately after the song-service, five people expressed their desire to know the Lord Jesus Christ, whose praises we had so heartily sung.

Two young soldiers, clean-cut and earnest, were the first to come forward and kneel at the altar, and they were quickly followed by another young man in civilian dress. Next a young woman came to the front, and then a dear little girl raised her hand; came forward at our superintendent's invitation, and knelt down at one of the chairs, where a worker told her the way to become a Christian. What an impressive sight! There must have been unusual rejoicing in heaven! Perhaps some one thought, "That child is too young; she does not know what she is doing." Don't you believe it! God spoke to our superintendent's heart when she was only eight years old, so she knew just how to sympathize with this babe in Christ, who wanted to be God's little lamb, so she said to the child, "You are a brave little girl!" Do you think the child will ever forget it? Never! She may forget many things that foolish worldlings may say to her, but Miss Wray's benediction, we believe, will be an incentive through the years (if Jesus tarry) to make this child strong and true when the currents of the world seek to carry her away from God and heaven.

Pray for all the converts that God will keep them "'Till the day-break, and the shadows flee away."

Mr. Sadlier, a missionary for 23 years in Chili, S. A., was a recent visitor at the Mission, and was so in love with all its uplifting influences that he attended nearly all the services, including the Men's Bible Class at 9:30 Sunday morning, during his, perhaps, ten days' stay.

Mr. Sadlier is a Canadian, and was on his return trip to Chili. During his furlough he had not been idle, having translated the Testament into some of the foreign languages of the S. A. Indians. His work has principally been among the Auracanian tribe.

One evening Mr. Sadlier brought us a message (impressing upon us the sin of ingratitude), which we shall not soon forget. He said he had often brought men and women to the Lord by asking them if they had ever thanked Jesus for what He had done for them.

Dear reader: Have you ever thanked Jesus for what He has done for you?

Mr. John Hay from the South American Inland Mission deeply stirred our hearts one Tuesday, when he told us of his blessed work for the Master amongst our southern neighbors.

Our own troubles and anxieties seemed infinitely small when compared with the privations and discomforts of a Mr. and Mrs. Whitterton, who were pioneer missionaries to South America. They arrived in the night, and were left in an open space in the dark, while the slow train went on to its destination. Indians had urged them to come, but they were so slow with their welcome it took them two weeks to meet these consecrated missionaries, who had to patiently make a tent of their sheets, and effects; keep their one-year-old baby as comfortable as possible under such trying circumstances, and bide the Indians' pleasure. It was two years before they had a permanent home; then only one room was habitable when the second little one arrived.

Despite the fact that South American missionaries encounter overgrown cockroaches, persistent ants, who love to crawl up one's nostrils, and tormenting jiggers, which get under one's nails and burrow deep, having to be extricated in the morning, three young people (Miss Annie Mason, Miss Christine Cameron and Mr. Faye) were on the way (with Mr. Hay) to that needy field.

All who had the joy of giving their bit to the Inland South American Union, represented by Mr. John Hay, the General Director, in March, will be interested in the following letter:

"Dear Miss Wray:

"I have pleasure in sending you the enclosed formal receipts for the offering of fifty-two dollars eighty cents, and for the check of twenty-five dollars handed me for the work of the I. S. A. M. U. at the close of the farewell meeting on Tuesday night.

"I thank God with all my heart for the interest in South America which is evidenced in these gifts, and for the volume of prayer which is to follow us, of which these gifts are an earnest. I am sure God will not fail to add to you a proportionate measure of blessing in the work He has given you in the place where He calls you to remain.

"I have always been able to look back with pleasure and thankfulness to my visits at the Eighth Avenue Mission, recalling your large-hearted sympathy for your fellow-workers thrust forth to the outposts of His missionary army, as I have thought of the practical way in which you strive to hold the line of communication open by your prayers and gifts, and I praise God the retrospect will still be as pleasurable as ever.

"Praying that you may have abounding satisfaction in all the work He gives to do in His name, and 'till He come,

"Heartily yours in His service,

"John Hay,

"General Director."

"I am sending you in this my fifty dollar Liberty Bond for the fund you are raising for the Mission. It is only a small Bond, but this letter contains also about—well I *was* going to say *fifty million dollars* of my *prayers*, my *love*, my *remembrance*, my *gratitude* for all that the Mission has been and is to me! But *money* is a cheap thing to value with, to measure by! So I will not try to use such a poor comparison.

"Only, dear friend, I will say this: that important as money is when used in God's service, I feel sure that the *real wealth* He needs and asks of us, is *our faith* in the thing He calls us to do in his name. So to my mind the Mission is not builded of brick and of material things, no—it is strong, builded of the faith, the prayer, the love of its converts. It is founded, builded on the enternal love of Christ Jesus.

"So, dear friend, having the *real* things for your equipment, I am *positive* that the money, the material aid you need, will be fully met!

"With my faith, my unceasing prayer, and my love to you, personally, as well as to 'our' beloved Mission, I am always, faithfully your friend in Christ Jesus."

A royal welcome was accorded Mr. G. H. Gray when he came to the Mission, as soon as possible, after his return from France.

Our first view was that of a brave soldier in kilts; but we were equally as proud of him in civilian clothes (a brave soldier of Jesus Christ), as he addressed the meeting Sunday evening, March 23rd.

After reading the 23rd Psalm, Mr. Gray told us of some of his thrilling experiences as a graduate nurse at the front.

"Many times." said he, "over there across the big pond, when it seemed as if the earth was falling around me, I thought of the friends at the Eighth Avenue Mission, who were praying for me, and it gave me courage to endure any hardship, and to be true to Jesus under all circumstances.

"It was not easy at first, for I was ridiculed for reading my Testament, and for talking with God before going to my bunk (often the soft side of a plank), and the first week I had everything fired at me, while one fellow said laughingly, 'I'll give you just two weeks, Gray, to keep up that knee drill!' but I lived just one day at a

time for the Lord Jesus Christ, and He brought me out as clean and true as when I entered the army. To Him be the glory!

"I am not used to the lime-light," continued Mr. Gray, "but to working behind the scenes, where God has graciously used me.

"One of the staff officials on the pontoon came to me one day and said, 'Gray, I hear you are some sort of a Christian. Will you conduct a service on board?' I felt somewhat disconcerted, and replied 'I'm only a private; I don't know as I *can* do it.' 'Then have a song service,' he said, and left me. God gave the strength, and hushed the big crowd that gathered. We had the song service; and I forgot myself when I began to tell the boys a better way to live. I did not know it, but a brigadier general was at my right, and when the service was over encouraged my heart by saying, 'You've got the right thing!'

"In the Y. M. C. A. hut a bunch of us, who believed in Christ, sometimes ten) would have a little prayer meeting, and the result was others heard of it, and another officer said, 'If the other huts would have the same there would be no need of the military police.'"

After Mr. Gray had ceased speaking, our superintendent told us how he had been awarded the military medal for brave service.

With Mr. Gray we also say, "To God be the glory!"

The same night Mr. G. H. Gray was with us, four distinguished looking men sat upon the platform. They proved to be Messrs. Geo. H. Ely, James Phyfe, John B. Burke and Herbert Sweet, a happy contingent belonging to the royal family of believers!

Mr. Geo. Ely was once a so-called "high-toned" inebriate, but at Chestercrest he heard of the "Blood Cure," believed in the efficacy of the precious Blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin, and by the power of God has been transformed into a triumphant saint. Because he has been so true, an old companion one day tauntingly said, "George, I believe you are *afraid* to go into a gin-mill." Mr. Ely put it over on the devil that time, for he replied: "Oh, no, I would not be afraid to go *in*, but I would be awfully ashamed to be seen coming *out*."

Mr. Phyfe is also blessedly saved. His shining face not only brings sunshine to our Mission, but it is also known and loved at Bellevue Hospital where many a man in the alcoholic, and other wards, have been "born again" through faith in Mr. Phyfe's Saviour.

Prayer offered by Mr. Burke brought us very nigh to God, and was a testimony in itself to the saving power of our blessed Redeemer.

Count It Done

A father wrote to his son
  Who was far away from home,
"I have sent you a beautiful gift;
  It may be delayed, but 'twill come;
It is what you have wanted most,
  And have asked for many days";
And before the child received the gift
  He voiced his thanks and praise.

Our Father saith unto us,
  "Your need shall be supplied;
Ask and receive that your joy be filled,
  And my joy in you abide."
Shall we wait to thank till we see
  The answer to every prayer?
Forbear to praise till we feel
  The lifted pressure of care?
Nay, let us trust His word
  And know that the thing is done,
For His promise is just as sure
  As a father's to his son.

By Annie Johnson Flint.

Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

As is our custom, the sewing circle of the Mothers' Meeting will close the first day of May, and we will again inaugurate the Gospel meetings for the summer months. We feel we have had a splendid record this season—the attendance having been so very regular and those who attended were keen to hear the Gospel message. The playroom in connection with this meeting has been an endless source of joy to the "wee ones," who can hardly wait from week to week to get to the Mission. We aim to make it a time of real enjoyment, and although we have to maintain a certain degree of order as the Gospel message is given in the same room, the children's spirits do not seem at all suppressed. Perhaps in the near future matters can be arranged that the children can have a room to themselves and have a real good old-fashioned play hour with romping games—a piano perhaps too. Experience has taught us that God withholds nothing from His own faithful ones.

Easter week Wednesday proved an enjoyable day for our children, as we surprised them all with a big chocolate Easter egg. Almost too big for their tiny hands. We waited until they were just ready to go home at the close of the meeting, when we stood at the Mission entrance. and very carefully placed the egg right in the hands of each child as it passed out. In this way no one was overlooked.

How the mothers do enjoy the singing of the hymns, particularly when our dear Mrs. Cleveland leads and teaches them the words. One is always impressed with the beauty of the Gospel message in the singing when Mrs. Cleveland takes hold. We feel her heart is always with us at this meeting even when she is absent, and that is seldom, only when some imperative duty calls her away. Mrs. Cleveland is a most loving spirit; uses her spare time in sewing for the children of our summer home, and it would do your heart good to see the very pretty, simple, dainty dresses she sends us; the very kind we need. We never dress the children in the morning that we do not breathe a prayer for this kind friend who does all that she does do so sweetly as "unto the Lord." We never can have dresses enough, so if you have a leisure moment now again, we should feel grateful if you would busy yourself at this simple task of sewing. There is nothing more encouraging or edifying in the Mothers' Meeting than the faith of our dear mothers in the efficacy of prayer—that is that God hears and answers all the prayers that come from their hearts. We have in mind two very definite illustrations.

A dear little boy was sick unto death and was taken to the hospital where he remained for a long time—finally came home—only to have a relapse and was again sent to the hospital. Finally the doctors told the mother the case was hopeless and all that could be done was for the mother to take him. In plain words, told her death had set his seal upon this precious child. Did the mother pin her faith to the words of a man—great physician though he was? Not at all. She came at once to the Mission and asked us all to hold that dear one up in the arms of faith and believe for his healing in spite of the fiat gone forth from the hospital that his cure was impossible. Every one prayed and every one believed, and today that little boy is running around and is well, strong and happy; is singing forth God's praises in his own child-like way. Just come to the meeting any Wednesday and hear this mother tell this wonderful story herself.

We have another mother who could well cry out, "Yea though I walk

through the valley of the shadow of death thou art with me." The many sorrows, however, through which she was passing was affecting the health of her new-born babe, who had come into the world some time after the death of her husband. In spite of everything, she never missed a meeting. She would bring this tiny infant to us carried in on a pillow—so fragile and puny, it looked as though a breath would blow him away. We also brought this infant to the Lord and again we all prayed fervently that God would preserve this baby boy for the comfort of this widowed mother. It was just a few weeks ago we happened to notice a specially big bouncing boy with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes—so fat he could hardly keep on his two sturdy legs. Yes; this was the dying baby. He was two years old at this time; and with tears of gratitude the mother assured us it was all in answer to prayer. Wednesday after Wednesday during the testimony meeting, witnesses rise to thank God for His love and faithfulness, and it is for this reason the doors are open week in and week out to send out the Gospel message that brings so much comfort to hearts that would otherwise break with despair and discouragement.

With the wonderful Easter music still ringing in our heart with its message of hope and love to saved and unsaved alike, our hearts reach out to the little ones of this neighborhood to whom we feel pledged to give them these coming summer days an opportunity to become physically established —that is our real aim. We have been visiting these homes these early spring days and our hearts are touched with deepest pity as we see the almost impossible conditions under which so many children are obliged to live. It is just the love of the mother and the fellowship, of brother and sister that make life even worth while.

We climbed the steps of a tenement one cold drab Sunday afternoon and gained entrance to a home of one of our mothers. The mother was out and the children were all huddled together (six of them in a great big broken down armchair, telling each other stories and singing. When we remarked at this very unusual proceeding, the oldest girl told us they were cheering up the little brother who was in the midst of the group, because he was to be taken to the hospital next day for an operation and the little fellow was truly sad to look at—pale and emaciated, broken down with some disease the result of malnutrition—still his great grief was to leave what to him—nay, to all—was "home." A barren place lacking everything that seemed desirable—but "home" because love reigned there. We are truly praising God that He is making it possible for us to provide for the children of the Chelsea tenements at least during the mid-summer. While our plans are as yet not completed, we feel assured of securing a place near the water—a comfortable house with large screened porch and beautiful grounds, to be equipped, we hope, with every convenience to make it an ideal spot for the children to pass the long summer days in pleasant recreation. But of all, this home is near the salt water and all the breezes that blow are health giving. The only alternative these children would have did we not stand with them would be the congested streets or the hot, steaming kitchen. But God is mindful of the little ones, and we who serve them feel privileged to be in His service in such a very blessed work.

An Honored Guest

Our mothers were accorded a great treat in the visit of Mrs. Frances Fitch, from Passaic, N. J., when she came to their special Wednesday afternoon meeting, and told them of the blessedness of motherhood, and the need of wisdom (like Solomon's)—God given, to teach the little ones obedience, training them the way they should go, that when they are old they will not depart from it. We expect eternal fruit to grow from the seeds so earnestly and prayerfully sown.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

Volume II Number 6

Mission Tidings

June 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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— By Andrew Murray, D. D. —

"Sin was cast out by the inflowing life of Jesus and of heaven."

❖

"The life which the Lord has prepared for His people is a life of victory."

❖

"It is not indeed victory to such an extent as that there shall be no temptation to evil; not yet that the inclination towards sin, inward sinfulness, shall be utterly rooted out of the flesh."

❖

"There is to be a victory of such a kind that the indwelling power of the Spirit who fills us, the presence of the indwelling Saviour, shall keep sin in subjection, as the light subdues the darkness."

❖

"Let every sin, whether in ourselves or others, serve as a summons to notice how much is lacking of the Spirit of God amongst us."

❖

"Let every instance of failure in the fear of the Lord, in love, and holiness, and entire surrender to the will of God, only urge us the more unceasingly to call upon God to bring His Spirit once more in full dominion over the whole Church of Christ."

❖

"The two spirits, the spirit of the world and the Spirit of God, are engaged in a life-and-death conflict with one another."

❖

"God has always called upon His people to separate themselves from the world, and to live as pilgrims whose treasure and whose heart are in heaven."

❖

"When they have attained to a measure of unblameableness in walk and assurance of heaven, most Christians consider that they are at Liberty to enjoy the world as fully as others."

❖

"Nothing but light can drive out darkness; and nothing but the Spirit of heaven can expel the spirit of the world."

❖

"Where a man does not surrender himself to be filled with the Spirit of Jesus and the Spirit of heaven, there can be no other issue than that, Christian though he may be, he must come under the power of the spirit of the world."

❖

"It is because the current preaching is so little in the demonstration of the Spirit that souls are brought so little in contact with the living God."

❖

"Even the Word of God—which ought always only to be a guide pointing *towards God Himself*—becomes all too frequently a veil with the study of which the soul becomes occupied, and is thus kept back from meeting with God."

❖

"The Word, and preaching, and means of grace become a hindrance in place of a help if they are not in demonstration of the Spirit."

❖

"The Father and the Spirit are never without or separate from each other: The Father is always in the Spirit; The Spirit works nothing but as the Father works in Him."

❖

"The Spirit is the real living presence and the power of the Father working in us."

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, JUNE, 1919 No 6

A Farewell Service

A. F. Mason

At the Mothers' Meeting on Wednesday, April 30, we held a farewell meeting in honor of our dear friend, Miss Mason, who has gone away for a season to regain her health and strength.

Just to mention Miss Mason's name is to bring a smile of love to the faces of these "mothers" to whom she is so dear and for whom she has ministered so faithfully.

It was a sad, glad time for all present. "Sad" because we are all going to miss Miss Mason very much and "glad" because we hope she will come back stronger in health and better equipped for her work in the Lord.

Miss Mason gave the message exorting the mothers to be punctual and faithful in their attendance at the Mission and pointing them as always to their one, unfailing Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Miss Olson read Acts 9:36-43, with a few appropriate and loving remarks and then "our little surprise"—a basket of love—was presented to Miss Mason.,

I know every one of you are longing to hear what was in that "basket of love."

First of all it was filled to overflowing with love; the best, purest, the only love worth while, the "Christ Love."

It wasn't a very large basket, but that didn't matter. It was filled with fruit. Two kinds of fruit. I was going to say,—the kind you eat, but then you know you eat both kinds, for in John 6:53 Jesus said, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, ye have no life in you."

And this basket had Spiritual Fruit also. The handle was fairly covered with little white envelopes, tied with red ribbon. There were 31 tiny envelopes; one for each day in the month. On each card inside, was one of God's Precious Promises. Our dear friend, Miss Mason, will not only enjoy the delicious fruit so lovingly provided by her dear friends at the Mission, including these dear mothers, but, as she herself wrote back, she has food for every day. And such food, God's Precious Promises which never fail. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. Mat. 24:35.

Then there was a beautiful bunch of sweet peas, fragrant as the love which prompted the gift.

Tucked away inside the basket was a little box containing a personal token of love and thanksgiving from all.

Miss Mason was deeply touched with the little gift.

Then the meeting was open for Testimony. Mother after mother arose as well as teachers and gladly thanked God for the privilege of Miss Mason's friendship. Then the meeting closed with prayer and praise to Him, who doeth all things well.

And now I'm just thinking of that little "basket of love"—what a poor little basket it would have been without the love. "'Tis the Spirit in which the gift is rich as the gifts of the Wise Men were; and we are not told whose gift was gold or whose was the gift of myrrh."

At Jesus' Feet

"To me, Wednesday night is the best of the whole week: it's our Promise Meeting and Bible Chapter Study Class."

Did you hear her say it—the leader of the Mission?

Thursday night is good enough for us, we thought, for we like real music; but somehow the *way* she said "Wednesday night" aroused in us the Mother Eve curiosity, so we could not be satisfied until we went to see what Wednesday night was like. (Now, I am sure, we will feel keenly out of joint if we ever have to miss a Wednesday night meeting!)

Of course, we chose an early Wednesday, and nonchalantly took a seat near the door. Handed a hymn-book, even that proved to be interesting for many of the choruses were simply Scripture quotations set to music.

"No. 16," announced the leader, and the way people sang it was simply great! One woman sitting next to the piano on the right, with half closed eyes, seemed to forget everything and fairly shouted "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Her voice, however, was soon lost in the sweet melody, richly blended with male and female voices, led by piano accompaniment: but the glimpse God had given us of the deep significance of the Wednesday nigh meeting was not so easily lost. W could see that the leader (in her higl calling of being made "all things t all men, that by all means some migh be saved") found the Wednesda night meeting the best of the whol week because God's Word had pre eminence, and she could rest upon Hi promise—"It shall not return void."

It *was* beautiful that the leade could unconsciously minister to every one by just letting God work throug His own Blessed Word as she thoughtfully and reverently, sang "Bu they that wait upon the Lord shal renew their strength," while simulta neously the woman at the end of th piano, by faith, could renew he strength—perhaps for some real har work.

Before another hymn was sung th leader graciously invited those sittin at the back to come forward, and w rejoiced at the privilege of goin nearer where we could see how th plan of helping people worked out, t say nothing of seeing and hearing be ter.

The next chorus that gripped us w "No. 28": "Therefore if any man i in Christ, he is a new creation; O things have passed away, Behold! a things have become new."

Would you believe it, the music w so rhythmical that one did not think rhyme, especially as that was also pe fected in the verses, the first of whic pointed to the birthplace (Calvary) the new man in Christ Jesus:—

"Jesus on Calvary died for all,
Paying the ransom for a ruined rac
Died as our Substitute, heard our ca
Came in the fullness of His boun
less grace."

Again we caught the vision of th leader being "all things to all men" together their deep, harmonious voic sounded forth a message fraught wi eternal truth: "If any man be i Christ he is a new creation." W knew by their faces that many of tho

men were singing their own testimony; in fact, one night some of those men on the front seat as good as said that they used to be afraid the Black Maria would pick them up, but the Lord Jesus came along (we say it reverently) and gave them a front seat on the Water Wagon.

"No. 32" was the next, and the music as well as the words suggested the peace of God which passeth understanding (and all misunderstanding):

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you,
Not as the world giveth give I unto you;
Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

This time, perchance, the leader was —all things to all women, for mourning apparel was in evidence and many needed just that word from their Heavenly Father "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." But, if faces were any criterion, some had already applied the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Even a man from the street was reached by the hymns for as the male chorus sang "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with Me." a man in soiled raiment came to the front, and later in the evening accepted Jesus as his Saviour. According to God's promise, at the close of the meeting he went out clothed with the garments of salvation.

The Song-service was most uplifting and helpful, and the Promise Meeting which followed replete with blessing. The way people popped up and recited Scripture reminded us of the pretty white pop-corn that springs from tiny yellow kernels, and is so satisfying. Sometimes there were three people on their feet at once, and all gave forth something soul satisfying, yet there was a vein of reverence that made one think of God instead of people: For instance, a woman dressed in a neat gown of navy blue silk earnestly quoted 2 Cor. 9:8. "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." A girl (evidently a working girl) with the light of heaven on her face, quietly said "He giveth grace unto the humble, Jas. 4:6"; and so on, until one lost sight of the speaker as they earnestly contemplated the grace of God.

Wonderful memories these people seemed to have, both men and women, and we were beginning to feel we could just sit and listen hours, when the order of service changed. The lights were turned off in the back, everyone sat down in front (like one big family) opened their Bibles, and spell-bound listened to the exposition of the Book of Ephesians, verse by verse, which proved to be another glimpse of fathomless grace.

Words cannot express the sweet glorification of sitting at Jesus' feet in this manner, and learning more of Him, so come and see for yourself why Wednesday night (to our leader, and many others) seems to be the best of the whole week.

A Bruised Reed Shall He Not Break

The most fragile thing in nature is the shivering reed by the river side. The Eastern shepherd, tending his flock by the streams where the reeds grow, appears to have used them for his rustic pipe. When one of them was bruised or broken, he never made the attempt to mend it. By inserting it among the others he would make his instrument discordant, and accordingly he threw it aside as worthless. Not so the Great Shepherd. When a human soul is bruised and mutilated by sin, He casts it not away. That bruised reed He will not break. He repairs it for its place in the heavenly instrument, and makes it once more to show forth His praise.—*J. R. Macduff.*

Souls for His Glory

It was a beautiful June day: the air balmy, the sky unclouded and just enough breeze to invigorate man and beast.

Our missionaries walked comfortably through street and avenue, for March winds no longer threatened to tear off their hats, and April showers had given place to May flowers—seen in a crude cart trundled by a street vender.

Happily, before they started, God's chosen ones had prayed for guidance, and had seen these words: "Christ died for the *ungodly*"—as if written in blood—for satan was on a rampage that morning, and they needed strength from above to meet with Christ-like tact all that was in store for them.

Approaching a tenement house where a tired mother was growing old under her burden of care (little ones did not always have enough to eat, nor to wear), some one whispered: "Serves them right; *she* drinks, and I hear that *he* also takes an occasional glass." Then satan put in this timely exclamation "Unworthy poor!" Perhaps the missionaries would have turned away if they had yielded to their natural impulses; but the still small voice whispered "In your patience possess ye your souls," remembering "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." Gladly, therefore, in His name, they entered this home (none too clean), and spoke of Jesus and His love.

A two-year-old boy held out his tiny hands, desiring to be taken into their arms, while the baby nestled contentedly in his mother's arms. Looking at her children, the mother said "I have had nine of them—I think I have had my share!"

"What a blessed inheritance from the Lord, to rear for His glory, don't you think so?" "Humph! I suppose so, but I have all I can do to keep them dry and fed!" It was not the time to preach, but to practice, so we gave the baby his bath while the mother resumed her washing.

After that the weary mother was glad to have us pray for her, and commit the little ones to His tender care, but at first she would not promise to come to any of the services of the Mission, finding many excuses. But, who would try to fish without bait? A boy would have more sense for if he had nothing but a piece of a line, and a bent pin, he would make sure of his fly before he angled. We could not venture money—that might be spent for drink ——but a loaf of bread was placed on the table, a bottle of milk presented to the baby and clothing provided for the little ones. These simple gifts so softened the mother's heart that she came to the Mission, expressed her desire to become a Christian, and would be glad to have her husband attend the Men's Bible Class.

On the same street was another home to be visited, but before the upper floor could be reached, the janitress, stirred up by his satanic majesty, poured out her poisonous truth, saying "You know the life *she* lives! Her stomach is knocked out with the drink; besides she is a grafter and goes to the Mission for what she can get."

"She will not get anything there that will hurt her," was the dry retort as they pushed their way upstairs, comforting themselves with the Saviour's words: "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

There was no response to their knock, so they pushed their way into a room where a drunken woman lay upon a soiled bed. True it was she had spent money for that which was not bread; her stomach would not retain food, and she must go to the hospital; but it was also blessedly true that Jesus loved her enough to die for her.

It was not an easy ride in the rocking, bumping ambulance, to the hospital; and her punishment seemed greater than she could bear when they

pumped out her stomach; but, wholly repentant now, she grasped the missionary's hand, and said "Pray for me!" Quietly two heads were bowed before God, and softly this (perhaps dying) soul was commended to the Father of all mercies; but the joy bells did not commence to ring in heaven until the poor lost soul cried from the depths of her heart "O God, I have been an awful sinner! Will you please forgive me, for Jesus' sake?" Peace came with the Master's whisper "Him that cometh to ME I will in no wise cast out."

"Unworthy, unworthy!" again was the cry as the missionaries mounted other stairs and found a young wife's face battered by a drunken husband, and the brute himself in bed, dying by inches with a loathsome disease.

Pride and self-will cried "Flee for your lives!" Instead, the Spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus prevailed until the wife knelt beside the bed and sobbed "O my dear Heavenly Father, accept me for thy child, In His name. Amen."

The husband was silenced, but obdurate. Later, however, when a true Christian man from the Mission went and talked with him, he also accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and believed His word "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

Friends, wherever you go you will always find someone willing to tell you all the faults of others, but if you are baptized with Christ-like love, all the hideous truth will but draw you closer to His bleeding side. You will find Him ready, then, to give you purified lenses, ground at Calvary, that you may see, not what people are, but what they are going to be in Jesus. Then, as never before, you will win souls for His glory.

"There is a lamentable ignorance of the language of Scripture among the rising generation of America, and too often among the children of professedly Christian families."—Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D. D., L. L. D.

Other Sheep

Rev. A. W. Bailey, Missionary from Angola Port, West Africa, gave us a very interesting and helpful talk about his work and people out there, also a splendid message from John 10:16. This was the first time in eighteen years that Mr. Bailey had spoken in the Mission, and he praised and thanked God that he was not now a returned, but a returning missionary, and was looking forward to going soon back to his dear people in Africa, which he really felt in his heart were his sheep and his people to lead to Christ, the Great Shepherd of all.

It was while working in the slums of New York years ago that Mr. Bailey got his first vision of the meaning of that verse "and other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring." There he saw the wonderful transforming power of Jesus Christ in the lives of men deeply sunk in sin and misery, crime and shame, who had grasped the glorious truth and came to Him believing in His power to save them from their sins and were reborn and regenerated. His heart went out to those lost sheep in far countries, lost because they had no one to tell them the way of Salvation and the great love of their Heavenly Father for them, but were left entirely to the power of the Devil and all his subtle and evil suggestions. But out there as well as in New York, the power of God is far stronger than the power of Satan, and daily men and women, boys and girls, have been regenerated and born again, and filled with the power of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. Bailey told us of the generous, happy loving disposition of these African people where he works, and of their wonderful faith in God and His power once they believe in Him.

A Christian is the world's Bible: in many cases a revised version is needed.—*D. L. Moody.*

MISSION TIDINGS

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VOL. II JUNE, 1919 No 6

"I will do better unto you than at your beginnings; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." Ezekiel 36:11.

It is with deep gratitude to our Heavenly Father who has been so mindful of all our needs since the Mission first opened and with deep appreciation of the loving fellowship of our many friends that we are able to say the Mission is free from debt. God has blessed our special efforts to clear off the mortgage and the money for this purpose is now in hand.

The Superintendent and Board of Directors take this opportunity of thanking earnestly all readers of MISSION TIDINGS who have helped to make the glorious result possible by their gifts and prayers.

The Men's Bible Class which pledged $250 to this fund generously added to that amount and from many came a second gift wishing to have a share in the last thousand dollars.

The plans for extending the accommodations are not yet completed and we feel quite confident that God who has enabled us to pay the mortgage will send the money to meet this need also.

The Greatest of All

My greatest loss. To lose my soul.
My greatest gain. Christ my Savior.
My greatest object. To glorify God.
My greatest prize. A crown of glory.
My greatest work. To win souls for Christ.

My greatest joy. The joy of God's salvation.

My greatest inheritance. Heaven and its glories.

My greatest victory. Over death through Christ.

My greatest neglect. To neglect so great salvation.

My greatest crime. To reject Christ, the only Savior.

My greatest privilege. Power to become a son of God.

My greatest bargain. The loss of all things to win Christ.

My greatest profit. Godliness in this life and that to come.

My greatest peace. The peace that passeth understanding.

My greatest knowledge. To know God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent.

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole word and lose his own soul?" Mark 8:36.

When someone asked Robert Burdette for his favorite text of the Bible, he replied:

"When I think of a favorite text half a dozen dear ones leap to my lips. Stormy days I want a cloak; cold days I want the sunny side of the wall; hot days I want a shady path; now, I want a shower of manna; now, I want a drink of cool living water; now, I want an arbor to rest in; now, I want a pilgrim's staff; now, I want a sword—a right Jerusalem blade. My favorite text? I might as well try to tell which is my favorite eye. The one I might lose is the one I might want."

Victory

Campaign for Clearing Mortgage and Extension Money Acknowledged by Mission Receipts

No.	*Amount*	*No.*	*Amount*
287.....	$2.00	313.....	$5.00
288.....	4.00	314.....	2.00
289.....	5.00	315.....	5.00
290.....	10.00	316.....	5.00
291.....	15.00	317.....	100.00
292.....	25.00	318.....	5.00
293.....	2.00	319.....	15.00
294.....	10.00	320.....	5.00
295.....	5.00	321.....	15.00
296.....	5.00	322.....	50.00
297.....	10.00	323.....	2.00
298.....	100.00	324.....	100.00
299.....	25.00	325.....	5.00
300.....	5.00	326.....	5.00
301.....	10.00	327.....	10.00
302.....	2.00	328.....	100.00
303.....	5.00	329.....	428.10
304.....	10.00	330.....	5.00
305.....	10.00	331.....	5.00
306.....	5.00	332.....	10.00
307.....	10.00	333.....	6.00
308.....	100.00	334.....	5.00
309.....	10.00	335.....	5.00
310.....	5.00	336.....	1,000.00
311.....	50.00	337.....	153.65
312.....	1.00		

Receipts since last month	$2,487.84
Receipts previously acknowledged in MISSION TIDINGS	3,361.03
Amount in Bank for this purpose	2,820.73
Thanksgiving Victory Bond from a Friend	1,000.00
	$9,669.60
Since going to press we have received	$403.00
Total on hand	$10,072.60

This completes the amount necessary to take advantage of our friend's generous offer to give $5,000, which enables us to pay off our mortgage of $15,000.

A generous friend has kindly promised to pay all the expenses connected with the building compaign: printing, postage, etc., so that every penny given goes to the actual paying off of the mortgage.

Mission Items

We were hoping to begin our open-air meetings in Madison Square on Easter Sunday, but we received a very kind and courteous letter from the Police Commissioner, saying that no meetings of any kind were permitted in Madison Square. We decided that Twenty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue, on the opposite side of the street to where we have our meetings every night in the week, would be a good place, and the first meeting proved this to be true.

A large crowd gathered—just the crowd we love to see at a street meeting, composed of all sorts and conditions of men and women. Very thoughtfully they listened to the singing and to the earnest testimonies of one and another as they witnessed to the power of the Lord Jesus to save from sin. At the invitation many hands were raised for prayer and very eagerly they came to the platform to receive copies of John's Gospel that were offered them.

We believe that our new meeting place is to be very fruitful ground. Each Sunday afternoon meeting seems to be growing in interest.

We are deeply indebted to the Evangelistic Committee of New York City for their generous offer of a cornetist for our open-air services. The help is invaluable and we take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of this kindness.

The house to house visitation of our workers on Sunday afternoons has proved most encouraging. In the Sunday School at the Mothers' Meetings, and at the evening services we find new people who are deeply interested and some have been saved who came to the Mission at the invitation of our earnest workers.

One Sunday afternoon two workers (for our friends went out two by two) rang the bell of a certain apartment. As there was no response, a Gospel with a tiny tract tucked inside was slipped into the letter-box, with a prayer that God would bless it to the one who received it. At the close of the evening service a bright-faced, well-dressed young man stood by the door with a little Gospel and a tract in his hand and said in broken English, "I want some of this in Russian." It seems he was a Russian and saw that the Gospel and the tract was something about religion, and he wanted it in his own language. We need not say that a Russian Gospel was found for him next day, but he would not be satisfied with anything less than the whole Bible, and after some searching a Russian Bible was secured, to his great delight.

He definitely accepted Jesus as his Saviour and in giving his testimony the other evening said, "I was born in Russia and went to Siberia, from there to Palestine, then to Manchuria, from there to Germany, then to Austria, from there to London and then to New York, and then to the Eighth Avenue Mission, where I found the Lord Jesus.

What an encouragement to scatter God's Word!

Our dear missionary, Miss Mason, has been compelled to take a year's leave of absence for rest and recuperation. An account of her farewell service will be found on another page. Miss Mason has endeared herself to the hearts of everyone and we shall miss her, but our prayers will follow her constantly for her complete recovery.

In the meantime, Miss Ruth Brownewell, a graduate Presbyterian Deaconess, has taken Miss Mason's place and is doing splendid work.

Miss Olson has already won her way into the hearts of the "Mothers," and is being made a great blessing to them.

These two new missionaries, with Miss Woodward, need the prayers of our friends. There are many problems before them and the stairs to climb are many and long, but it is their joy to carry comfort and cheer to those who are sorely in need of a sympathizing friend.

It was a great delight to welcome our dear President, Mr. Sleeth, back to the Mission last Sunday night. While in the South, where Mr. and Mrs. Sleeth spend their winters, our brother met with a very serious accident to his leg. The treatment was extremely heroic and intensely painful, but he is now on the road to complete recovery. Mr. Sleeth had expected to use crutches for at least three months, but so wonderfully has God answered prayer that He walks fairly well with two canes and expects very soon to be independent of these.

Our dear brother, Mr. Adams, lovingly known as "the cricket," is in the hospital. He is not looking for restoration to health but is looking for the Lord Jesus, who is very real to him in this separation from his friends and from the Mission. There is still an earnest "bless the Lord" on his lips. We miss his presence in the corner, particularly on Saturday night, when he was always the first on his feet to testify to the goodness of God and the grace of the Lord Jesus in saving a poor, wretched drunkard.

A Missionary Helpers' Union has been organized in the Mission, with Miss Mary Thomas as secretary, the object being to pray for foreign missions. The members meet in the Mission Hall every Saturday at seven P. M., and after a half hour spent in prayer they conduct the street service. Anyone wishing to join this Union may see Miss Thomas personally at the Mission, or write to her in care of the Mission.

We have a warm welcome for the many soldiers and sailors who find their way to our Mission service, many of them brought in through the open-air meetings and the workers' visits to the camps and hospitals. These boys seem particularly appreciative of the bright, helpful service and the cordial reception given them and many of them have knelt at the Mercy Seat and confessed Christ as their Saviour. The Christian boys away from home seem particularly glad to be amongst God's children, and greatly value the fellowship of the saints.

We have had the great joy of welcoming back a number of our boys from France. Mr. Polson and Mr. Suesens came in one night, both of them looking well and rejoicing in the Lord. Mr. Willey and Mr. Maurer came another night rather unexpectedly, but very welcome indeed, and Mr. Chervenansky, looking very healthy, who told us some wonderful stories of the loving protection of his Heavenly Father. Our brother, Mr. Chervenansky, has taken a position on Long Island for the summer and cannot be at the service very often, to his great regret, but he is with us in spirit always. Our brother, Harold Bater, who is looking fine, is the last arrival. His earnest testimony to the power of God to keep through all the experiences through which he has passed has made our hearts glad. Harold's mother and sisters, of course, were radiant with joy to have their dear one safely home. It was in answer to the prayers of his mother and sister, both of whom were saved at the Mission, that this boy found the Lord Jesus.

God has been very gracious to the boys of the Mission, having brought them all through safely. Before they sailed away we gave them our word that every day we should pray for them and God has enabled us to keep our word with them and their home-coming is in answer to prayer.

A Mother's Story

"I was . . . naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me."

As I look back over the years of my married life I can see that every cloud has had its silver lining, especially since we found the Eighth Avenue Mission.

When still young I was left a widow with one child (my precious Anna, who has been a great comfort and help throughout the years).

My husband's death, and the death of our son, together with the support of Anna (then 6 years of age), weighed heavily upon me for a year, but the silver lining to that cloud seemed to be the honest love of a longshoreman, who, in due time, asked me to be his wife.

With girlish pride I earned enough money to buy a pretty brown suit, and then we went to the minister's and were married.

Our honeymoon was spent in a comfortable furnished room, where I could enjoy the company of my little daughter, but at the end of another year we started housekeeping.

We are still housekeeping—in three rooms today, and get on very comfortably, notwithstanding the fact that we now have seven children instead of only one. Father and I keep the bedroom sacredly to ourselves, and baby Albert (now two weeks old) sleeps in his crib beside our bed. This kitchen makes a good living room, and the sitting room is homelike during the day; but is transformed into a comfortable dormitory at night. The children all sleep in there together. The 17-months-old baby has her carriage in which she sleeps very sweetly. That object by the kitchen door, looking like a radiator covered up, is a portable bed. The 7-year-old girl, and her sister, 9 years old, sleep in that, while that couch by the wall (also an extension bed) is pulled out at night for Anna (the 16-year-old girl), also the 4-year-old girl, and my other little boy, who is only 2½ years of age.

Father has a hard time to make both ends meet, and to get suitable clothing for the older children to wear to day school and Sunday school, nevertheless we have much for which to be truly thankful.

Perhaps the hardest experience we ever had was when we were all sick with the influenza, but even then the silver lining could be seen in the friends raised up to solve problems to which we were too ill to attend.

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God answered the missionary's prayer, and restored us all to health; but sickness, naturally, had depleted our resources, and, perhaps, I was feeling a bit blue last Monday, when the missionary came again, and asked what would help me the most. She looked straight at my old shoes; but you know how a mother feels, and so I said: "Don't think about me, for the children are so small I cannot get out much, but if you could manage to get some clothing for the *little* children I should appreciate it more than I can express. The baby needs dresses; the 17-months-old baby needs dresses also, and my 2½-year-old boy is almost naked for rompers: he soils them faster than I can wash them.

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Congratulations

Our beloved brother and vice-president, Frank H. Mann, was married May 10th at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church to Miss Anna C. Rogers. Mrs. Mann is not altogether a stranger to the Mission, having visited it from time to time and has already been adopted into the Mission family. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Mann our heartiest good wishes for their future usefulness and happiness.

We must see things clearly ourselves before we can proclaim them with power to others. We must not talk ahead of our beliefs.—*John R. Mott.*

The Hope of the Gospel

You have seen G. F. Watts' symbolic picture of Hope: . . . . a woman with bowed head sitting over the world, playing upon a harp with one string. All the other strings are broken. I do not know what it means except this, that, when everything is gone, and the harp of life is left with only one string, and most people would throw it to the scrap heap, Hope plays upon it and gets music out of it. But I take leave to interpret its message to us . . . . in another way. There is no other hope for humanity save "the hope of the gospel." The other strings of the harp are broken, and some of them are not worth mending. The high-sounding expedients that men have invented for healing the world's woes and ridding it of its sin have broken down, they have not been equal to the strain put upon them. The one string left for us is . . . . "Jesus Christ and him crucified." . . . . Go on playing on the one string, for there is music in it that will charm the world ultimately away from all its foolish experiments, and we shall discover that there is no way of redemption save through the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ and the living energy of His Spirit.—*Charles Brown.*

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

It is with grateful hearts and praise on our lips we are thanking God for so wonderfully finding us again a most desirable home for our children. We did want to feel that the place we selected was just the place God wanted us to have, and although many days were spent in traveling around Long Island we at least found ourselves standing one day under the roof of the very home we felt God had in His great love selected. It met every need for the kind of work we planned to carry on. As you all know by this time, the little ones we feel are especially committed to our care are under six years of age and need just the quiet, peaceful life that can be found only in the country, where all day long they live outdoors in a playground surrounded with trees, where they have every equipment possible for their enjoyment. Three large roomy swings, a spacious sand box, sliding board, which they can use under supervision as long as it suits their fancy. Indoors for rainy days there is a splendid room fitted up with kindergarten chairs, tables and occupation work. Then there is a wonderful sleeping room, a real dormitory with snow-white enameled cots, with dainty spreads, spring mattresses and light blankets. The sun pours in at every window, flooding every corner and crevice of the room. The food is a balanced diet planned out by several physicians who have studied the condition of just the children that come under our care. There are no cut and dried rules in this children's happy land. We don't wake them by the clock, but let them sleep just as long as they can—each child is studied individually and a diet suited to its needs supplied. The only alternative these children would have did God not stand with them in such a marvelous way would be an overheated kitchen or the congested streets fraught with such danger, that the mother with fear and trembling only can occasionally trust them on the doorstep, to get there perchance an occasional breath of air. We who are in charge of this privileged work are filled with a deep joy to be chosen to minister to these little ones.

Were it not so we would hesitate to undertake such a tremendous responsibility, because it is just that—for we have the lives of these tender charges in our keeping. They are given as a sacred trust from God first—then from their mothers, who welcome the opportunity of sending out of the city the little ones of their flock who need it most. The older children of these families have many places to choose from for a summer outing—the infants have the loving care of the mother—moment by moment—but those we are to take are just between the two, and with the manifold duties and slender purse of often but one bread winner in the family are very apt to have a sad time of it when the great white heat sweeps over New York and year after year reaps its harvest of death among our babies. That is why we are singing as we work in and out of the rooms, running upstairs from cellar to attic any number of times a day without complaint.

"What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Jesus;
What a wonderful Savour is Jesus my God."

His wonderful answering our every prayer for this work—meeting our every wish—supplying our needs—not in any great showy way, but just simply giving us our daily bread as we trust Him for it.

You will all be glad to know that our first group is completed. We put

on the last name just a few weeks ago, when a dear mother came to us with her eyes streaming with tears to tell us that they had taken her little girl to the hospital in a condition of utter prostration and the doctor had told her that if—this dreadful if—the child rallied she must spend long months in the country—out in the sunlight. How glad we were to hear the child was recovering slowly and that it was possible for us to give her the very care she needed. Each child on this first list has an urgent need of our really splendid summer home.

At present the sewing is discontinued at the Mothers' Meeting, but the Gospel service is to be continued all summer as usual. We were all pleased to see the marked improvement in the Mothers' sewing and how proud they were to take their aprons and pillow cases home. The summer service is short so the Mothers can bring their children. But as the summer advances there are older children who are at home to care for these little sisters and brothers, so the playroom is not so necessary, and as the heat is great, the babies are better sleeping outdoors in their carriages.

We shall all miss our dear Miss Mason, who is taking a leave of absence. There is not a home connected with our Mothers' Meeting that has not been blessed by the presence of this consecrated worker. All who were present at the farewell meeting realized the hold Miss Mason has on the affection of mothers, children and workers. We pray as she rests and recuperates, wherever she may be, that she may be strengthened to return to us and to the place she too loves so well. However, God is ever mindful of us and has sent to us two devoted Christian missionaries to follow on in the same way our dear Miss Mason was so tenderly led. Miss Olsen, who has been with us but a short time, has fallen into her place with the greatest aptitude. Nothing daunts her, but she goes right ahead with intelligence and alertness, making her work felt on every side although she has been with us but a short time.

Miss Brownwell, who is already known through her singing and ministry in the public services, has already won for herself a place in our hearts, and we extend her a royal welcome in the Master's name, who so lovingly sent her our way.

There is no part of the Mission work dearer to the heart of the Superintendent than the Mothers' Meetings From the very beginning God laid the burden of the need of a gathering that would reach out to the homes around about us, where the women were so situated they could not go to a Sunday service, and week by week in answer to prayer the attendance has grown until we believe there is no such meeting in the city. So we thank and praise God for His goodness and faithfulness to us.

Face the Sun

"Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success,
You'll find what you look for; don't look for distress.
If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.
Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream and don't shirk,
Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.
The worries will vanish, the work will be done;
No man sees his shadow who faces the sun."

Have your vision of God, but descend from your housetop to answer the men who knock at your door.—*F. B. Meyer.*

Let no man say, because high noon seems long in coming, that it will never come. Let us rather say we wait in the gloom: How glorious will that day be, of which the twilight dawn has lasted nineteen hundred years!—*Alexander Maclaren.*

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

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Volume II Number 7

JUL 19

Mission Tidings

July 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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— By Henry Clay Trumbull —

"The question is not whether God is willing to do as He has promised, but whether we are ready to rest on His promises."

❖

"What has been divinely spoken will be divinely filled."

❖

"God will work ten thousand miracles before His Word shall fail, or one jot or tittle of it pass away unfulfilled."

❖

"The Lord never revives His work but the devil revives his; and he has a spire of sin for every spire of grace."

❖

"The richest men in the world are men with little money, but with godly lives and contented spirits."

❖

"Men who live for self never succeed in satisfying self, or in quite satisfying anybody else."

❖

"Men who live for others, in Godlike unselfishness, have joy themselves while giving joy to others."

❖

"God does not ask those who toil for Him to wait until another life for their best gains. His service gives 'promise of the life that now is'."

❖

"God orders nature in all her processes and conforms her to His eternal laws. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap'."

❖

"Knowledge, peace, life; all these are in Christ, and all these Christ brings to those who will accept them by accepting Him."

"We can deceive others; we can deceive ourselves; but we cannot deceive God."

❖

"Every heart is human and every human heart is formed and framed with the capacity of aspiration after God."

❖

"If you seek to be a consistent Christian, do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with your God, not expecting to win that name by profession, nor to secure it by demand."

❖

"Character can be secured, and godliness attained, only through heart-strengthening by the power of the Holy Ghost, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

❖

"Good soldiers are never made without hard fighting."

❖

"In the battle of everyday life, no true man—young or old—is the devil's prisoner unless by surrender."

❖

"No enemy is so formidable as the one with whom a man has already made terms."

❖

"In Christ is a possibility of every man of the truest life, of the noblest being, of the grandest hope, conceivable for man."

❖

"There are no more earnest seekers after Jesus than those who have already found Him."

❖

"Only God is *never* mocked, never deceived, never misled by appearances."

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, JULY, 1919 No 7

A Personal Testimony

Alfred Smith

FROM childhood, almost infancy, I might say, I was taught to read and study the word, and to pray; also attend Sunday School and all religious services.

Family prayer was a part of our regular daily life, as well as the constant influence of the most Godly parents.

I attended, and took part in prayer meeting services everywhere, and was in my own mind, and apparently the minds of my friends and associates, a real earnest Christian boy and young man.

In the year of 1893, I came to New York, accompanied by the prayers of the best mother that ever lived; and while not at first entirely forgetting my early teaching, I gradually drew away from Christian influence and God.

In the year of 1901, I was appointed a member of the Police Department and as such have worked in many parts of our city; during which time I had been repeatedly appealed to by the Chaplain of the International Christian Police Association, Rev. J. L. Spicer, who had from time to time called at my home, and who in a very earnest manner reminded me of the one great need.

Matters continued in this way, with myself always drifting farther and farther out in the depths of sin; for I had become not only about as profane as a man could be, but I had also acquired the drink habit; without so much as ever a thought as of associating with anything Christian like, or of a nature or character to lead a man from destruction.

Sometime during the summer of 1916, exact date not remembered, something, I did not then know what, led me to attend a service at the Christian Police Association Rooms at 226 E. 58 St. on a Sunday afternoon, and the strange influence of once again being among God's people was irresistible, and when I was warmly welcomed by all, and cordially invited to attend the services, I, to my great surprise, and no doubt to the surprise of all, began to attend regularly; the Tuesday evening prayer meetings also.

Gently I was led by Miss Kendall the President, and Mr. Spicer the Chaplain, until I found myself earnestly taking part in the services; both in testimony and prayer service; and just as soon as the desire came to engage in the services so soon the old desires for my old habits gradually left me; and in this way I found myself, when on Feb. 21st, 1917, while sitting in the office to which I was then attached, two women called to report the disappearance of a boy; and this being the work to which I was assigned, they were referred to me,

These two women proved to be Miss A. F. Mason and her mother, and upon the completion of our conversation I as usual followed them out to the door. By way of a parting word of encouragement, I reminded them that even though we were for the time being ignorant of our boys' whereabouts, still there was one who did know, and to whom we could always go when in distress or trouble.

Well, God only knows what that little expression, spoken by me as it then seemed out of season, for I had no idea as to who Miss Mason was, has meant to me, for it seemed electric to both. Miss Mason just said praise God at finding me, and I have said it thousands of times since for having met her.

She of course invited me to the 8th Ave. Mission; and I at once accepted the invitation, and while I had the assurance of salvation before that time, words could not express what the mission influence has meant to me.

Miss Wray just seemed to understand that my needs were of a peculiar nature, and dealt with me in the most wonderful and kindly spirit, never urging anything upon me, but ever by the spirit leading into a deeper work.

I, to my great satisfaction and joy found myself admitted to full Christian fellowship; no one seemingly afraid of me on account of the position I held, so later I became a member of the Men's Bible Class, and to the praise of God can say, have been privileged to become a partaker with them of heavenly things.

My association with the mission has had the wonderful effect to prove to me as real, the things which before I considered as by the grace of Almighty God possible and I can now with certainty say, I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.

God, by the Holy Spirit, gives me very many wonderful opportunities of service for my duties lead me into every walk and condition of life and to date, I have not found a single place where he will not accompany me; Prisons, Hospitals, Tenements, First Class Homes, Business Offices, Side Walks, Street Corners, by means of many thousands of tracts and letters as well as when often all alone with just Himself and I proving so wonderful the blessed passage of Matthew 28:20; and what has been the most wonderful of all is, that where I have, as sometime occurs, given some time from my actual duties to a word of helpfulness in some life, I always find the way all clear for me in the next matter that I should take up.

I am by every letter of the word strictly non sectarian, and not a member of any church except the 8th Ave. Mission, which only teaches the great need of Salvation, and the wonderful and beautiful way God has provided for securing it.

I sometimes regret that I cannot give the definite date of my conversion, but in this I do rejoice, that every day adds its new blessing, as the way grows brighter and brighter.

As long as I live I will praise him.

In the Master's Service,

ALFRED SMITH.

Prayer

Prayer should be the Christian's most cherished privilege The Word of God and the experience of God's people assure us that God Himself hears and answers prayer. It is not our place to criticise His answers; it is only our part to ask. God will give or withhold as seems best to Him. If it were otherwise, we would scarcely dare to pray at all. If answers to our prayers were already exactly in the form that we desired, we would soon learn that our human limitations make it impossible for us to know what it is best for us to have under all circumstances. But God in His infinite wisdom knows what is best. He answers according to His wisdom rather than according to our desires.—*Christian Observer.*

Promotion of "The Cricket" Bro. Sam. Adams

Words fail us as we try to write of the closing scenes of our dear brother's life on earth.

He had a long and painful illness, but his faith and his love for his "Master" was beautifully manifest through all the trying and agonizing days.

For weeks he had been slowly but surely entering "the valley" and so on Monday, June 9, "he fell asleep in the everlasting arms."

A large concourse of people from the "Eighth Avenue Mission" and "No. 1 Corps" of the Salvation Army, filled the parlors at 228 Greenwich Avenue, City, Wednesday, June 11th, where the funeral service was held to pay loving tribute to the memory of our dear brother. The casket, flanked by numerous floral wreaths the gift of the 8th Avenue Mission and numberless other people, made a fragrant background, and wonderfully impressive was the simple service. Prayer was offered by the Sergt.-Major of No. 1 Corps of the S. A. Mrs. Cleveland of the 8th Ave. Mission sang with exquisite expression, and while she sang a sympathetic vein of hope was communicated to those who felt crushed, yet confident that God's word was true. Mr. Allen of the 8th Ave. Mission was then called on for a few words and bore testimony to the worth of the "cricket's" life and example; he had known him for five years and told what an uplift and blessing our departed brother's life had been to him. He was followed by the treasurer of No. 1 Corps of the S. A., who paid a loving tribute of affection and esteem for Bro. Adams, whom he had known and loved for thirty years, he told what a blessing and encouragement Bro. Adams had been to him in his young Christian experience.

Harry Haines of the 8th Ave Mission was then called on who having known the "Cricket" for thirty-seven years in the old "Ninth Ward" Greenwich Village and who had seen much of his old life, bore testimony to the wonderful change wrought by our Lord and Redeemer in our brother's life. He recalled the exact words of our brother on Saturday nights at the Home Rally in the dear old 8th Ave. Mission, "Bless the Lord." It's my night out, always first to testify to the wonderful saving power of his Lord and master, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Our beloved Superintendent Miss Sara Wray, was confined to her bed by a severe attack of sickness. Nothing else could have kept her from that service, for she revered and loved our brother and had known him for many years.

Our dear sister and fellow laborer in the "vineyard" Mrs. Adj. Nellie McCue of No. 1 Corps S. A. conducted the service. She read our dear brother's favorite Chapter, the 13th Chap. of I Corinthians. Wonderfully uplifting were her words as she spoke of love as set forth in that chapter. Love is better than our incomplete knowledge of the present, and greater than even faith and hope. Her words breathed hope into many sorrowing hearts.

Full of blessed assurance were the words of the next hymn, so beautifully rendered by Mrs. Cleveland, which I am sure found an echo in worshipful hearts who knew there was no other place to go, but to Him who hath the words of life.

Wonderfully uplifting was the closing prayer of a sister of No 1 Corps S. A., so full of adoration for our Triune God, thanksgiving for the atoning blood of Jesus, and the presence of the Comforter.

Silently and reverently the people looked upon the face of our brother who absent from the body was present with the Lord.

We do not sorrow as those without hope, for we can say with Job, "We know our Redeemer liveth," and with Paul, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. H. H.

A Mother's Story

"I was.....naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me."

As I look back over the years of my married life I can see that every cloud has had its silver lining, especially since we found the Eighth Avenue Mission.

When still young I was left a widow with one child (my precious Anna, who has been a great comfort and help throughout the years).

My husband's death, and the death of our son, together with the support of Anna, (then 6 yrs. of age), weighed heavily upon me for a year, but the silver lining to that Cloud seemed to be the honest love of a long-shoreman, who, in due time, asked me to be his wife.

With girlish pride I earned enough money to buy a pretty brown suit, and then we went to the minister's and were married.

Our honeymoon was spent in a comfortable furnished room, where I could rest, and enjoy the company of my little daughter, but at the end of another year we started housekeeping.

We are still housekeeping—in three rooms today, and get on very comfortably, notwithstanding the fact that we now have seven children instead of only one. Father and I keep the bedroom sacredly to ourselves, and baby Albert, (now two weeks old) sleeps in his crib beside our bed. This kitchen makes a good living room, and the sitting room is homelike during the day; but is transformed into a comfortable dormitory at night. The children all sleep in there together. The 17 months' old baby has her carriage in which she sleeps very sweetly. That object by the kitchen door, looking like a radiator covered up, is a portable bed. The 7 year old girl, and her sister, 9 years old, sleep in that, while that couch by the wall (also an extension bed) is pulled out at night for Anna (the 16 year old girl) also the four year old girl, and my other little boy, who is only 2 and a half years of age.

Father has a hard time to make both ends meet, and to get suitable clothing for the older children to wear to Day School and Sunday School, nevertheless we have much for which to be truly thankful.

Perhaps the hardest experience we ever had was when we were all sick with the Influenza, but even then the silver lining could be seen in the friends raised up to solve problems to which we were too ill to attend.

The seven year old girl came home from school one Friday afternoon. She coughed a good bit, but I nursed her carefully, and she was better when the nine year old girl was prostrated the following Sunday. I kept up with her that night, but Monday I was prostrated. Then Anna (who has had altogether too much mothering to do in her 16 short years) took care of me and the children, as well as the house—which is no small matter with a man and many little mouths to feed, to say nothing of the washing; but poor Anna was taken down Wednesday and then Father had to leave off work and stand the gap. The next Monday at 12 o'clock (desperately ill with pneumonia) they took Anna to the New York hospital. I was also very sick with pneumonia, so I sent for one of the missionaries of the Eighth Avenue Mission, and she came in after the evening service. I guess she never saw such a place before! I could not hold up my head, but asked her to please look after my babies. My husband would not give in, but sat by the stove, yet his temperature was 106; the 17 months' old baby was also stricken with pneumonia in her carriage, and we were all sick, with the exception of the 7 and 9 year old girls, who were still in bed, but getting better.

First of all the missionary made sure we were all trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, and then she prayed, kneeling by the kitchen stove, and as soon as she prayed God began to work. Those of us who were dangerously ill were sent to hospitals (wherever a vacant bed could be found, the "Flu" was raging over the City).

The two children who were getting better were taken to my sister-in-law (God bless her!) who has two young children, as well as several older ones of her own. She also cleaned up the house here, and closed it so that everything was in apple pie order when I returned home.

God answered the missionaries' prayer, and restored us all to health; but sickness, naturally, had depleted our resources, and, perhaps I was feeling a bit blue last Monday, when the missionary came again, and asked what would help me the most. She looked straight at my old shoes; but you know how a mother feels, and so I said: "Don't think about me, for the children are so small I cannot get out much, but if you could manage to get some clothing for the *little* children, I should appreciate it more than I can express. The baby needs dresses; the 17 months old baby needs dresses also, and my 2 and a half year old boy is almost naked for rompers: he soils them faster than I can wash them."

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O how my heart rejoiced when a package was left that very afternoon, containing two dainty white dresses for baby Albert; three colored dresses for Elizabeth and two pair of rompers for Frank.

From the depths of my heart I thank the little children, and friends in that far away Sunday-School who have made another silver lining in the clouds that are bound to come in married life. If I do not see you on earth, may I meet you in heaven, where we will fully realize the Master's words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.....ye have done it unto ME."

"Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

From this text in Rev. 22:12 our consecrated superintendent wove such a beautiful spiritual fabric of everlasting durability in a recent discourse, many followers of the Lord Jesus Christ found themselves earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with their heavenly inheritance. In other words, as Miss Wray delivered this spirit-filled message regarding the reward for faithful service (freely given by our Lord when He comes) and of the different crowns: (Crown of life; crown of rejoicing; crown of glory and crown of righteousness) prayer rose from hearts sincere: "Keep me, O, my Lord, 'faithful unto death,' that although unworthy, I may receive the wonderful inheritance Thine heart of love doth wish to bestow, For THY NAME'S SAKE, AMEN."

What shall I send as a word from the Master?
What shall it be to cheer thee when sad?
What shall I say to uphold you when weary?
What glad thought deepens your pleasure when glad?
"Jesus is coming" seems whispered to me;
Therefore I share the glad tidings with thee. CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

THE SENTINEL

The morning is the gate of day,
But ere you enter there
See that you set, to guard it well,
The sentinel of prayer.
So shall God's grace your steps attend,
But nothing else pass through
Save what can give the countersign:
The Father's will for you.
When you have reached the end of day
Where night and sleep await,
Set there the sentinel again
To bar the evening's gate.
So shall no fear disturb your rest,
No danger and no care,
For only peace and pardon pass
The watchful guard of prayer.
—Selected.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Editors { .....SARA WRAY
.....FRANK H. MANN

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VOL. II JULY, 1919 NO. 7

Mission Items

IT was a great joy to welcome back from France our dear brother Mr. John Sivewright. Mr. Sivewright, like all the other boys who have returned, looks more rugged and healthy than when he went away. His testimony was full of thanksgiving to God for the wonderful way He had brought him through many dangers and for the privilege of living a Christian life before his fellowmen. We were very happy to see that his Christian life had been greatly enriched and that the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God was a reality to him. He told us time and again the consciousness that the friends of the Eighth Avenue Mission and of his church were praying for him had brought new strength again and again. He was most appreciative of the letters, "Mission Tidings" etc., that had reached him from time to time.

It was interesting to see the joy on the face of Mr. Sleeth, with whom Mr. Sivewright had lived and worked for some time, as he told us of victories gained through faith in the Lord Jesus. We pray our brother may be greatly used of God in all his Christian life and service.

* * *

Mr. Spreng, Superintendent of the City Mission, Toledo, Ohio, surprised us by a visit on his way home from the annual convention of the International Union of Gospel Missions. His heart-searching message from God's Word and his own personal testimony were extremely helpful. We shall not forget the precious lesson our brother brought us, as he led us step by step in the work of the Holy Spirit from the new birth to the fruit bearing life.

* * *

Another night we had the pleasure of having on the platform Mr. Fraser of the Welcome Hall mission, Montreal; Mr. Murphy, Supt. Rescue Mission in Worcester; and Mr. Fritz, Merrimac Mission, Boston. All had a wonderful testimony to give of the power of the Lord Jesus to save to the uttermost those who believe on Him and of the wonderful things God will do in the life of one who will trust Him. These men once in the depths of sin are now men of fine Christian character, respected by all who know them, holding positions of responsibility and above all proclaiming the glad tidings of great joy to those who are being led captive by the Devil. God is using them to bring discouraged and brokenhearted men to the Lord Jesus Who is able to make the vilest clean.

* * *

Our old friend Chris Balf, "Lucky Baldwin," was another welcome visitor. "Lucky," as his friends love to call him, is now Chaplain of one of the prisons in Chicago and God is using him to win men to the Lord Jesus, Who has done so much for him.

* * *

One of the men kneeling at the Mercy Seat recently was the husband of our dear sister Mrs. McClain, who herself accepted Jesus as her Saviour in the Mission about eight months ago.

Mr. McIntyre, Superintendent of the Whosoever Mission, Germantown, dropped in on his way to Montreal and gave his testimony to the love of God for lost men. Mr. McIntyre, once a member of the Cotton Exchange in England, fell through drink until he became a homeless drunken outcast, just about to die, when in his extremity he was pointed to the Lamb of God and he found in Jesus the remedy for all his sin and became a new creature in Christ Jesus. For many years Mr. McIntyre has had charge of the wonderful work for men at the Whosoever Mission and hundreds of all sorts and conditions of men have through the preaching of the Gospel by our brother been led out of bondage into the glorious freedom of the children of God.

* * *

We were all refreshed and strengthened by the testimonies of these fellow workers from other cities.

* * *

Rev. John McNeely, Pastor Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., brought a message at a recent Saturday night meeting. It was an earnest and stirring presentation of God's claim upon the lives of all those who have accepted His Son Jesus, as well as a tender but strong appeal to the unsaved. God is wonderfully using our brother in the various Prophetic Conferences as well as in his own church and it was a most kindly and courteous thing for our brother to give us this Saturday evening out of his full life. We take it as a token of God's loving thought of this little corner of His vineyard.

* * *

It is a delightful hour, 2-3, every Wednesday afternoon in the Mission that our "Mothers" spend together. Now that the sewing classes have finished for the summer a beautiful and helpful Gospel service is held. One's heart is touched to hear these women with troubles and problems of all sorts singing "Jesus knows all about our struggles; He will guide till the day is done; There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus; No not one, no not one." It means much to them. Many of them know this compassionate Jesus as their own personal Saviour and have learned how to take all their troubles and sorrows to Him.

The requests for prayer are always many. From one and another they come for a sick child, a husband out of work, a husband in the hospital, for deliverance from some habit, for the salvation of a son, or daughter. Just as earnest are the notes of praise for answered prayer which follow. The Gospel message is brought by one of our workers, who has gone through all the experiences of a busy mother and knows just what will be helpful.

The majority of these women have found the Lord Jesus in these services, and it is to them a refreshing spot in the midst of the week. The workers feel well repaid for their devotion, as they see the hopeful look and hear the happy testimony of those who once were without hope and without God.

* * *

A check for $5,000 was received from the generous friend who promised that amount if the money to complete the mortgage of $15,000 was raised. We praise God for this another token of His remembrance of us and thank all our friends who have helped to bring about this blessed result. The workmen are busy making alterations in the building and we trust by September to have everything in splendid condition for the work of the fall and winter.

* * *

The attendance at the Men's Bible Class continues to increase. Last Sunday there were 55 men present. If it were not greatly worth while these men—working men—busy all day long and often coming to the meetings at night—would not be so eager and come so faithfully to the class. Brother, when you read this, think of what you are missing if you could come to this Bible Class and have not yet become a member. Your chair and a hearty welcome will be waiting for you next Sunday.

A Happy Outing

"Surely our God is able"

Wednesday, June 18th dawned cloudy and moist, the sky was overcast, and there were signs of rain, and many a tired weary face, was anxiously scanning the heavens, hoping against hope, that it would not rain. Many, oh so many prayers had ascended to our Father that the day would be suitable for out Annual Mothers' and Children's Outing.

Around the doors of the "8th Avenue Mission" were signs of unusual activity. Our dear Supt. and her corps of efficient and consecrated workers were as busy as the proverbial "Bee." Here greeting a poor tired mother with a baby in arms and two or three clinging to her skirts, there directing another to a cool seat in the Mission to rest until the "Autos" came for them. There was a "Babel" of sound and suppressed excitement as one and another was greeted. There were Ohs! and Ahs! as car after car drew up to the door, until there were fourteen cars there ready for their expectant load. At length at 10:30 a. m. all was in readiness, Miss Wray tireless, busily loading the smiling happy mothers and children in the "Autos" to their full capacity. As each little party was bundled aboard, happy smiling faces beamed forth on our dear Miss Wray. A worker was in charge of each car, and it surely was a sight to behold and gladden the heart, almost every walk of life represented. Here one of our sweet singers holding a baby on her lap, there one of our workers loaded down with lunch boxes, wraps and the hundred and one things so essential to the outing, everything for the comfort and pleasure of the mothers and babies. Here an old lady well over the three score and ten years, in another place a baby only a few weeks old. Some a little bit apprehensive at their first ride in an "auto," and such a host of tired mothers and children who had not had a ride for a whole year and who awaited with glad anticipation the moment to start.

Three great big roomy Packards, two of which were donated by our dear president Mr. G. C. Sleeth, leading the procession, followed by a big Buick Bus loaded to its full capacity, and then in line, a Chandler, Cadillac, Maxwell, Hudson, Stutz, Buick, Chandler and others, fourteen in all, piloted by the best demonstrators in the services of the various companies, who so generously donated the cars and drivers free of charge. May God bless the various companies and drivers who so willingly gave their cars and services to the good cause. Many passers-by stopped to inquire as to the cause of all the commotion, and much food for thought was given, when it was explained to them that the spirit of Jesus in our Supt. and workers was the cause of bringing happiness and joy to some weary, heavy hearts.

The car of our worthy president Mr. Geo. C. Sleeth, driven by our Bro. John Sivewright, just back from France, led the procession, festooned with flags and the banner of the 8th Ave. Mission flying on which is inscribed, "God is able." There was no uncertainty as to who we were and where we came from. Up Broadway the long ride to Van Cortlandt Park was begun. It was all so healthful and invigorating. There were squeals of delight and contentment as they caught sight of the green velvety grass, the placid lake, the more than welcome shade of the trees, the grass never looked more inviting, and the grateful shade so restful. As they tumbled out of the autos and sank to the earth, their sighs of content were unmistakable evidences that they were enjoying every moment. The ride had

given everyone a keen appetite and almost immediately lunch boxes and baskets were being produced and the healthful appetite was being appeased. Faithful and true David produced the tin pail and boiler and a stock of lemons and sugar, and soon Mrs. Bater, Mrs. Havens, Mrs. Neubeck and others were making "Lemonade" by the pail and boiler-full.

No stint, no lack. A tablecloth made its appearance and was spread on the inviting grass, boxes were unpacked and dainties of every conceivable kind were forthcoming. Here a home made cake made by loving hands, dainty sandwiches, salads, fruits, not forgetting the succulent 'pickle," were there in abundance, one dear worker who never forgets out fondness for olives was there "strong." When everything was in readiness, our dear Miss Wray reverently invoked God's blessing on the good things which He had so bountifully provided, and everybody squatted on Mother earth to enjoy the good things. The writer's attention was directed to a dear brother who shall be nameless, who with a pickle in one hand, cherries in the other, his mouth full of layer-cake, was simply too full for utterance. The same dear brother was detected later with a plate of ice cream in each hand, "enuf sed." After finishing the good things of which there was enough and to spare, and a brief rest, Miss Wray called all hands to take part in the simple games of the afternoon. Miss Wray was starter of the races, Miss Woodward was referee and Miss Waldeck supervisor. A brother who laid out the course for the "Lemon and Spoon Race" surely had a lively time ducking the lemons as they came his way. He surely had the lemons handed to him, as they were projected at the bag which he held. Miss Wray was snapshot as she led the tiny tots in "This is the way we wash our clothes," "London Bridge is falling down" and all the childish games so dear to the hearts of the little ones. Then the great big "milk-can" with its rich creamy forty quarts of milk was broached and quaffed by the mothers and children with much gusto and glee, and brick ice cream enough and to spare. Prizes both useful and ornamental were awarded to the successful contestants in all the events.

Surely our God was mindful, the day was perfect in every respect, and then as the day drew to a close photos were taken. Miss Wray then called all hands together and after a brief prayer by our dear Bro. Sleeth, we sang, from full hearts, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." While flitting from group to group, Miss Wray intent on seeing that everyone was enjoying themselves, she came upon a picture, that surely made an impression on every heart that saw it. In the shade of a great spreading tree, lay five tiny infants the youngest perhaps a month old, the eldest less than a year, all lying in careless abandon hugging close to old mother earth sprawled out in every conceivable fashion fast asleep enjoying the unwonted coolness. Miss Wray with her face aglow called to the workers to come and see the picture of innocence and comfort and almost immediately the "camera" was forthcoming to snap the picture which we hope to reproduce in Mission Tidings.

After which comfortably seated in the autos the homeward journey was begun. Down past the Millionaire homes, past the towering "Palisades," through Riverside Drive, back to their dull, drab dreary existence, facing again another year of toil and worry and care, unless the comfort, and joy and hope the 8th Ave. Mission brings them from time to time. Thank God for one day of sunshine, restfulness, fresh air, nourishing food, ice cream, good rich milk. I am sure there was a note of praise to God for all His blessing.

May God's richest blessing rest and abide with all who took part in helping to make the day a success.

"Every good and perfect gift cometh from above." The end of a perfect day in Him.

H. H.

Intercessory Foreign Missionaries

By Rev. Alfred E. Street
of the Island of Hainan, South China.

"Jehovah—wondered that there was no intercessor."—Is. 59:16

Christ did not command us to pray the Lord of the harvest that he send forth missionaries, but "laborers." The difference is intentional, for there are others just as necessary as missionaries. ("Missionary" means "One sent," and is the Latin form of the Greek "Apostle").

Those harvest hands who *directly* reach the souls of men and save them can be divided generally into (1) Native Workers, upon whom in all countries the burden of evangelization rests; (2) Missionaries, who are no longer needed when the natives have learned all they can teach (some centuries ago they finished their work among the English); (3) Intercessors, who give their time and strength to the distinct work of definite intercessory prayer.

Of these three classes, if comparison is possible among things all of which are necessary, the Intercessor is most important because he is working at the very root and foundation of all harvest success and, in so far as man is responsible, his faithfulness determines the success of all others.

I. Definition.

An intercessory Foreign Missionary is a *"laborer" who cannot go in person to the foreign field, but who has set himself apart to pray for the definite details of the foreign missionary work.* He alone is entitled to the name who enters upon an engagement to work for *definite* fields, an engagement as real as an appointment by a foreign missionary board. His striking peculiarities are that he is working in the realm of "the heavenlies" instead of among visible men, and that there are no restrictions as to the number who can be intercessors, to the place of their residences, or to the variety, sweep and completeness of the results accomplished.

II. Necessity for Intercessory Foreign Missionaries.

That mission field which has the largest number of missionaries (faithful intercessors) whose names are not in the published lists will always be the most successfully harvested. This is true

1. Because of the nature of missionary activity.

Eph. 6:10-20 reveals the *facts* clearly, concisely and completely, showing that we are not primarily overcoming the prejudices and superstition of men, but "principalities—powers—word-rulers of this darkness—spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenlies," which are various grades of rulers organized into visible kingdoms of darkness. In Dan. 10 some of these principalities are mentioned by name: "Prince of Greece," Prince of Persia," "Kings of Persia," etc., while Christ calls the head of all these kingdoms the "Prince of the World." Other forces are revealed in "the horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha" and the "twelve legions of angels" mentioned by Jesus. Thus revelation shows missionary activity to be a spiritual War between the forces of Christ and those of Satan, not merely man trying to reform and civilize man. This War is waged for the possession of living men and through the medium of living men. Christ seeks men to be "members of His body" while Satan "enters" the hearts of men, so that each works out his purposes through the men who submit to him. It follows that men must go in person, as Jesus came to this world in person to do the work made possible by prayer.

(*To be continued*)

Children's Day

"And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them; but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

"But Jesus called them unto him, and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.'

"Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein."—Luke 18:15-17.

Sunday, June the 8th, was Children's Day at the Mission to which many of the parents and friends of the children came. You never saw such bright, happy faces as were there on that day.

"Only one day out of 365," said little Alicia Hargrave, "belong to children everywhere. I think I will write to the President, and ask him to give us a larger share."

The children with their dainty white dresses and pretty colored ribbons, say nothing of their bright, happy faces together with the flowers made a very attractive picture.

Opening Chorus by School—No. 1.

Prayer—Miss K. S. Woodward.

Scripture Reading—Matt. 19:13-15—Gladys Hargrave.

Song by School.

Recitation—"Sunny Welcome"—Virginia Stobodgyke.

Scripture Verse—Acts 16:31—Edna Grolle.

Trio—"Love that keeps me every day"—Mary Wilson, Elizabeth Robinson and Janet Wilson.

Recitation—"Whose I am"—Edward Loeffler.

Song by School.

Recitation—"Love," I Cor. 13:6—Hope Bater.

Recitation—"The Will of God"—Margaret Mackey.

Song—"He is Our King"—Primary Classes.

Recitation—"Only One Day"—Alicia Hargrave.

Recitation—"His Beauty Everyone Shall see"—Josephine Stobodzyke.

Solo—Jimmie Palmer.

Recitation—"The Nazareth Shop"—Elizabeth Brownewell.

Exercise—"These Lips, these Hands, these Hearts Belong to Jesus—Agnes Mackey, Harold Miller, Elsie Wood.

Solo—Mrs. Cleveland.

Scripture Verses—Ephesians 2:8-9—Mina Mackey.

Recitation—"The Resting Place"—Elizabeth Robinson.

Song—"I was Lost but Jesus found me"—Elsie Wood.

Scripture Verses—John 14:1-3—Stella Stobodzyke.

Recitation—"Watered Lilies"—Mary Wilson.

Solo—"The Sweet Story of Old"—Mrs. Cleveland.

Recitation—"God's Wondrous Works are Telling"—Sarah Loeffler.

Trio—"He to us is Dear"—Jimmy Palmer, Edward Loeffler, Leonard Hunker.

Recitation—"Tell the Sweet Story"—David Robinson.

Solo—"We Praise Thee"—Janet Wilson.

Recitation—"Publish the News of Salvation"—Margaret Herscher.

Collection.

Song by School.

At the close our Supt., Mr. Houston, gave a few very fitting remarks and invited the parents and friends back again. On leaving the Mission each child received a lovely bunch of daisies which gladdened their little hearts.

* * *

Confidence

Say not, my soul, from whence
  Can God relieve thy care,
Remember that Omnipotence
  Hath servants everywhere.

His help is always sure,
  His methods seldom guessed
Delay will make our pleasure pure
  Surprise will give it zest.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

THE country home opened—the children arrived. We are just as happy and busy as can be from morning until night meeting the needs of these "tiny tots," ten of them who constitute our first group, and surely Jesus the tender Shepherd, the gentle Master was at our side as we selected the little ones who are with us at this writing. They arrived one beautiful twilight when the shadows were falling over the lawn and the sun was setting behind the great green trees that surround us. Our two young workers brought them up. They drove up in the automobile provided. We decided to bring them out at this hour so that bed time would be at hand and there would be no time or thought of homesickness. How our hearts throbbed as we picked up each little needy one in our arms and gave them the loving kiss of welcome. They were a bit tired and dazed and strange, so after a light bread and milk supper we tucked them all safely in bed and when the morning came the birds and sunlight woke them all up happy and refreshed to start their beautiful new lives in the country. Their mothers did take such great pains to send them spic and span and all as clean as possible. We have been fortunate this year regarding clothing and we are glad to say we can furnish all their wearing apparel ourselves. This is a very important item to us. Kind friends design the little frocks so that the laundering and mending is a simple matter these days of prohibitive labor prices and labor is almost impossible to obtain out on Long Island. With but few exceptions every one does their own work as in fact it is the only way of having work done at all.

Surely you are interested in knowing something about each little child who is with us and just why they are here.

First there is Helen, who many know, she is the child of the home so to speak as two years ago she was carried out to us in the arms of a neighborhood worker who told us that her strength was so far gone the doctor said there was but little hope of her recovery but the last chance was just to give her all the fresh air she could breathe. So we put her in a crib out under the trees and left her to God to heal with His own tender healing. Day by day she grew better never refusing the simple food we gave her—at first she would not speak at all or even open her eyes—finally she would whisper, then she bubbled a bit, but before the season was over she played and romped with the others. Therefore we feel Helen belongs somehow especially to us and this year, while only four years old she managers to make herself quite useful in many little ways and is fat, rosy, and in perfect health.

Then there is Rosie a delicate child so fragile she is hardly able to stand up or open her mouth to take the medicine the doctor prescribed. She has been here but a week and is already so improved we hardly recognize her as the little "pale face" who slept in our arms the first night to keep her poor little thin body warm.

We have with us a little girl called "Grace" who came to us through a special appeal of friends in the neighborhood. Her mother works very hard all day long, leaving her home early in the morning and returning late in the evening and the child was left to play alone in the streets or at times in neighbors' homes so we are thanking God that Grace came our way and that for a time anyway we can shelter her from evil and danger. The mother is

intensely grateful and cannot express. her joy that this very helpless "tiny tot" is having the time of her life out in the sunshine and among the flowers.

Alice is the name of another child coming from a home of extreme poverty—she is a beautiful little girl with the possibilities of growing into a splendid woman. Yes, perhaps, the home conditions could be helped but after all while we are temporizing the children might be lost, so while the Mission work goes on without ceasing to rescue those who need only a Saviour to help and guide them we give the children a chance, that is why God in His mercy has laid it upon the heart of His own children to keep this blessed door open.

Agnes and Mildred are two little sisters so sweet, so gentle, so good, but also so very very needy. Running the streets nearly all day, often victims to home conditions that may or may not be unavoidable. They are our little Sunday School pupils too, besides belonging since babyhood to the Mothers' Meeting, so we rejoice they are with us for a short time as we feel they need the atmosphere that we take pains to be most desirable for their age and condition.

Then there is no needier child than our little Dorothy, mentally handicapped and although four years old more like a child of two. Dorothy needs us as much as any child that could be sent. Her improvement each day is wonderful and we hope at the end of the season she will be eligible to take her place with other children in a kindergarten.

Our dear little Katherine has just been released from a hospital where her condition was such the doctor was doubtful if the action of her heart was strong enough to save her life, but out here with the birds, flowers and trees she is gaining strength every moment and we feel sure will return to her mother in perfect health.

Our two little sisters Margie and Lily have been with us every year and are very helpless and needy "tiny tots," having since their birth been greatly handicapped with home conditions. Several of these children though only four have two younger than they at home—the mother with a baby in her arms and another hanging to her skirts, to say nothing of several older ones in the family, all having to be clothed and fed these times of prohibitive prices.

We are therefore with grateful hearts praising God for this wonderful opportunity and again thanking the friends who make this wonderful and needy work possible. It is a very practical thing—a co-operative work that through the children reaches into the home and gives a message to the hearts of the parents that could not be given in words. Thus after all it is a work of love—the love that started from Calvary with the dying lamb and that is sending down its crimson stream freighted with peace, joy and love to all through the ages until it speaks the message even to the little heart of the child we are happy and privileged to serve "for His dear Sake."

❖

We Two

I cannot do it alone
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end—
Jesus and I.

Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky;
To-day so eager and brave,
To-morrow not caring to try;
But He never gives in,
So we two shall win—
Jesus and I.

Strong and tender and true,
Crucified once for me!
He will not change, I know,
Whatever I may be!
But all he says I must do,
Ever from sin to keep free:
We shall finish our course
And reach home at last—
His child and He.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

Volume 11 Number 8

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Mission Tidings

August 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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— By Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon —

Praise should always follow answered prayer; the mist of earth's gratitude should rise as the sun of heaven's love warms the ground.

❖

Prayer and praise are like the breathing in and breathing out of the air and make up that spiritual respiration by which the inner life is supported.

❖

There is power in the Holy Spirit to change the heart of stone in a moment into a heart of flesh, so that instead of being cold and lifeless, it shall palpitate with gratitude.

❖

If ye have loved with a spark, pray that the spark may become an all-consuming flame. If ye have brought to Christ some little, pray ye may bring your all.

❖

He that longs not to know more of Christ, knows nothing of Him yet.

❖

Dead things cannot grow; only those who are alive unto God by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, have in them any power or capacity of growth.

❖

This is to grow in grace; to root downward, to shoot upward, to extend your influences like far-reaching branches, and to bring forth fruit unto the Lord's glory.

❖

If a man be not a branch of the living vine, you may prune and cut until the sap flows and the branch bleeds but he will never bring forth heavenly fruit.

❖

All true gold must feel the fire, all wheat must be threshed, all diamonds must be cut; all saints must endure temptation.

Temptation, even when overcome, brings with it to the true child of God, a great degree of suffering, but "He is able to succor them that are tempted."

❖

Our happiness declines as our spirituality fades. To be happy we must go forward.

❖

Remember well that there is no more of music to God's ear in any service than there is of heart-love and holy devotion.

❖

Play the organ very softly when the subject is your own praise; but when you come to the praises of God, pull out all the stops, thunders of music are all too little for His infinite deservings.

❖

The very thought of God is a source of happiness to our hearts; and the more we muse upon His character the more joyous we become.

❖

What bird in all the country is silent when the sun is rising and the dews of spring are sparkling? But the choicest choir charms the stars of night, and no note is sweeter than that which comes from the bare bough amidst the abundant snows of dark winter. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."

❖

The Lord's Name is love. Whether we view Him as Maker, Provider, Saviour, King, or Father, we find in Him an unfathomable sea of joy.

❖

You cannot fully estimate the value of what God gives. The Gospel is a Gospel of giving and forgiving; hence when the true spirit of it works upon the Christian, he forgives fully and he also gives freely.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1919 No 8

A Personal Testimony

Mrs. L. S. Cleveland

"How could Jesus love me so
While in sin I wandered
Careless, heedless to His call
While His Grace I squandered
Wonderful it is to know
That my Saviour loved me so."

Wonderful indeed the way God led me from a little country town in Wisconsin to New York, to show me my need of a personal Saviour. From the time that as an infant I was taken into the church to be baptized, I have always had Christian environment. There was never a question in my mind about going to church. It was good form and fashionable then as now to go to church, at least Sunday morning, and so when the whole family went, I went also. From the day of its organization until the day of his going Home, my dear father was the president of our church, and where he and my precious mother went to meeting, because they loved the Lord, I went to make my dates for the week and because it was a nice place to see everyone and have a little visit and find out what was going on.

The sermons, if I ever heard them at all passed in one ear and out the other, and the only thing that ever quickened my pulse and often brought tears to my eyes, was the wonderful congregational singing of those beautiful chorals, my father's voice carrying above all as he poured out his love to God in the songs of Zion so dear to him. My precious mother taught her brood of nine children that the Bible was true from cover to cover, and I always believed all that my mother said but never applied it personally. I was careless and heedless, living a butterfly existence and thinking only of dances and parties and what I thought was a good time, and in this way grew to womanhood and came to N. Y. to study music. Here I lived with a very musical Italian family and with them spent all my evenings in the theatre or particularly at the opera. If I went to church it was to hear some minister famous back home or where they had the best music. I drifted along in this way until I met and was married to Mr. Cleveland, when we joined an exclusive poker club. Of a Saturday night we would either play poker until two or three o'clock Sunday morning, or we would have a theatre party followed by a wine supper at one of the fashionable restaurants. We lived this

sort of a life about fourteen years I think. We both remembered our early training enough to go to church when not too tired from the long hours of the night before, and so one morning God led us into Calvary Methodist Church when Dr. C. L. Goodell was its pastor, and this splendid man of God preaching always Jesus Christ and Him crucified, arrested our attention and stirred our hearts and thoughts as nothing else had ever done, and where we didn't at once change our mode of living, we modified it and never again felt just right about it.

At this time also, God sent me a letter from a girlhood friend that I hadn't seen in many many years, telling me she and her husband were now located at the Missionary Institute at Nyack, and asking us to spend the week end with them, which we did, and while there we had a little practical demonstration of what a Christian was. It was with this same friend, that we after repeated invitations went to the Eighth Ave. Mission. I'll never forget that night. It was the first time we had ever been in a Mission hall, and it was a revelation to us, and we quickly realized that the happy men and women with the convincing testimonies had something in their lives that we knew nothing about. The singing was a real joy and unforgetable. It wasn't the melody so much as the words that they were singing, and it softened my heart because it carried me back to our own church and I could again hear my dear father's voice raised in praise to God. As we said good night to Miss Wray that night in leaving some impulse prompted me to ask if she wouldn't like me to sing for her some time, and she sweetly and quickly replied, "we would love to have you; can you come Saturday night?" From that Saturday night to this, with few exceptions, when I have been in the city I have sung at the Mission.

We went home from the Mission that first night and took stock of ourselves, and we never again played cards or had wine suppers, in other words we changed our entire mode of living, and as we listened to Miss Wray and other consecrated speakers, so simply and clearly explain the way of Salvation, we were made to see that Christ is a personal Saviour, that it was our individual sins that nailed Him to the Cross, and we asked Him in His infinite mercy to forgive us our sins and take us to be His very own. Do you wonder that we love and never cease to praise God for the Eighth Ave. Mission, the place where He revealed to us our need of Him, the place that is today our inspiration and that keeps us walking straight when the world calls? We never knew the joy of living until we surrendered to Him. Surely "Life wears a different face to us, since we found our Saviour. Rich mercy at the cross we see our dying, living Saviour." Our daily prayer is to serve Him better every day, to be kept faithful until "we shall see Him face to face and tell the story, saved by Grace," praise His Holy Name.

LOUISE STOLTE CLEVELAND.

Read this Slowly and Think

Does my life please God?
Am I studying my Bible daily?
Am I enjoying my Christian Life?
Is there anyone I cannot forgive?
Have I ever won a soul to Christ?
How much time do I spend in prayer?
Am I trying to bring my friends to Christ?
Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer?
Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ?
Just where am I making my greatest mistake?
How does my life look to those who are not Christians?
How many things do I put before my religious duties?
Have I ever tried to give one-tenth of my income to the Lord?
Is the world being made better or worse by my living in it?
Am I doing anything I would condemn in others?

Have you seen Jesus?

Before leaving for a much needed vacation our dear Miss Wray on a recent Saturday night, brought us a wonderful "message." Isaiah's transforming vision from the sixth chapter of Isaiah.

She first showed the vision, then the "effect of the vision," then the "cleansing fire" and Isaiah's New Commission. She cited the two disciples of John who got a vision of Jesus who at once and forever followed Jesus, Saul of Tarsus, who after his vision became the flaming "Herald of the Cross," Spurgeon the man of God, after his vision became a soul winner.

When we see Jesus we see ourselves unclean, but His abiding brings cleanliness. The coal from off the "Altar" "The Holy Spirit" brings cleansing.

Miss Wray showed how it was possible to come to the "House of God" and yet go away unblessed. She showed the danger of becoming "Formal" and doing things by "note." She related a story of a faithful old minister to God, who had grown gray and feeble in the service of Jesus, who one Sunday morning when it was snowing and sleeting, was requested not to go out to "Kirk" that morning, reminding him there would be nobody out such a stormy day, but he just smiled and went. When he returned the wife asked him was there anybody there, he answered yes, the Holy Spirit was there. His presence filled the place. We always get what we come for, God never disappoints if we come to meet Him, we are refreshed and helped.

When we see Him we say in our hearts if not with our lips unclean, unclean, of ourselves but looking at Him, Holy Holy Lord God Almighty.

She drew our attention that the Seraphim flew to Isaiah's aid—no dallying when a sinner comes to Jesus. He flies to our aid and succor. She spoke of the prodigal and how there had to be no begging on his part. His father ran to meet him and stopped his prayer with a kiss. It's the heart that speaks to God. God's question to Isaiah "Whom shall I send and who will go for Us." Isaiah had his vision, there had to be no pleading or coaxing. Instant response "Send me." No other response possible when we have seen Jesus. Have you seen Jesus? Are you going? The vital thing is to see Jesus. It surely was a heart searching time for all who heard the query "have you seen Jesus?"

And a Little Child Shall Lead Them

And so t'was he who led me back,
As on the brink I stood.
A yearning soul with aching heart,
Smitten by the cruel mart
Of earth's bad, mixed with good.

"Come unto Me" his voice upsoared,
"And I will give you rest"
Oh weary soul of God, cast down
By agonies distress:
Wake up, Arise, thy Master calls,
He cannot let thee go;
For hast not thou with Him oft supped
And breathed out all thy woe?
And too, hath oftimes gladness given
As nearer thou hast drawn to heaven.

So mid the waning of my hope,
This child God sent to me
With voice of wondrous truth and might,
And heart of purity.
And even through the night I heard
His song ring out so clear,
That I decided to keep on,
And felt God drawing near
To hope renew, and heart sustained,
And clasping hands, new courage gain.

Farewell Songster of God and Grace,
Thy mission begun, keep well thy pace;
For the gift that He hath given to thee
Will gladden hearts, and from fetters free
Many another sorely tried soul,
Who, but for your song might have missed the goal.

A Missionary's Story

"A HOARY head is a crown of glory when it is found in the way of righteousness."

Kathleen's hair was turning white; yes, prematurely for she still retained the girlish contour of her face, and the solid roundness—which is indicative of the morning of life.

Ten years before (ten years which had seemed to pass so quickly, despite hours of bitterness) she had been prosperous; comparatively happy and at peace with all the world; but suddenly she found herself, no longer the trained nurse—giving orders and exacting obedience, but stricken with "an incurable malady," the doctors said, and under orders herself.

Drawing a good salary had enabled her to save a few thousand dollars, but she had a sister who was very poor. Needing a place in which to rest and recuperate, she concluded to live with her sister, pay her a reasonable sum for taking care of her during her disability, and in this co-operative way help, and be helped.

If the sisters had taken Jesus into their counsel, their hearts and their home all would have been well, but instead the adversary came to abide, and made havoc of sisterly affection, fidelity, loyalty and many other distinctive qualities which should make up true womanhood.

For a few weeks, only, everything seemed to go well. Kathleen was too ill to attend to any business matters, so she turned over her bank-book to her sister, saying "Draw from the bank sufficient to pay for medicine, comfortable sick-room accessories, as well as reimbursement for yourself for caring for me."

Comfort was the order of the day but after a little luxuries crept into the rooms so persistently that Kathleen's trustful abandonment was beginning to give place to wonder. Feeling one day a bit better she concluded to arouse herself and take a peep at her bank-book. Opening it she could not believe her eyes! Only a few months had passed but already fourteen hundred dollar had been withdrawn!

These sisters were considered pro fessing Christians, but there was n indication that they were possessing ones in the interview which followed We know "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God" when a sinner is converted. If there is joy in the other place when a sinner is in satan's control there must have been hilarious stampeding below at the happenings in that home when Kathleen locked her bank-book in her trunk and seemingly swallowed the key.

"It's a poor rule that won't work both ways" satan suggested; so the other sister's services ended from that moment. "If Kathleen could pry around and hide her bank-book when my back was turned," she reasoned, "she can wait on herself!"

Weak and faint the sick girl crawled out of bed, let herself roll down one stair at a time, and took the little food she could find to nourish her wasting body.

This was too much like child's play to satisfy the monitor below—far below—so he suggested a diabolical plan to get hold of that bank-book, and reimburse the other sister handsomely for having her house turned into a hospital, and her temper upset by a chronic invalid.

Suddenly, like a bolt from a clear sky, two officers came one Sunday morning to call upon the invalid, and "conduct her," as they said, "according to orders, to her attorney."

The import of the officers' visit Kathleen could not fathom; but she new something was wrong, and calmly replied, "If my lawyer desires to see me, let him come here."

So imperative was their persuasion that she finally consented to accompany them; but wisely she excused herself for a moment, and when they retired from the room, took her bank-book and concealed it upon her person.

Outside the house the men seemed a bit ashamed of the part they had been

playing, and frankly told Kathleen that her sister adjudged her insane, and instead of going to her attorney she was to be examined by her sister's physician and committed to an asylum.

Truly Kathleen's brain began to reel at the audacity of the plan which flashed itself upon her consciousness: Her sister had told her physician that there was money in the bank; that she would pay him a certain sum to adjudge her sick sister insane and committed to an asylum; the man had agreed, and had selected Sunday morning for his unlawful proceedings—when no legal business with any lawyer could be transacted.

As usual, the powers of evil had made a mess of it, and left their victims to suffer the consequences. Kathleen's training as a nurse served her well for she remembered that a law had been passed that very year that anyone committed to an asylum must be examined by *three* physicians, unknown to the parties interested, and their verdict must agree.

When they reached the doctor's office, and he began his examinations, Kathleen calmly cited the law to him. He had no alternative but to abide by it, and postponed his diagnosis.

As Kathleen was perfectly sane she could *not* be sent to an asylum, neither could she return to her sister's home, so she went elsewhere, and through the years permitted the enemy of her soul to soothe her ruffled feelings with self-pity, and put into the depths of her being a wedge of bitterness which only the power of God could extricate.

"From now on you might as well consider your sister dead," said her lawyer. "She *is* dead to me," said Kathleen, and it was an easy step downward to a deliberate lie. Going to a distant city Kathleen said "I am alone in the world, I had a sister but she is dead."

Sickness, bitterness, lack of care, hard knocks and a conscience ill at ease had turned Kathleen's hair to grey; but she came to the Mission, learned that Jesus loved her, and heart-sick and sin-sick accepted Him as her Saviour.

When we met her she was sweetly trusting in Jesus, even for the healing of her body, but yet she never seemed to get anywhere, so to speak. Many people were interested in her, principally because she was so friendless, and her relatives all dead; but one day there came a messenger from the old life who said "She is a liar, she has a sister living."

It is not easy for a doctor to lance a painful abscess, neither is it easy for a Christian woman to tell another what she ought to do; but one was found who told Kathleen that she had told a deliberate lie for ten years, and she would never get anywhere until she confessed her sin and made it right.

In vain she said "My sister *is* dead to me. I am not well. God cannot expect me to tell all the heart-breaking details of my story." The soul physician was obdurate, and said "If you want to have peace here, and a home in heaven hereafter, you must tell the truth to everyone to whom you have said 'my sister is dead'."

Weeks passed while the Holy Spirit patiently led this soul, step by step, by His power (and through the faithful testimony of many at the Mission) to the place of victory.

With palpitating heart, yet with face aglow, she sought acquaintances and told them the truth, finding that God was reducing her mountain of dread to a mole-hill as her story was met with true Christian love, and increasing fellowship, instead of the cold-shoulder and ostracism which she had so feared.

How could it be otherwise—"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and forgiveness and comfort is only to be found in the fact that "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin."

Today the silver threads which have come as a recompense for sin, failure and loss, are a "crown of glory" on Kathleen's brow—because God says so.

A. F. M.

MISSION TIDINGS

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The Open Air Meetings

There is no other part of the work of our Mission which is dearer to our hearts than the open air work. We meet every night at the Mission for prayer at 7:30, with the exception of Saturday night when we meet at 7 o'clock to pray for foreign missions, and then go out on the corner of 24th St. and 8th Ave. to publish the glad tidings that the "Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost" to the hurrying throngs, who would never hear the message of salvation in any other place. The people who stop to listen surely are interested in the testimonies of the men who give such a practical demonstration of the power of God in their lives. On many occasions people who were on their way to the Movies heard the singing and the cornet and have stopped to listen and stayed on through the whole meeting, and afterwards followed us into the Mission where they heard more of the story of salvation and were saved, and yielded themselves to Jesus and His glorious gospel and found peace and joy in believing. They return from time to time to give praise audibly to Him who hath redeemed them by His precious blood. It surely is a wonderful privilege to testify for Jesus under the open sky. Every Christian who is not availing themselves of this privilege is missing a wonderful blessing.

The Sunday School Picnic

The annual outing and picnic of the Sunday School was held at Van Cortlandt Park Saturday, June 28th.

In spite of the unusually heavy rainfall on the preceding days, and that early Saturday morning was not very promising, quite a number of the children were at the Mission long before the appointed hour for starting.

At 10:15 all assembled inside the Mission for prayer; asking God's guidance and care over us during the day, and if it were His plan that He would send sunshine.

Since the opening of the new 7th Avenue Subway it was but a short walk to the station at 7th Ave. and 23rd St. where we took the train for Van Cortlandt Park. The teachers and friends of the Sunday School guided the little tots from station platforms to cars without accident or mishap going or coming.

Upon reaching our destination in the "Apple Orchard" the sun was shining and all prepared for a day "in the open." Immediately after lunch Mr. Bater started the athletic events. They were rapidly run off and interestingly arranged—consisting of running races and potato races for all ages, the winner of each event receiving a prize. Some of the Mission friends who could not spend the full day in the country joined the "happy family" in the afternoon and thoroughly entered into the spirit of joy and happiness.

As to the weather; it was an ideal day; sunshine, fresh and invigorating breezes, and we believed that God had answered our prayers and that we were all refreshed by the outing.

Men's Bible Class

I wonder if our Mission people realize what a far-reaching influence the "Men's Bible Class" has reached. After the meeting on Sunday morning, the men scatter to all points of the compass. Our class leader Mr. Alwyn Ball, Jr., can always be relied on wherever he is, to be preaching the straight unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ. We thank God at every remembrance of him. His simple unfolding of the "Book" of books can be understood and grasped, by the crudest amongst us. Surely our Father has been gracious to us in sending him to us. Out of his more than busy life he comes to us three and four times a week. Sunday mornings we are studying "Hebrews," Monday nights the book of "Genesis" away back to the beginning of things, Wednesday nights "Ephesians" and it is simply great, how they dovetail and fit in with each other. It has become noticeable how the men are using the "Sword of the Spirit" in dealing with the unconverted. God bless Bro. Ball, and spare him till "Jesus Comes."

Bros. Thompson, Montcastle and Wood are always somewhere, in "Mission," Church, or Open Air, wherever opportunity offers telling out the story of Redeeming Love, always after the poor fellow who has no hope. God bless our brothers.

Bros. Phyfe and Brokaw, are in the Business Men's League evenings and Sundays, at the Hospital, out of town to far distant points, in church or Salvation Army. Anywhere with Jesus they can safely go, proclaiming the power of the "Blood." They know the day, hour, minute, when God saved them, no uncertainty with them. It is everlasting, eternal life they proclaim. God bless them.

Ever faithful and true Bro. Cummings is always on the "job," ready to lead the singing, testify, pray, exhort, a most consecrated, devout, personal worker, every Sunday at the hospital. God is giving our dear brother many souls for his hire.

Bro. Davies is always telling the sweet story of old giving out our Mission cards, tracts, gospels, and trying in every way to show forth the praises of Him who has redeemed him. God keep our dear brother.

Bro. "Sam" Curtis, God bless him, can be found at Broad Street and Exchange Place, every day, on his portable platform, booming out with a strident voice, the Grand old Gospel to the "Bulls and Bears" of Wall Street and vicinity. He reports some remarkable conversions of both "Jew and Gentile." Surely our Father is blessing our brother's labours in the "Vineyard."

Bro. Lissner, the Treasurer and Secretary of the "Bible Class" since its inception, has for seventeen years visited Bellevue Hospital, going from Ward to Ward to speak of Jesus and His love, bringing comfort and consolation to untold numbers. Poor lost drug-crazed men in the "Narcotic Ward," have been brought to Jesus. Our fellow worker in his quiet unassuming way is bearing testimony daily of the Power of Jesus.

Bro. Smith, connected with the "Police Dept.," yet withall a disciple of Jesus, every day in connection with his duties, finds time and opportunity to say a "Guid" word for Jesus, and from time to time reports what a wonderful Saviour we have, in the saving of some lost misguided sinner, who has come into the toils of the law. He never shirks his duty to enforce the law, but he does it with the love of Jesus in his heart. He tries to show the utter fallacy of sin and presents to them the only one who can save and help them. Would there were more like him in the "Police Dept."

Mr. Sadlier's new way of spelling JOY is worth passing on:

J stands for Jesus; Y stands for you, and the O stands for nothing. 'Nothing between you and Jesus will bring real JOY.

Mission Items

We were delighted to have our old "Pal" and comrade Capt. W. N. Noble, with us recently. Our dear brother has been located at Bridgeport, Conn., for some time, where he was in the interest of Uncle Sam. He has made a change in his position, and we expect to see more of our dear brother at the "mission" which he has learned to love so ardently. It has cost our dear brother more than the most of us realize to follow Jesus all the way, in fact it cost his all, but thank God he was willing to pay the price, and our Master has more than made good to our brother. We are convinced by his straight earnest testimony that it is worth while. Our dear brother's hatred for all pretence and sham is, to say the least, refreshing. Would there were more like him. God bless "Cap." Noble, and may he be used for the Glory of Jesus and the Salvation of sinners is surely the earnest prayer of his loyal friends at the dear old "Mission."

Our hearts have been stirred lately by a bright young man from India who by his wonderful testimony to the saving power of Jesus Christ, has caused some of us, who had so many more opportunities than he, to think deeply. Wonderfully converted in India, he was thrust out by his parents because he would not give up Jesus. Nobody in his native village would associate with him, and so for three days and nights he had to make his way through a tiger and snake infested jungle hungry and thirsty, footsore and weary, and yet he says, with no uncertain voice Jesus was enough. He is a member of our "Bible Class" and his intense thirst for the "Word of God" is marvelous. His whole aim and desire is to obtain a knowledge of the written inspired Word of God, that he may be enabled to lead Mother and Father and his dying countrymen to a knowledge of Jesus as the Saviour of men. We were gladdened and thrilled one day down on Broad St. to hear this dear brother, proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ to a vast crowd of "Curb Brokers." As I listened I thought, is it not wonderful? Here was a young man a so-called heathen from India preaching the grand old "Gospel" to so-called "Christian Americans." Surely our Saviour is real.

At a recent meeting Mr. Ball brought an added proof that God's word will never return void but will accomplish that whereunto it is sent. During the recent drive to raise money to pay off the mortgage on the Mission which thank God has been successful, a number of letters were sent out bearing this inscription from God's own "inspired word." "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." 2 Cor. 8:12.

In the course of time, one of these letters reached Columbus, Ohio, and came into the hands of a friend of Mr. Ball's. Mr. Ball does not know by whom or how it reached his friend. But to his surprise he received a letter from this friend enclosing a check for twenty-five dollars ($25) towards the mortgage. In the letter this friend said it was due solely to the "text" as he read "what a man hath," and so knowing this money was in hand for God's work he took pleasure in sending it on. Surely God's promises are true. What have you that you are holding back from Jesus and His Work? Give up! Give in! Let Him have His way with you.

On a recent Sunday night Mr. Elwood of Newark, N. J., brought us the scripture lesson. He was accompanied by Mr. Sweet, an old friend of the Mission who sang the Gospel so sweetly (no pun intended) and effectively. Mr. Elwood told us the old old story which is always new, how from a poor lost drunkard, helpless, and hopeless, he found a friend in Jesus, and how

for a year he had been in France with our soldier boys as a "Y. M. C. A. Sec'y." helping them to see Jesus the light of the world, up in the front line trenches at Chateau Thierry and part of the "Argonne." He was wounded twice and "gassed." Wounded on the head, and shot through the back and abdomen by a bullet while bringing in one of our wounded boys, yet thank God his faith never wavered. Oh the protecting power of Jesus Christ. Our dear brother, along with Mr. Sweet, are a team who are accomplishing things for God. God surely blessed their efforts in our midst. May God reward and recompense their work for the "Master."

Our dear old Bro. Lehman celebrated his 9th anniversary Monday, June 30th, surely a trophy of God's redeeming Grace. One Sunday, nine years ago, a poor blind (physically as well as spiritually) man sat in Madison Square park, an infidel—no use for God or the Bible, past sixty years, going sorrowing to the grave, no joy or sunshine in his life, nothing to look forward to, when he was attracted by the sound of singing. He followed the sound of singing and groped his way to where a band of consecrated workers led by Jesus and Miss Wray were holding an open air meeting. He could not see them but he listened and the "Spirit" awoke him to his lost and undone condition. He made his way to the Mission in the evening, and came to him who never turns anyone away and found peace and joy in believing. God has restored his physical sight, and though poor in this world's goods our brother is happy in Jesus. To my mind there has never been a greater miracle than this our dear brother. God bless our brother and preserve him blameless till Jesus comes.

Recently a bright faced young man came into the meeting and sitting down at the back listened intently to the singing. When God's own word had been read, and testimony given by the converts and workers, he seemed much impressed. One of the brothers had testified that God had saved him from drug habits, and this young man sought him out, and engaged him in conversation. After a searching talk it was made plain the poor fellow was a slave to morphia, had been a patient in the Narcotic Ward of Bellevue Hospital on several occasions but could obtain no relief or help, and so was in despair. He remembered Bro. Cummings who so faithfully every Sunday goes to Bellevue. While on his way to a Movie Show to forget his troubles he heard our open air workers singing and one of the brothers gave him a cordial invitation to come to our indoor meeting. He did not surrender that night but on the next night at our Bible Study Class he came forward and found peace in believing, and the end is not yet. Bro. Ball is sending him to Chester Crest where he will have Christian surroundings in helping to build in the body of Christ. Surely our labour is not in vain.

God's Word is like the lamp of a lighthouse, darting its ray of comfort through leagues of darkness, and guiding millions of tempest-tossed spirits to the port of peace.

God Our Refuge

Hast thou within a care so deep,
    It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
    And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope, with which thy heart
    Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown
    Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
    Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast.
Spread before God that wish, that care,
    And change anxiety to prayer.

—Selected.

Intercessory Foreign Missionaries

By Rev. Alfred E. Street of the Island of Hainan, South China.

Jehovah wondered that there was no intercessor."—Is. 59:16.

2. *Because prayer based on God's word is the only weapon man can use to touch the invisible foe.*

We can reach a Chinaman by speaking face to face with him, but we can strike the spiritual Prince of China only by way of the place "above, where Christ is" ever living to make intercession. An inspection of Eph. 6 shows that the end of putting on the armour of God is to *pray* for all the saints, but especially for Paul, who represents his missionary successors.

This armour is not for selfish protection, but to enable us to "stand" and—like Moses, Aaron and Hur—by supplication give victory to those fighting Amalek. Jesus did not call upon the twelve legions of angels, but upon His disciples, and that they should watch with Him in prayer while He fought the invisible foe. In this He has shown the way for all who "fight the fight of faith." Even now it is by intercession that he continues the war.

3. *Because the missionary on the field cannot alone do His work.*

When the intercessors' hands fall Amalek prevails on the mission field today. The enemy is strong. Jesus refused to bow down to Satan, but the heathen bow and worship; therefore the blackness of darkness broods over those lands, a stifling choking power of death. There a Christian is like a diver at the bottom of the sea.

In Christian countries prayer is continually offered for the pastor and for every detail of the work of the church; special meetings are held to pray for a revival. In open-air meetings, while one is speaking others are praying. Exactly in the same way one or two missionaries alone among thousands or millions need other persons to pray definitely while they work or speak. Only the need is more urgent, as the bottom of the sea is more dangerous than the air, just as there are more deaths "on the firing line" than in the quiet of the home.

The body of Christ does not consist of each one of us individually, but of all together, and if a missionary is left without sufficient aid in prayer, he suffers, limps, stumbles. Some have even fallen away. He may succeed in fighting his way to the very presence of God and receive blessings unspeakable, but *meanwhile the heathen perish* and God tells us that their blood is to be required at the hands of those who did not do their part. (Ezk. 33: 1-16.)

(To be Continued)

South America

Children on the Urco Farm

We do so value the definite prayerful interest of our home friends in the children here, and I am sure the Lord will use your faithful ministry of intercession to the blessing of these young lives entrusted to us to train for the Lord. I hope that others may follow your example, and rejoice in the privilege of bearing up before the Lord another of the little orphans at Urco.

Zenon is now twelve years old.

When I told Zenon yesterday that there were some loving Christian friends in England who had sent money for his support and would be praying for him regularly and were eager to know all about him, he was most pleased and grateful, saying "Gracias, Senora," (Thank you, madam,) every few minutes.

And now I suppose I ought to tell you a little about the way Zenon spends his days. Twice a week he takes his turn in pasturing the sheep—Zenon with another boy—oh, but I forgot to say, first, that the rising bell is rung at 5.30 in the summer, and 6 o'clock in

the winter, breakfast being at 6.30 or 7 —and then immediately afterwards, if it is his turn, Zenon and another boy with bread in their pockets and ponchos on their shoulders go off down the hill behind the sheep to take them to the plain, or pampa as we call it here, to a place where there is some pasture. They remain with the sheep all day, having their meals sent down to them, and then in the dusk of the evening you can picture Zenon and his companion toiling up the hill, sometimes with a little lamb in his arms, which has only been born that day and is too weak to climb the hill; at other times he may have to rescue a sheep who has turned off from the path and become entangled in the thorny bushes. Often as I see the sheep coming home at night and a boy behind them toiling up the hill with a tiny lamb in his arms, the picture of the Good Shepherd caring for His sheep comes vividly to my mind, and I think how easy and natural it is for our boys to understand the story of the Shepherd's love as we read of it in the Gospel of St. John.

China

Kwangchow, Honan.

While the influenza carried off hundreds of the non-Christian people, the church, too, suffered the loss of a few members. We are especially thankful to God for so graciously sparing to us and to His cause our beloved elder, old Mr. Wen.

Although quite feeble at times and suffering from failing eyesight, he has very seldom missed the Christian Endeavor service held every evening throughout the year. While we thank God for his Christ like life and Christian character, may someone be led to join us in prayer that in his declining years he may be used as in the past in winning many souls to Christ.

Persecution still continues. In one place, a newly opened outstation, many women are afraid to attend, for they have been cursed and threatened by evil men as they wound their way to their little farmstead chapel.

When I visited the station, a group of seven or eight Christians were waylaid after an evening service and attacked by a band of men within a few hundred yards of the chapel as they were going home in the dark. Standing at the door, I heard the noise and was able to realize what it means for many of our Chinese brethren to confess Christ. Some returned to the chapel, while others scattered. After a season of prayer they again ventured out, but the others waited until morning. Please pray for Chinese Christians. Many of us have no idea what opposition and trials they have to bear when they cast away their idols to serve God.

South Africa

Three Bright Christians

Mt. Tabor, Zuzuland

We do praise God that the work He began in the hearts of the Christians by His Holy Spirit is still going on: the fire of love and desire for the salvation of others is still burning in their hearts.

Three of these young men that got most on fire for souls, have stayed on with us. Petro was working for me before the meetings. Israel wanted to learn to read and write, so I took him also on to work, as he needed some clothing. John made his home with us; for some time he had no pay, but soon he stood in need of one thing and another, so I had to take him on to work also.

Petro is the one with the most fire, there being a good deal in him, like the one he has taken the name from; he has no fear of man, but he has the fear of God in his heart.

John is more quiet, and resembles in some way, his namesake also.

Israel was a backslider brought back to the Lord during the meetings in August: he is a married man, but his poor wife will not come to the Lord. He is very earnest and on fire for the salvation of his people, having brought his youngest brother to the Lord.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

THE mid-summer season with so many hot unbearable days has no dread for our present charges living under the green trees where the cool breezes refresh and strengthen them from morning until night. Isn't it a blessed privilege to feel that God has given us this wonderful ministry to establish these children not only physically and mentally, but spiritually. Morning and night we have a blessed service and it is marvelous to see the growth day by day in the life of grace of these very "tiny tots." One evening we were telling them about God answering prayer in a very childish way of course, that He could often make sick people well and help mothers feed the little family He had given them when they asked Him. Next morning at service one very very small child ventured in a very timid way to tell us that when she went to bed the night previous she had prayed for her mother because her mother was very sick and so very poor and surely Jesus would help her. This precious spirit of prayer pervades the entire kindergarten circle and we can always thank God for this great opportunity of serving Him.

We were made so very happy one afternoon by an invitation to take a ride with all our children way out in the country. It was the most magnificent automobile imaginable. So roomy that the entire flock of fifteen were comfortably seated. Out we flew into the sunlight—so brimful of joy and excitement we could scarcely breathe. Over hill and dale—through miles and miles of valley groaning with vegetables—rows upon rows of potatoes, corn, peas, beets. Our host insisted on out getting out from time to time to wander in an apple orchard or pick flowers by a bubbling brook or take a peep at the chickens or get a good look at a great big cow quietly chewing her cud while she took a gentle look at the loving curious children who were too amazed at all these wonderful things even to speak. The children were so sweet and mannerly they were a delight to entertain. We just rode and rode until at last we were asked to alight and walk a bit. First we struck a field of daisies, where the children scrambled about like rabbits let loose for a holiday. Then we wandered into the most wonderful path you ever saw, narrow but flanked on both sides with beautiful trees and shrubs, but this was not the surprise awaiting us. Just ahead we heard the faint dripping of a waterfall. Just beyond was a most beautiful lake, quiet, placid—wild birds flying here and there—a bit of Heaven dropped on earth beneath. We all stood speechless, enthralled at such a sight. Surely the picture will never be effaced from their minds and on their way back to the automobile they seemed quiet as though God was speaking in some subtle way to their little hearts telling them that He was ever near them, a friend indeed to little children.

We have been wondering if the dear friends who so faithfully sewed the pretty frocks our children wear each day were realizing how earnestly we were praying for them and how very grateful we were to have been made so comfortable throughout the summer. Labor is almost impossible to obtain anywhere on Long Island and we just have to make the very best of conditions that exist for everyone. Householders round about here simply do everything themselves that it is possible to do and we follow suit. It was an extreme pleasure to see our dear faithful David in our midst one beautiful summer day coming as the guest of the Superintendent who personally entertained him. We all honor the faithful-

ness of David in his work at the Mission and we think nothing is too good for him. From time to time we have a wonderful doctor visit our children. She is a woman and bears the beautiful name of Doctor "Alice" and her interest in the children was very great and at every opportunity she would stop and take a peep at them. One "tiny tot" clung to her finger and was bound to climb into the automobile and be "adopted." The children are a real joy and delight to the neighbors who have nothing but pleasant things to say concerning them and the blessed work that is giving these children a chance to grow to be strong healthy women. Of course we do not plan to take many as they are so very young and need quite a bit of personal attention and have to be carefully supervised from waking time until they sleep.

The little ones never seem to get over the wonderful joy of being awakened by the birds—who do chatter in a most interesting fashion at the first break of dawn

Letters from the mothers come to us each day, letters that touch our hearts and fill our eyes with tears so full of gratitude are these tired mothers and so relieved to give the children the opportunity of spending these mid-summer weeks out of the hot congested city. We do aim to take the children out of the largest families thus relieving the mothers too—many who have a number of babies in their families—often three under eight.

The daily life out in this paradise for children is one of extreme simplicity —their diet prescribed by physicians— long hours of sleeping giving them the opportunity they need to grow physically. We know in many instances the home conditions do not permit these children often to get proper rest at night—here there is nothing to disturb —the quiet is truly life giving. It will be a wonderful thing this winter for these very needy "wee ones" to be able to face conditions that we believe without this opportunity would overwhelm them.

These children are our coming mothers. In them is invested all the strength—yes the wealth the backbone of the nation. So let us be faithful day by day to this privileged work. To give the personal surrender of ourselves day by day—nay hour by hour is but very little we feel, and we grudge nothing that brings the blessed Kingdom of the Lord nearer to this world—for after all that is our object to win souls for Him who in his death on Calvary made it possible for us to change a world of woe into a place of helpfulness and trust until such happy day that our troubles are over and we see Him face to face.

Mothers' Meeting

A dear old lady nearly eighty years of age was one of the first to praise God for answered prayer in our Mother's meeting, the other day.

She was troubled with asthma and for some time had not been able to lie down and sleep at night. The week before she requested us to pray for her adding, I am so tired and it is so hard to sleep sitting up. One of our sisters definitely took this request to God in prayer and He heard and answered, for our aged sister testified that she had been able to lie down, and had slept well.

One of our mothers with her family, a husband and two little boys, moved from the neighborhood up town to 138th Street, in the early spring, but the Mother's meetings mean so much to her, that every Wednesday finds her in her accustomed place.

It was just a year ago that her baby boy was taken to the hospital and for weeks he laid at the point of death. given up by doctors.

We remember our young mother coming to the meetings every week with tears streaming down her cheeks, imploring us to pray for her little one. We remember too that she had faith to believe that God was able and that he was going to heal him and He did.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

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Volume II

SEP 10 1919

Number 9

Mission Tidings

September 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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— By Rev. Horace Bushnell —

Every human soul has a complete and perfect plan for it in the heart of God—a divine biography marked out which it enters into life to live.

❖

The tallest saints of God will often be those who walk in deepest obscurity and are even despised or overlooked by man.

❖

No heart can be weak that is in the confidence of God.

❖

Man can have no higher distinction than a capacity for God.

❖

Just as it is the distinction of a crystal that it is transparent, so it is the grand distinction of humanity that it is made permeable by the Divine nature, prepared in that manner to receive and entemple the Infinite Spirit.

❖

Live as with God, and whatever be your calling, pray for the gift that will perfectly qualify you in it.

❖

A life separated from God is a life of bitter hunger or even of spiritual starvation.

❖

There is no temperament that would not be quieted and evened by the fullness of God.

❖

Christianity makes its appeal to faith, and upon that as a fundamental condition rests the promise of salvation.

❖

Faith is the act of trust by which one being, a sinner, commits himself to another being, a Saviour.

❖

When Christ comes into the heart, the old disturbance will be settled into loving order and a conscious and sweet peace will flow down like a divine river through the soul, watering all its dryness.

❖

Then, with Christ in the soul, moving in it as the grand impulse of life, duty is easy and natural.

When we have been born again or n turalized into the Kingdom of God, of course all things are new. The Bible becomes a new book because there is a light in the soul by which to read it.

❖

Christ, the true Shepherd, goes before His flock, bearing all the bitterest loads of sacrifice and facing all the fiercest terrors Himself, only calling them gently to come and follow.

❖

Knowledge puffeth up, charity buildeth up. One makes a balloon of us, the other a temple.

❖

Christ enters the world bringing joy—"Good tidings of great joy," cry the angels; and so He leaves it, bestowing His Gospel as a gift of joy.

❖

Christ is a revelation to us of God's eternal love coming down thus to utter in our ears the glorious call; "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

❖

There are different kinds of vice but only one kind of sin—the state of being without Christ, or out of allegiance to God.

❖

How intensely personal is Christ to us; we can go to Him most confidently in all our troubles and struggles addressing Him as the God of sacrifice.

❖

When we were without strength, Christ died for us; He came into the world groping in its darkness, as the brightness of the Father's glory, that the light of the knowledge of the glory of God might shine into our hearts.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1919 No. 9

A Personal Testimony

Howard M. Cozzens

This testimony is written in hope and trust that whoever reads, might find a way out of trouble and find joy and unspeakable happiness in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ the True Friend of all sinners.

It is hard indeed to confess to the world what your life has been, especially when your past has been as black as mine, but I realize how Jesus gave his life that we might live and through Him such as I can be saved and this testimony might open some poor sinners eyes and ears as well as heart, that there is hope for them to be washed clean and enjoy a righteous life, which can only be lived through the Holy Spirit.

From early boyhood, I have known what the taste of strong drink is and what it is to be under its power and if there had been more of a religious atmosphere in my home instead of a worldly atmosphere, my life perhaps would have been very different and the heartaches that I caused my parents many times few. My one desire was always gay company and strong drink, and with every opportunity for a good start in life to a position of respect and trust I let all go to satisfy my lust for worldly things, until I was looked down upon by very near all I came in contact with, even my own brothers and sisters refusing to tolerate me. I could write for hours and tell you some of the terrible sins I committed and you would marvel that I am alive to write this, but I will not go back over the past word for word I will only say that I at last awoke to the fact that so far my life had been an utter failure and there was no way out, until I fortunately went to board with a Christian family. After two months they convinced me that even though I had sinned there was a chance for me and informed me that Jesus would help me. I assure you that I was doubtful, but I said nothing ventured, nothing gained, so I took all my burdens and layed them at the feet of Jesus and at once I felt new and strange and all my desires for old things were blotted out and for six months I enjoyed life more than I had enjoyed it in all the years that I was able to be with the Gay Friends of the past. And then I fully realized that there was only one life to lead and one master to follow and that Master is Jesus—Jesus has never refused me anything—He has helped me in sorrow, sickness, trouble of all kinds and helped

me back to a position in life and keeps me in all things, and although I have fallen short many times, and have felt that all was lost and no way out, Jesus has come to my rescue and helped me to my feet, and the joy I share when I walk with him is more than I have ever witnessed in this world. My advice to anyone who does not know him, is to seek Him now and no matter what your trouble is. All you have to do is accept Jesus Christ and place yourself entirely in his hands and you will sing his praise and realize that He is the true light and the only Master. Just have faith and trust him, and he will entangle all your troubles. Even as I write I am reminded of many unpleasant affairs by the devil, but I am looking up and trusting my Saviour and His words are: "Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," "For every one that asketh receiveth and he that seeketh findeth and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." These promises of Jesus I have found to be true and if He will help such as I, He will surely help you. Again trusting that these few words might bring many to His Mercy Seat I beg to remain, humbly and faithfully in Jesus,

HOWARD M. COZZENS.

Seven Marks of Discipleship
Romans

1. To be very happy.—Rom. 4:7, 8.
2. To have peace with God.—Rom. 5:1.
3. To joy in God.—Rom. 5:2.
4. To be ashamed of the past.—Rom. 6:21.
5. To delight in God's Word.—Rom. 7:22.
6. To have an inward conflict.—Rom. 8:13.
7. To pray in the Spirit.—Rom. 8:15.

—JS. FS.

Where to Find Him

Tell me where you lost the company of Christ, and I will tell you the most likely place to find Him. Have you lost Christ in the closet by restraining prayer? Then it is there you must seek and find Him. Did you lose Christ by sin? You will find Him in no other way but by the giving up of the sins and seeking by the Holy Spirit to mortify the member in which the lust doth dwell. Did you lose Christ by neglecting the Scriptures? You must find Him in the Scriptures. It is a true proverb, "Look for a thing where you dropped it; it is there." So look for Christ where you lost Him, for He has not gone away. . . . With thine whole heart seek Him, and He will be found of thee: only give thyself thoroughly up to the search, and verily, thou shalt yet discover Him to thy joy and gladness. —C. H. SPURGEON.

He Careth For You

I have nothing to do with tomorrow,
My Saviour will make that His care;
Should He fill it with trouble and sorrow,
He'll help me to suffer and bear.
I have nothing to do with tomorrow,
Its burdens then why should I share?
Its grace and its faith I can't borrow,
Then why should I borrow its care?

Thanks and Grumbling

The head of the family at the morning meal asked the blessing as usual, thanking the Lord for the things so bountifully provided. Immediately afterwards, as was his bad habit, he began to grumble about hard times, the poor quality of the food he was forced to eat, the way it was cooked, and much more. His little daughter interrupted him: "Father, do you suppose God heard what you said a little while ago?" "Certainly"—with the confident air of an instructor. "And did He hear what you said about the bacon and the coffee?" "Of course"—not quite so confidently. "Then, father, which did God believe?"—Selected.

Self

The last enemy destroyed in the believer is self. It dies hard. It will make any concessions if allowed to live. Self will permit the believer to do anything, give anything, sacrifice anything, suffer anything, be anything, go anywhere, take any liberties, bear any crosses, afflict soul or body to any degree—anything, if it can only live. It will allow victory over pride, penuriousness and passion, if not destroyed itself. It will permit any number of rivals so long as it can be promised the first place. It will consent to live in a hovel, in a garret, in the slums, in far away heathendom if only its life can be spared. It will endure any garb, any fare, any menial service rather than die. But this concession must not be granted. Self is too great a foe to the child of God. It is everywhere present. It is the fly that spoils the ointment, the little fox that spoils the vine. It provokes God and man and its own possessor. It drives to insomnia, invalidism and insanity. It produces disorder and derangement in the whole physical, mental and spiritual constitution. It talks back, excuses and vindicates itself and never apologizes. It must die.

Dying to self is a poetic expression. It sounds romantic, heroic, chivalrous, supernatural saint-like. It is beautiful to read about, edifying to think about, easy to talk about, entertaining to theorize about, fascinating to write about, refreshing to dream about. But it is hard to do. There's the rub. But it must be done. There is no abiding peace, power or prosperity without it.

We must die to good deeds and to bad deeds, to successes and to failures, to superiority and to inferiority, to leading and to following, to exaltation and to humiliation, to our life work, to our friends, to our foes, to every manifestation of self and to self itself. Jesus said, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified."

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life (himself) shall find it. He that will come after Me, let him deny himself."

Christ could not be glorified till after death. *Nor can He be glorified in His people till self dies.* In close connection with this passage Jesus says, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Self lifted up repels. Lifted up with Christ on the cross it draws. Happy those who can say with Paul from a real experience, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

"Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,
None of self and all of Thee."

What is a "Call"

The following definition of a call is well worth the thoughtful consideration of every young man or woman about to enter upon their life's work:

Three things constitute a call,

1. A need.
2. A need known.
3. Ability to meet that need.

—*Record of Christian Work.*

Are You Thankful Now?

Two intimate friends were once lunching together, and after the host had said the usual grace, "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful," his friend asked him when he was expecting to have that prayer answered. "What do you mean?" was the reply. "Why," was the rejoinder, "to my certain knowledge you have been praying for the last twenty-five years to be made thankful: is it not about time that you were thankful?" This friend was trying to illustrate the difference between praying to be made thankful, and saying, "I am thankful." In the same way

in the Christian life there comes a time when we should cease asking and commence obtaining.—W. H. Griffith Thomas, in *The Christian Life and How to Live It.*

One of His Little Ones

"I wish some one from my church would come and bless me," was the cry of little six year old Adelade, as she saw the priest blessing the children at the St. Vincent Hospital.

This was told to the missionary one night, and of course the very first call next day was on this little member of our Sunday School, who had then spent 8 months in this hospital and gone through a number of operations, but she was cheerful, bright and very helpful—always saw something to do for the nurses and her fellow sufferers in the ward. Because of her beautiful spirit she seemed to be loved by one and all.

After a short visit and a prayer to the Lord to place His hand on her head and bless her, the visitor asked what she should bring the next time, candy? No, said Adelade, it gives me toothache. What then would you like most of all? Something to play with, was the timid answer.

On the way from the hospital a thought came to the visitor about asking the children of the S. S. if anyone of them had some toy, Teddy bear or doll that they loved very much, but would be willing to give to this girl and thereby learn the blessedness of giving.

Sunday came and the Superintendent was interested and his heart was touched, and he said, don't let me forget to have you make the request.

As the story was told and the request was made before the Sunday School—hearts were moved, and first one 50c. piece was thrown up towards the speaker who picked up the money saying she had not come to beg money; but it was no sooner said, than another 50c. came rolling up the aisle, again she picked up the coin, thanked them, and begged them not to give any more, saying she knew very well what she would do with the dollar. (For she had seen the girl shiver in her light dress.) A sweater was bought—joyfully received, needed, and very much appreciated. The Master's words to these generous brethren are "Whatsoever ye have done unto one of the least of mine ye have done it unto me."

A box of richly arrayed paper dolls with their splendid wardrobe was brought together with the above mentioned garment and you should have seen the joy it brought to all the girls in the ward, for our Adelade was not one that could keep all these to herself.

During the week the story about the little girl in the hospital had worked on the hearts of two little sisters who recently had come in to our S. S., each having a doll she loved very much.

The sacrifice was great—but love for the lonely sick girl prevailed. After many tears, caresses and parting kisses, the older girl brought her dolly to her Mother and said, She can have mine, and the younger one followed.

Saturday night the Mother came with her daughters bringing their "trophies" to the mission with the request that they might be permitted to go to the hospital, and for the last time carry their dollies.

The next day after S. S. we came to the hospital and saw in big letters a sign "No Children Admitted." A sister was interviewed and Adelade was given permission to come downstairs and we had such a lovely visit altogether in the hall.

She took the big doll and held her very close to her heart, and in her childlike faith in God realized that even her wishes had been answered, for her mother had been outside just an hour before showing her through the window a three weeks old sister, and she had begged the mother with tears in her eyes to let her come home and take care of baby.

This was in May and our dear little friend is still in the hospital.

E. L. O.

Mothers' Meeting

"Trusting makes the burdens lighter,
Trusting drives the care away,
With a prayer and faith the path is brighter,
Keep trusting all the day,
Trusting in the early morning,
Trusting as the moments fly,
And others, who see you,
Will trust Him, by and by."

Our new chorus is a favorite with our mothers. They love to sing it, and looking into their faces, we know, they are singing what they are daily proving to be true and that they are trusting Him, who has put a song in their hearts, when the burdens and cares, are pressing heavily all around.

For here is a worn mother, with an infant in her lap and another little one at her knee, with oh, such a tired look on her face. Altogether she has five children the oldest but eight, one little girl sick in the hospital, having been there some months. Her husband also is sick most of the time, and so not able to provide as he should, and life is so hard for her, but she knows Jesus and His word says, "Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you. I Peter 5:7.

And then there is a dear sister very recently bereaved, but finding Jesus her comforter because she trusteth in Him, hence the song. And right back of her a tall young mother, with two of the dearest babies, she is one of our new converts. And so we could go on and tell you about each one if time and space permitted—'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus.

Not long ago, during the testimony meeting, three different sisters praised God for his wonderful intervening power. Each one told of a miraculous escape from death, or a frightful injury, since they had last been present, and as they related their experiences, two speaking of themselves and the other of a dear one, we felt the truth of God's word—"For He shall give his angels charge over thee."

"I am so glad that it stopped raining so that I could come to the meeting this after-noon," said a tired mother to her teacher. "I miss them so much and my week seems so empty, if I don't get here, but if it rains I can't take the children out." This mother is a widow with five little children, the baby was but a few weeks old, when her husband died two years ago. She gave her heart to the Lord one day in the Mothers' meeting, and when we hear her testify and see by her face that Jesus is real to her, we wish that every mother in the world knew the Lord Jesus as their friend and Saviour.

H. M. B.

A Song For The Weary

By Mary C. Rolofson

One day when weak and weary,
Too tired to work or plan,
Too burdened to remember
God's promises to man;
A thought came bearing comfort
And tarried with me long,
"When I am weak and helpless
My God is just as strong."

He faints not in the conflict,
He tires not in the race,
He views my little struggles
With calm, unclouded face;
My strength makes Him no stronger,
My weakness makes no less
That strong right arm and mighty
That reaches out to bless.

O, I will rest my spirit,
Untroubled One, in Thee!
I will account my weakness
As naught that hinders me.
I will go on rejoicing,
And this shall be my song,
"My God who changes never
Is infinitely strong."

"'I count no time,' the Shepherd gently said
'As thou dost count and bind
The days in weeks, the weeks in months; my count
Is just—until I find.'"

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VOL. II SEPTEMBER, 1919 No. 9

The Open Air Meetings

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," Marks 16:15. This is what we have been doing every night out in the open, and surely God has been working by His Holy Spirit in the hearts of the people who stand night after night and listen.

One evening as I was watching the faces of the different people, I noticed a little Jewish woman, "One of His Own," standing in the circle and she was listening so earnestly to what was being said. After the meeting she offered to carry in a chair to the mission, which we had been using and came in to the mission and gave her heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, she said, "I love Jesus for I believe He is my saviour." She came to every meeting for quite a time, with her face radiant Then she disappeared and we could not find out just where she had gone, but God knew just where she was, so we prayed and God answered our prayers and one of the missionaries found her in a hospital. She had an operation and was suffering greatly, but was rejoicing in her Lord and Saviour and said, "Just as soon as I am able to walk I am coming to that Mission."

Another evening two young Syrian girls were listening to the testimonies and the singing and I asked them to come into the meeting and they came in and gave their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ. One of these young women gave this testimony, "I want to praise God for bringing me to New York to work and for bringing me to this mission where I found the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour; I cannot read or write but I can come here and learn to know Jesus. The other young woman said, "I too praise God for Jesus Christ for He saved me and I am going to trust Him.

Surely our hearts are made glad as we see results of His working in the hearts of men and women but we are not looking for results for His Word tells us, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of Our God shall stand forever. Isa. 40:8.

R. A. BROWNSWELL.

Unaffected By Time

The following are unaffected by time:

1. *God Himself.* Hebrews 1:12—"Thou are the same, and thy years shall not fail."

2. *God's Love.* Jeremiah 31:3—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

3. *God's Word.* 1 Peter 1:23—"The Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever."

4. *Salvation.* Isaiah 51:6—"My salvation shall be for ever."

5. *God's People.* 1 John 2:17—"He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

—R. Wright Hay,
in *The Bible Today.*

Witnessing For Christ

The writer has the inestimable privilege of going to various churches and camps in the vicinity of the city and surrounding territory and God has seen fit to bless his humble efforts. I have but one theme "Saved by Grace." My heart is saddened at times as I see the vast multitude who are careless and indifferent. I am still more perturbed when I see the people with a profession and cloak of religion. They have all the outward garb, going to church, hymn singing, Bible reading, and a host of other things yet their hearts are unclean.

While speaking in a church up town, a man came to the writer in a very angry frame of mind, after the meeting. He said he did not thank me or anybody else for telling him he must be born again. He said he thought he was all right and would rather be left alone. He did not want the Light when it came, but rejected it. I reminded him that the demons who possessed a poor man had cried to the Son of God, "Let us alone, torment us not." I reasoned with him and showed him how here in the dawn of the twentieth century, with light, with education, with respectability, with church-going and a sort of sentimental concern for all these things, yet on his poor, scared conscience, on his wasted life, yea even his church-going respectable life, were written in no uncertain way "Not Saved."

I reminded him Sin was old, but Jesus and His blood was older. I told him how much it cost to procure this Salvation for him. I reminded him of Gethsemane and Calvary. As I spoke there came such a look of sorrow into his face and the tears came to his eyes. we fell on our knees, and he poured out his tale of sorrow, and found the only source of comfort a poor lost sinner can find, the Lord Jesus Christ. He has been down to the Mission several times and testified to his new found joy Hallelujah! He said he had been an office-bearer in the Church, taught Sunday School but that was all the evidences he had of the new born life, but now he exclaimed "I am risen with Christ." He said he was not depending on his feelings but was closing his eyes to the devil, the world, and the flesh and saying my life is hid with Christ in God. Glory to Jesus. Let us stick to God's Word. It is "quick and powerful."

H. H.

The Everlasting Arms

By Rev. A. B. Simpson

Art thou sunk in depths of sorrow
Where no arm can reach so low?
There is One whose arms almighty,
Reach beyond thy deepest woe.
God th' Eternal is thy refuge,
Let it still thy wild alarms;
Underneath thy deepest sorrow,
Are the everlasting arms.

Other arms grow faint and weary,
These can never faint, nor fail,
Others reach our mounts of blessing
These our lowest loneliest vale.
O that all might know His Friendship!
O that all might see His charms!
O that all might have beneath them
Jesus' everlasting arms.

Underneath us, O how easy,
We have not to mount on high,
But to sink into His fulness,
And in trustful weakness lie.
And we find our humbling failures save
Us from the strength that harms.
We may fail but underneath us,
Are the everlasting arms.

Arms of Jesus! fold me closer,
To Thy strong and loving breast,
Till my spirit on Thy bosom
Finds its everlasting rest;
And when time's last sands are sinking,
Shield my heart from all alarms,
Softly whispering, "Underneath thee,
Are the everlasting arms."

CHORUS

Underneath thee, underneath thee,
Are the everlasting arms,
Everlasting, Everlasting,
Are the everlasting arms.

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Mission Items

In the absence of our Beloved Supt. Miss Wray, whom we miss so much on Saturday nights, "The Home Rally," Mr. Rand our "Russian" brotner has been giving us a course of Bible readings which have proved of much blessing to us, "The Grace of God," was a fruitful topic.

1 Peter 5:10, "God of all Grace;" Psalm 84, "The Lord will give Grace and glory;" John I, Christ a manifestation of Gods glory, Full of Grace and truth, Christ a "Rock" that is never slippery. Of His grace have we all received. Sin hardens, Grace melts; Redemption Blood forgives; Riches of His Grace; urged to be strong in the Grace which is in Christ Jesus; established by Grace; 2 Peter 3:18, Grow in Grace; touched by Grace we come boldly to the throne of Grace, God of Grace, Mercy and Love."

On another Saturday night he urged the due necessity of prayer, morning, noon and night, Spirit of God helps us to pray. We must put ourselves at Gods disposal for prayer; the unshakeable promise In Jesus Name; Believe the Word of God, He will do it, He urged us to begin the prayer life. God bless our dear Brother in his ministry, God used him to bless us.

Our dear brother Alwyn Ball, Jr. opened our eyes on a recent Monday night. We were studying the Book of Genesis and in the 27th Chap., he showed us how Jacob and his mother conspired to bring about by deceit, what God had already promised. Result of that conspiracy Jacob twenty years a fugitive, Ah, yes, God keeps His word. In the scene between Jacob and his father Isaac, Mr. Ball showed it was nature deceiving nature. Jacob and his mother did not obtain the blessing by their actions. God had already pledged it. Just so we can do nothing for our Salvation. God has promised it to us if we just accept, Christians have trouble surely, Job had, Paul had, Jesus had, but God was enough. God spare Bro. Ball. He has surely helped us. Our dear brother made each member of the Mission family a gift of a beautiful book by our friend in Jesus, C. I. Scofield, D. D. entitled, What do the prophets say? The book is dedicated to our dear Bro. Ball, and we are trusting it will enable us to understand our Bibles better. We thank God at every rememberance of brother Ball.

Miss Scott brought us a chorus recently that helped us very much, and so we pass it along.

"Don't give up, don't give up,
Christ the Lord is still your friend,
Come to him in time of trouble,
He will keep you to the end."

God bless the Misses Scott who so faithfully came to play the Piano and sing. They have helped us wonderfully all through the trying hot days. God reward and recompense their work done in His name and for His sake.

We were struck by a testimony of a brother who said until he came to the 8th Ave., Mission, he had not grown. He believed he had been saved a long time ago, but he had not grown. He said he had been trading on the experience of years ago. He had passed through a Spiritual revival and had lived on that. Ah, yes, I thought that is so true the only power that can save and keep us is a present experience of the reality of God. This dear brother said one night somebody spoke from 2 Peter 3:18, "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and from that moment he began to grow in Jesus. He thanked God for the 8th Ave., Mission.

Mr. Sleeth has been bringing some very simple, practical, everyday messages of salvation on Sunday nights. On a recent Sunday night six souls knelt at the penitent form and found peace in believing. Mr. Sleeth showed

how real Satan is, but praise God he also showed how real Jesus is, and showed conclusively that our Saviour is Lord over devils, disease, and death, Praise Him.

One Tuesday night two dear men came to Jesus, one a poor chap who had been sorely buffeted by sin and Satan, one the son of a minister in Philadelphia. He had left home eleven years ago. He was prosperous, and looked well, but Christ had been knocking at the door of his heart, and so passing the Mission he peeped in and seeing there was not a big crowd present he ventured in as he expressed it, because there was not any danger of anyone recognizing him in the small crowd present, but thank God, Jesus was waiting for him, and he we believe surrendered to Jesus. He promised to write home to his dear ones. "Our God is able."

Our Bible Class teacher Bro. Ball and the Mens Bible Class under, we believe, the guidance of the HolySpirit, have been constrained to send our dear Indian brother in the Lord, "Barnabas Ramneivaz" to the "Moody Bible School," in Chicago, that he may be fully equipped for the Master's service, so that he may return to the Land of his birth, "India" and proclaim the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ, to his parents and fellow countrymen, who are steeped in heathen darkness. Our brother is a faithful consistent witness for Jesus. The Bible Class is also undertaking the support of a "Native Worker," in India, "Our God is able," our dear brothers Harold Bater, and Harold Wentworth, are going to the Moody School so that there will be three there from the Bible Class. God bless, anoint, and equip our three dear brothers for the glorious service of our Lord Jesus Christ. Our dear bro. Rev. King may be seen every day telling the old old story at 37th & B'way. God is using our brother among the Jewish brethern. Surely God is giving fruit to the Bible Class.

On a recent Sunday our dear Bro. Phyfe, together with Bro Sweet the sweet singer of the Gospel, and another brother from the Bible Class were privileged to hold a Gospel service in the Salvation Army hotel, "The Argonne" in west 47th Street. It was the first religious service held there, it did not seem very promising at the beginning, as those present did not seem to care for anything in the line of the Gospel. But praise God, it is not by might nor by power but by My Spirit saith the Lord, "Strong in the Lord and the power of His might." Bro. Phyfe, and "Emry" Copeland prayed and Bro. Sweet brought a message in song, and the brother from the Bible Class, in a simple straight forward testimony of the power of Jesus Christ to save to the uttermost, made a deep impression. Two hands went up for prayer, and six Hebrew young men came to inquire more fully as to Jesus who and what He was and is. Bros. Phyfe, Sweet and Copeland testified to the saving Grace of Jesus Christ. We believe a work was done for Eternity. Every Sunday since, the Bible Class has a service there. Pray for God's blessing on this work as a type of men are reached who never by any chance go to Gospel services of any kind.

A dear brother of the Bible Class, made a confession the other night which helped us, he had for a long time come in a semi-critical spirit, fault finding, until he heard in the course of one of our studies Luke 19: 8., "If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore him fourfold," and the message struck him forcibly. The "mote' was taken from his eye. He saw clearly the trouble was in his own heart and he laid it all on the "Altar" God gave him the "Victory." Among other good things which he said in testifying was that self denial is comparatively easy, denial of self is very very hard, Ah, yes, though obedience be better than sacrifice yet sometimes for a man to sacrifice himself is the best obedience. H. H.

Intercessory Foreign Missionaries

By Rev. Alfred E. Street of the Island of Hainan, South China.

Jehovah wondered that there was no intercessor."—Is. 59:16.

III. What Can Be Done By Intercessory Missionaries.

1. A host of intercessors can be speedily enlisted for this war.

2. Enough missionaries and money can be found to really accomplish our task.

3. *Suitable* men can be sent as missionaries, and the unsuitable can be prevented from making the mistake of going. Such mistakes have in the past cost many lives and thousands of dollars. They can be prevented by the Lord of the harvest only when He is asked to do so. Even Christ Himself prayed all night before He chose the first twelve missionaries. (It is a significant fact that there is no distinct command for *man* to send forth missionaries. That work was done by Christ Himself and then by His Spirit when He chose Paul and Barnabas. When they tried to choose fellow-workers they quarreled over the choice. The command is to *pray.*)

4. Many urgent questions of general missionary policy can be solved only through much prayer.

5. Individual heathen can be prayed for by name and thus saved.

6. An adequate native ministry can be raised up and maintained.

7. Revivals can be brought about continually on the foreign fields.

8. Fresh fillings of the Holy Spirit can be given to over-burdened missionaries.

9. The health and strength of missionaries can be maintained under the severe strain of their physical and social surroundings.

10. Lonely missionaries—those without many friends—can be cheered and helped until their usefulness is multiplied many times.

Experience has repeatedly shown that the believing prayer of one humble intercessor at home can bring about a revival on the foreign field and save thousands. The experience of one missionary was that as far as man can see results he was able to do more for the heathen toiling as an intercessor in America than while he was among the heathen *without intercessors pleading for* him.

IV. How to Do the Work of an Intercessory Missionary.

1. Decide deliberately that *this* intercession is to be a regular binding duty.

2. Select fixed days, hours, times, and make them take precedence, as far as possible, of all other engagements.

3. Begin humbly, letting experience enlarge and guide.

4. Wait on the Lord of the harvest for directions as to what part of the field you belong.

5. Learn the names of all missionaries of all connections in your field and pray for them by name.

6. Do not pity the missionary or condole with him, give him your symphathetic *help.*

7. Write to the missionaries you are praying for, asking pointedly what their difficulties and needs are. Tell them you do *not* want something bright and newsy, but something dark and discouraging, and that when they are worn out you want them to drop you a postal telling you *that,* so you can pray them strong again.

8. Pray for every need or condition that you can learn about. This article is only suggestive.

9. Form the habit of letting God impress upon you the things for which to pray. He will do it.

10. Not many words are needed, but much time must be spent in "waiting" upon Him, the very silence calling for

His will to be done. Silence enables one to draw very near to God. "We know not how to pray as we ought," and must *let* 'the Spirit Himself make intercession."

11. Study and practice the art of praying until you are expert in it. The Bible furnishes its laws and examples, which can be worked out by patient practice only, just like any other art.

(To be continued)

In the 'Week of Evangelism'

Mr. Dickie, writing from Kinhwafu, Chekiang, on March 3rd, says: "On Tuesday morning eleven men came to begin the week of evangelism. They went out in different directions to give tracts, booklets, and a handbill inviting all to come to the evening service. Mr. Hanson (of the American Baptist Mission) and I went together to the yamen and law courts to give away New Testaments I had bought for some of the officials, and to give other books and tracts to the assistants. I also visited in the homes of a few well-to-do families. I left literature at the police station and the barracks, where the soldiers and their officers gave me quite a welcome. This we kept up practically each day. We had an average attendance of at least two hundred at the evening services, which were continued for eight days. The lantern festival was on in the city at the time, which drew the usual crowds of country people, who composed about one-half of our evening audiences. Our young men stood by us, and we had a most encouraging time. The brother of our Chief Justice spoke a word one evening, but very few understood him. He declared that he truly believed the Gospel. Another young man who is employed as a teacher, spoke a few words and openly declared his faith in Jesus Christ."

The Missionary Helpers' Union meets in the Mission Hall for Intercessory Prayer for Foreign Missions every Saturday Evening from 7 to 7:30 P. M.

Extract From a Letter Written by Miss Grace H. Bond—Africa

Zangaloti is an old Lulwe friend, well known to Mr. and Mrs. Faithfull; he was a leper and not able to move out of his village because his feet were so badly eaten away with the disease. His latter years he spent here at Chididi with his large family of children, two of whom are in the Enquirers' Class—a boy and a girl. Zangaloti has heard the Gospel preached many times in both his homes, and I suppose almost all our missionaries who have been in Nyasaland have visited him in turn, so that he has heard the Word from many witnesses, and all will be encouraged, as we were, when they hear that in his last moments that Word was his consolation, for he died a week or two ago. It was encouraging, too, that one of his own children was able to help him at the last.

Many of you are praying for Rufina, and we would ask you not to give in until victory has been gained, and she is set free from the man who forced her to be his fifth wife.

God is able, and He will, I believe, set her free when our faith and hers have been more perfected by this test.

Some of you are praying for another girl in similar circumstances, Mbemba by name, whose father will not hear of her giving up the engagement with a heathen boy to whom she was engaged before she was converted; please strengthen your prayer efforts for her, as this year is the one in which she is likely to be married to him, so it is a case of now or never for her deliverance.

Mr. Wilder's statement of what a missionary did and did not do: Missionaries do not convert the Heathen; that is the work of the Holy Spirit. We bring the Gospel, we know the language, the Holy Spirit contrives, convicts and converts the Heathen and then our work begins. "Teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you."

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

"What do I owe
To Christ my Lord and king?
That all my life
Be one sweet offering.
That all my life to noblest heights aspire
That all I do be touched
With holy fire.

During the closing days of our summer work we who were privileged to serve the little ones and minister to their needs were impressed with the reality of God's presence among us. We simply seemed to feel it a great privilege that our lives should be one sweet offering in this blessed service.

The children coming to us in the midsummer days of August were surely very much in need of fresh air, the good food, the beautiful sleeping room with four large sunny windows and the long hours of restful play out under the shady trees, sitting in the big friendly swings or having a happy time playing in their own way always carefully supervised.

One very delicate little girl she was barely five. A visitor from the charities wrote and asked us if we would receive her as she was in a dreadful way from lack of proper nourishment and they were giving the mother a chance to redeem herself. Of course we agreed. When she arrived she was barely able to stand on her feet, so weak was she. However after we took her she improved hour by hour and we were truly grateful to see the pink creep into her cheeks and the light of joy beam in her eyes. One day when we were eating a belated dinner we invited the child to join us thinking she would enjoy a bit of "grown up" food. As we sat at our simple meal we tempted her with the most appetizing morsels (she had already had her dinner). After a bit we asked her if she could eat any more. "Yes," she answered shyly, "I could eat more but I don't want any more." This was truly a most paradoxical answer which we tried in vain to make clear to ourselves. Finally we gave it up and asked the little one for an explanation. "Well," she said looking up into out faces with a very tender expression, "I could eat more, but I don't want to eat up all your dinner after I had mine, and you look hungry, too." With tears in our eyes and a prayer in our hearts we turned to God to thank and praise Him for His great love to the children of the poor and that He is no respecter of persons. Who would not be proud to have the opportunity of giving these handicapped children a chance with such possibilities in their character as this tiny tot showed. We shall not soon forget this incident and it gives us courage to keep up the good work.

During the month of July we had ten consecutive days of rain and it became our pleasant task to make life a delight to our charges. It simply poured and poured and kept on pouring until we wondered if all the water on the face of the earth was coming down. But didn't we all have a happy time from the superintendent to our two year old baby. We played games in our splendid Kindergarten room, we sang our merriest songs and ditties, then when we grew tired we had a great time with the big basket of building blocks, we had a lot of fascinating modeling clay with which we made all sorts of impossible things but we were just happy all day long running out every once in a while to get a breath of air on the sheltered porch and never hearing a discordant sound or a grumble. It was just God's blessing on this hallowed spot. When the rain did stop how we all scampered for the swings waiting for us out on the lawn. How fresh and sweet the grass looked and the wonderful trees seemed to have grown by inches. Yes, we can praise God in

the storm as well as in the sunshine.

To hear our little ones sing is a rare treat. How they learn so quickly these beautiful songs written by those who know and love children is a wonder to all. Of course we put but little emphasis on teaching by routine such young children. They are never drilled or permitted to even repeat the words over twice as we know the serious damage that can be done to the mind and body by the old-fashioned method of child drilling. We first hum the tune to them with the piano accompaniment, then we slowly repeat the words as though to ourselves, losing sight of the fact that they are absorbing them, that is apparently unconscious of this fact, when lo and behold, they burst into song before we know it and how they do sing from the very heart as the birds sing at day break.

The children do love the morning and evening service. In a very remarkable way they draw close to God praying most earnestly as they close their eyes and fold their hands, following our every word from the bible with great interest. They understand perfectly it is the word of God. Each morning we have service directly after breakfast, but Sunday for a change we have it at eleven. One particular Sunday, owing to the stress of many duties, we forgot it much to our distress. The following Sunday one very little girl came to us and said very confidentially as though to an intimate associate, "Please don't forget the service today you know you did last Sunday." We felt condemned a wee bit but praised God to think this sweet hour of prayer had taken such a hold on these precious baby hearts.

We owe a deep debt of thanks to our dear and efficient young friend Sadie as we all lovingly call her who in a time of greatest need stood with us supplementing in every department with a ready cheerfulness. Sadie is "always ready" never flinching at any task. We thank God upon every remembrance of Sadie, our pleasant little "Yorkshire Lassie," for she hails from "Merrie old England" and glories in it.

Many happy hours were spent in the summer over the children's mending basket. Thrift was the watch word of the work as garments had reached prohibitive prices and we felt we had to carefully husband our resources to buy bread and milk which had also reached the climax of high prices, so the clothing had to be patched, darned and mended to last through this season anyway.

However we did have the luxury of a lot of very effective pink and blue sweaters donated by a thoughful friend and the children truly did look most attractive cool mornings tucked warmly in their little coats.

Friends on all sides have been most kind and appreciative but best of all are the loving words of gratitude that come to us from time to time from parents who are relieved and helped by having their children of this dangerous age safeguarded from the congested streets of the great city.

Our dear Superintendent was with us from time to time enjoying the quiet and peace of this lovely spot until such time as she was called away with Christian friends or at Conferences in some secluded spot gaining strength to return again to her privileged work in "Chelsea Village" and as she truly says so often in the Eighth Avenue Mission, "the dearest spot on earth to her."

All these closing days of summer our hearts are following our dear leader with tender love and prayers that God will send His agels to guard her and bring her back safely to us all in the dear Mission Hall.

Perchance at the appearing of this September number as evening approaches she is making ready to come downstairs to take her place on the platform. We can almost hear her say, "Now friends lift up your head, throw back your shoulders and all get ready for a hearty song service as unto the Lord."

While, of course, in the summer work there were many problems we committed all unto the Lord.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

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OCT 9 1919

Volume 11 Number 10

Mission Tidings

October 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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By Ian MacLaren

Among the natural rights of a Christian is his appeal to Jesus as the one Judge of truth.

* * *

What saith the Master, is the only vital question, for Jesus could hardly have been silent on any point of importance.

* * *

The religion of a Christian is first of all that portion of the Bible which is its soul—the very words of Jesus.

* * *

He placed us in possession of the mine, leaving the ages to mint its contents and make the gold current coin.

* * *

Christ did not ground His Christianity in thinking, or in doing; but first of all, in being.

* * *

Doctrines of Christian men are not lasting but every word of Jesus is eternal.

* * *

Jesus' great discourse moves not in the sphere of duty but in the atmosphere of love. "It hath ben said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor; I say unto you, Love your enemies."

* * *

Jesus wants His disciples not to do as much as, but more than others.

* * *

The legal measure is morality and the overflow is Christianity.

* * *

Jesus is a revelation to the soul. He descended on a wornout, hopeless world like dew upon the dry grass.

* * *

If he had never said one word, yet had He done more than all writers on sin for His life was its everlasting exposure.

As the undriven snow puts to shame the whitest garment, so was Jesus a new standard of holiness.

* * *

With Jesus, from first to last, sin is selfishness.

* * *

He leads in the path of every sacrifice; He is crucified in every act of sin; He is glorified in every act of holiness.

* * *

There is no salvation of the soul nor hope of everlasting life but in the Cross.

* * *

Jesus used the human life as the shadow of the divine. Common sense in man was Grace in God.

* * *

The mind of Jesus was fixed on Faith. He asked many things of men but the first and last duty was to believe.

* * *

He regarded Faith as one of the senses of the soul.

* * *

Jesus Himself was the one convincing and permanent miracle, the avenue into the unseen.

* * *

He sent through the hearts of His disciples the electric flash of His love and they became one.

* * *

Jesus availed Himself of a wealth of tender recollections and placed Heaven in the heart of humanity when he said "My Father's House."

* * *

Sin is the preference of self to God, and the assertion of the human will against the will of God.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1919 No. 10

A Personal Testimony

Barnabas Ramnaway

LET me first introduce myself to you. I am Barnabas Ramnaway, a Hindu of cast Brahman of Hindustan. From my earliest childhood I was taught by my parents to worship the various gods of my native land which are formed of earthly substance. Some of their names are Krishna, who had sixteen hundred wives; Ganddesh, the god of pain who is supposed to cure pain and sickness; Ramah, the god of war, and thousands of others.

But one beautiful evening about sunset in the town of Rangoon, some native christians were preaching what I thought a strange doctrine. I was on my way home from school so I stopped to listen to the preacher. I heard for the first time John. 3:16 For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. This surprised me. I began to think about the matter on the spot. I continued to listen, and then being thoroughly convinced that what the preacher said, was true; I believed and accepted the message and Jesus Christ, the Light of the world flooded my darkened and heathen bosom with marvelous heavenly light. I spoke to the preacher about accepting the Christ he preached; whereupon he read Isaiah. 53:5. He was wounded for our transgression. He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. When I heard this the Spirit of God shook my entire body and I became to know Jesus Christ not only as Saviour but as a Comforter.

Then I took my way home. When I arrived I asked my father if he had heard about the Messiah. He asked me, "who is He?" I replied, "He is the Saviour of the world who was crucified for the Sins of the world" "I heard all about it tonight and I believed and I know Him." But my father tried to convince me that it was all foolishness; he pointed to his gods. But I could not believe in his material gods now; for I had found the God of gods, the Lord of lords, the Prince of peace, the Saviour of the world.

My father hearing this, told me to leave home; that he did not wish to see me any longer. My mother, treated me the same way. So being deprived

of the roof of my home I turned to the dark deadly jungles of India. But before I had gone very far a friend met me and hearing my story tried to reconcile father and me, but father would not listen so I had to go on my journey. I travelled through the jungles, the home of lions, tigers, snakes and elephants, I could hear the wild beasts roar. But while I slept and walked I saw none. Why? Because Jesus Christ the maker of all beasts took care of me. This convinced me of His great power and love.

Now you find me in England working in a shipyard where I remained about one year and a half. All this time I was praying to my heavenly Father for guidance. One day the still voice spoke to me saying, take a ship for America." So I got aboard a ship which took me astray to the Mediterranean Sea. After a long voyage I returned to England, where I remained four weeks after which I found myself aboard an other vessel not knowing where bound. When out of Liverpool harbor I asked, the cook "where we were going." He said, "we are going to America." This caused me to glorify Jesus Christ for I realized I was on my way to a land where I could study and learn more about the Christ I had found.

After a safe voyage I found myself in New York. One day while walking down Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, I looked up and read "Atlantic Ave. Mission, All welcome. So I entered and sat down. After the meeting I had a talk with Mr. Woodworth the Superintendent of the mission and he had all the Saints to pray for me. From this on the Lord has wonderfully provided. I came to know other Saints who have been a blessing in my life. I secured a position but God did not want me to work, but preach and tell what Jesus had done for me. I obeyed and He, through his servants supplied all my needs.

The way has now opened for me to go to school. The Lord providing all through His saints connected with the Eight Ave. Mission, for which I am very grateful. I hope this testimony reaches and causes many souls to find Jesus Christ who saved me.

BARNABAS RAMNAWAY

The Bible

Twenty-two year ago, with the Holy Spirit as my guide, I entered the wonderful temple of Christianity. I entered at the portico of Genesis, walked down through the Old Testament art galleries, where the pictures of Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joseph, Isaac, Jacob, and Daniel hang on the wall.

I passed into the music room of Psalms, where the Spirit swept the keyboard of Nature, until it seemed that every reed and pipe in God's great organ responded to the tuneful harp of David, the sweet singer of Israel. I entered the chamber of Ecclesiastes, where the voice of the preacher was heard, and into the conservatory of Sharon, and the lily of the valley's sweet-scented spices filled and perfumed my life. I entered the business office of Proverbs, and then into the observatory of the Prophets, where I saw telescopes of various sizes, pointed to far-off events, but all concentrated upon the bright and Morning Star, which was to rise above the moon-lit hills of Judæa for our salvation.

I entered the audience-room of the King of kings, and caught a vision of His glory, from the standpoint of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; passed into the Acts of the Apostles, where the Holy Spirit was doing His work in the formation of the infant Church. Then into the correspondence-room, where sat Paul, Peter, James, and John, penning their Epistles. I stepped into the throne-room of Revelation, where towered the glittering peaks, and I got a vision of the King sitting upon the throne in all His glory.

Sunday School

The attendance during the summer has been very small but now that the children are coming back from the country, where many of them have been privileged to spend a few weeks, and with the teachers returning from their vacation we are expecting all our scholars back, with many new ones.

We feel that the Sunday School is a most important part of the work of the Mission. In the testimonies given in the meetings at the Mission services we hear many men and women who are praising God for what He has done for them, telling us they were converted in our Sunday School. We need teachers; men and women who know how to teach children the things of God because they have been taught themselves by the Holy Spirit. The Supt. will be glad to hear from any one upon whose heart God has laid this special need.

For several years the children of the Sunday School through the collections have been aiding in the support of Irene, an orphan child of missionaries in India. Each year $25.00 is sent through the India Christian Mission to help support and educate this child? Many interesting letters have been received from Mr. A. S. Paynter from India thanking the children of the sunday school for their interest and support of Irene. In a recent letter Mr. Paynter says—"Your little girl is getting on nicely, in fact better than ever and we believe she is going to become a valuable worker for the Master in this dark land". A recent topic of the sunday school lesson was "Christian Missions" on that day a very touching letter from Mr. Paynter was read to the entire school. Conditions surrounding Irene were terrible, suffering everywhere, hunger and sickness causing deep distress among the natives. But out of all this terrible condition many were being reached by the gospel and making open confession of their faith in Jesus Christ as their Saviour. It is a great privilege to teach the little tots of the sunday school to be interested, not only in Home Missions but in Foreign Missions as well. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" Mark 16. 15.

At the close of the sunday school session all stood in silent prayer that God would bless, guard and help Irene, and raise her up to be a great teacher in India.—F. Heston.

Labour

Not until Christians believe in their heart that labour is a precious gem will an intolerable industrial situation be ended. One who has rediscovered the secret of bringing the spirit of Nazareth into the twentieth-century factory, wrote out his creed of labour and pinned it on the machine-room wall:

The Beauty of Life is to be Found,
Not in Luxury, but in Simplicity.
In Sweat of the Hand, Sweat of the Brow,
And Sweat of the Heart;
In Pride of Work, Without Greed of Gold;
In Thoughts that Rise Above the Needs of Self;
In Loving Kindness to One's Fellow-Men.
To be Honest in Handicraft,
Loyal in Friendship,
Strong in Suffering,
And Rich in Laughter,
Is to be a Good Comrade in the Workshops of Life,
And to Such Faithful Servants
God Will Pay Fair Wages
Of Peace and Joy.

And for those who have learnt the same secret at the feet of Jesus, the workshops of life are radiant with the footsteps of One who does not merely "pay fair wages" to His servants, but who abides with them— the Divine Saviour-Comrade of all who labour and are heavy laden.

His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.
Is. 9. 6.

Open Air Meetings

In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withold not thy hand for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that. Eccl. 11:6.

This is one reason we go every night with joy and zeal to the street corner trusting that the Word of God sown there will lead some soul and souls to Him. Someone said the other day, "Don't you often get discouraged, also tired going there night after night, you cannot win souls every time. No, perhaps not, we sow the seed and leave the rest to God; and why get discouraged or tired, was it not when Peter was most discouraged and ready to give up that at the command of his Lord he let the net down in the very same place he had been fishing so long and brought up so many that the net brake? Faith and obedience is what will bring fruit for Gods glory, and that is what he requires of us.

Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, does not mean that every one must pack their bag, buy a ticket and go to some far off distant lands to save men and women, as is shewn by the many who come from all over the world and find Jesus at the street meetings. One night a man who had come from Australia stopped to hear what we were saying then came in afterwards to the Mission and when the invitation was given went forward accepting Jesus Christ as his Saviour: another man, who said he came from Asia followed us in to the indoor service and gave his heart to the Lord. Two seafaring men, one of them especially had led a life of sin and shame, heard the way of Salvation told at the corner could not rest until they came in and gave themselves to Christ. Another brother to whom a gospel was given some time ago keeps coming night after night to the meetings listening with such an eager and hungry face to the old old story of the love and sacrifice of Jesus Christ being told, that we feel sure he will soon surrender all to Him.

"I believe God"

The writer has been very much blessed by the Monday night Bible study in "Genesis." The interest has been intense. It surely has made some sit up and take notice I believe in God was one statement Bro. Ball made and then he emphasized it, do you? It does not say I believe there is a God, that is quite another matter. Some of the most Godless men of our time profess a belief in the existence of God. But I believe in God, but do you? Do you? Bro. Ball quoted two instances in Scripture that are full of instruction on this point one was a picture from our study of "Genesis" an old man nigh a hundred years old, and the husband of an old wife, both of them with the hope of posterity. As good as dead, God said to this old man one way that he himself would become the father of the seed of the Abrahamic covenant. It was against nature, but God had said it "and Abraham believed God, and it came to pass, the other picture was a little despised Jew on His way as a prisoner to appear before Caesar, on the deck of a doomed ship. He was not a mariner, he knew nothing about managing ships, He was a Jew, and he was a prisoner. The captain gave it up, the crew gave it up. They sat down supinely to wait for the final shock and then for the engulfing in the death giving waters. This little Jew stood forth and said, "Be of good cheer for I believe God," God had promised him that not a man of them should perish. "I believe God." Do you believe in God? What do you believe He can do for you? How much are you using Him in your business? In your daily life? Oh! yes, it is so easy to have a profession of the lips, even we who are really Christians are in great danger of falling into all kinds of unrealities. "I believe in God," any man who can say that in any Bibilical sense of the word has said a great thing. Do you believe in the Holy Spirit? Do you believe in the forgiveness of sin?—H. H.

A Place of Blessing

OUR Mothers' Meetings have been well attended during the summer months and we, who have been privileged to be present, have always gone home, with a prayer of thankfulness in our hearts for such a place.

A place where tired, weary women can gather once a week and worship, and sing His praises, and how they do love to sing No. 53, their song, a meeting would be incomplete without it—

Jesus knows all about our struggles. He will guide 'til the day is done; There's not a friend, like the lowly Jesus. No, not one—No, not one!"

With few exceptions it is the only place, that any of them are ever able to go to, there are so many little ones to take care of and take along. And do you wonder that we leave with thankful hearts for Jesus and to Him? Listen to just a little bit of what is whispered to a worker as she shakes hands good bye—"Oh I was so blue when I came in here, my litle girl has been sick so long, but I know that God is going to do what is best for her, he answered my prayer before, and I feel so much happier now."

From another—"I am trusting Jesus Mrs.—, but I was so discouraged this morning, my husband has been out of work so long, and school begins soon, and everyone of the children need shoes, and everything costs so much but I believe God is going to supply work, he did before when the Mission prayed, and I have been told to come here tomorrow to see about shoes and clothes."

And another—Ineeded that Message it was for me, I got so cross at the children to-day, I couldn't help it, they were making so much noise, and you know I haven't been well since the last baby was born, and as I was coming to the meeting, I thought, well what am I going there for, I am no christian, but I just had to come, I couldn't keep away, and I am happy again, because I have asked God to forgive me, and I know that I am saved, for I believe God." The beautiful 10th chapt. of John had been read, with an emphasis on verse 28: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, etc."

And still another—I want to tell you about my sister, she is not a christian, she lives in another city, and oh, please pray for her, she is a sinner, when I raised my hand in the meeting it was my unspoken request, but I would like to tell you about her, it would make me so much happier to know that you were praying;" and then such a heart rending story of a younger sister in a strange city away from all her dear ones, just living in sin; dear reader let us pray earnestly that the Lord will show her, herself, and then Himself, and not only let us pray for her, but also for the countless other poor girls enthralled by the devil, for we know and have proved that God answers prayer.

H. M. B.

Making the Dumb to Speak

"I once witnessed a sight which I shall never forget. It was a teacher trying to get a class of deaf and dumb children to say the word 'Father,' Oh, the patience, the determination, the loving ingenuity of that teacher!"

"First he tried them with part of the word, 'Fa-,' showing them with his own lips how to do it. Then he would go and manipulate the lips of the children into the right shape to say the syllable. By and by he got them to say it altogether, 'Fa!'

"Then came the same perseverance and repetition over the next part of the word, 'ther.' And, finally, the smile which transfigured the faces of the children when altogether they managed to say 'Fa-ther,' was a triumph to be remembered forever. I think the children not only said, but knew the meaning of, the word 'Father.'

"Touching as that sight was, there is a sight far more impressive still. It is the Son of God coming down into this dark, sinful world of ours to teach its dumb, stammering children to say 'Our Father.'"

MISSION TIDINGS

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He is Faithful that Promised

Heb. 10:23

As the Anniversary of the Mission draws near we are reminded that on the twenay-fourth of November, the Mission will be twenty years old. When we quietly think of the wonderful way God has led us through the years it is not easy to express the gratitude and praise that floods one's heart at the remembrance of His faithfulness. There have been hard places, testings and disappointments but they are forgotten when we remember the joys and the victories, and the many wonderful blessings God his wrought in answer to the prayers of His children.

We are expecting to celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of the Mission by a week of special services with well known speakers and singers. It is not too soon to begin to pray that God will lead us in all our plans and make it a week of wonderful blessing to thousands of people.

The upper floor of the Mission building has been transformed into a large well lighted and well ventilated room, where teachers meetings, prayer meetings and social hours can be held. The partition has been removed from the Mission Hall, enabling us to care for many more people at the evening services. Our friends' and workers are returning home from their vacations and we are believing for great things from God in the salvation of souls, and the building up of believers during the Fall and Winter months. There is much to be done and we shall be glad for volunteers who are seeking for something to do for the Lord Jesus. There are homes in which there are sick Mothers and children; there is the Mothers Meeting with sometimes as many as forty and fifty little children up to six years old, to be cared for while their mothers enjoy the gospel service. There is a Sunday School in need of teachers: an open air meeting where singers and consecrated musical talent would find a glorious opportunity for service. We should be glad to hear from any on whose heart God lays any of these needs. We cannot be satisfied with what has been accomplished; these are tremendous days in which we are living; we believe the Lord's coming is very near, and there is but little time at the most for us to witness for Him here. Shall we not yield ourselves absolutely to Him that He may work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure?

A Chinese Pastor's Illustration

A man went to maket having on his shoulder a string of seven large copper coins. Seeing a beggar crying for alms, he gave him six of his coins. Then the beggar, instead of being grateful, crept up behind the kind man and stole the seventh coin also. What on abominable wretch! Yes, but in saying this you condemn yourselves. You receive from the hand of the gracious God six days, yet you are not content. The seventh also you steal!—"The Missionary Voice."

Three Ambassadors

Bless them Lord and make them a blessing
They'll gladly thy message convey:
Use them to help some poor weary soul
And make them a blessing alway.

This was our earnest prayer for Harold Bater and Harold Wentworth on the occasion of their farewell service at the Mission before going to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. The farewell service was deeply interesting. Harold Bater is one of our own boys having been converted at the Mission when only a lad. With no thought of salvation one night he called at the Mission to take his Mother and sister home God spoke to Him through His Word and that night Harold accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. He was one of the first of the Mission boys to answer the call of his country, and returned from France about four months ago with a great longing to give his whole life to the Master's service and God opened the way for him to go to the Moody Institute to prepare for that work, and while we shall miss him we are very happy that God has called him, and our love and prayers will follow him every step of the way.

Mr. Harold Wentworth was converted at the Y. M. C. A. at Newark, and while at Fort Slocum attended the Mission; he found there christian fellowship and great help through the ministry of God's word, and he was a great help to the Mission in his ministry of song and testimony. He has a hunger for the salvation of men, and we believe that with the training he will surely get at the Moody School he will be used of God for the salvation of many. We adopted him long ago in to the Mission family, and our prayers will follow him.

It was blessed to hear the testimonies of these young men and before singing "God be with you till we meet again" we definitely committed them to God.

* * *

Another young man to go to the Moody Bible Institute is Barnabas Ramnaway, a young Hindoo, whose interesting testimony and picture is found on another page of this issue. Our Hindoo brother hopes after training at the School, to carry the Gospel back to his own people. His wonderful testimony and beaming face have been a blessing to many at the Mission.

Answered

Many of our workers were away during August but God knew our need and met us every time. One night a brother leading the meeting was almost alone at the beginning of it, and prayed God to send some of his children along to help him: as he was praying a man came down the street and stopped beside us asking if he could say a few words.

This is what he said: "As I was coming along I was asking God to shew me some way in which I could witness for Him and help another, and I was led to come straight here.

He was a Minister from Dakota. As he was speaking another man came up, and upon being asked to say a few words, said: I was just taking a stroll and praying to God to open up a way for me to be used for His glory when I seemed led to come over this way and seeing your meeting came over; both these men were perfect strangers here. Was not this a loving fulfilment of His promise? "Before they call I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Come out and help us and be used for His Glory on the street as well as in His House. We meet every evening in the Mission at 7:30 for prayer then go to the corner of 24th St., and 8th Ave., for the open air service.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdon, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

Col. 3. 16.

Mission Items

We were all glad to welcome back to the Mission our beloved Superintendent Miss Wray after a much needed rest, God has been with us in a wonderful way through the summer months supplying the needs, sending workers, giving the dear faithful all the year workers the grace and strength necessary—but it does not seem quite the same when the Superintendent is away. It is something like "home without a Mother." Miss Wray assured us of her delight in being home again and her appreciation of faithfulness of her co-workers many of whom are hard working people, busy all day in their business and homes and gladly giving their hours of recreation to the Lord for service in the Mission—

* * *

Our dear brother Mr. Cleveland has just gone through a painful siege of sickness but God has graciously answered prayers, and he is recovering. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are praising the Lord for this, another token of answered prayer. A verse which is particularly precious to our brother is "Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." John. 5. 24. These two dear friends are greatly beloved and have been much missed from the Mission. We are glad to welcome them back and to listen once more to the gospel in song so effectively sung by Mrs. Cleveland.

* * *

Brother Joe Justus is a Hebrew christian; people that meet him do not have to be told that. In appearance, speech and in mannerisms he is dictinctly Jewish, but his smile and enthusiasm for the Lord Jesus is beautifully christian. He is always a welcome visitor at the Mission; he has a wonderful experience in the saving Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ; an Anarchist and desperately wicked he was converted on the Bowery many years ago, and his whole desire now is to help others to see in Jesus Christ their only Saviour. At a recent meeting in the Mission Bro. Joe brought a very powerful message from the 7th chapter of Hosea and sang some of the wonderful songs of his own composition, as he only can sing them. His whole family is saved and praising the Lord not only with their lives and lips but with many musical instruments. Bro. Joe is a true missionary and in the Laundry business to pay expenses.

* * *

On a recent Tuesday night we were helped by a testimony of a visitor, he had heard of the "8th Ave. Mission" in far-away "Alaska." A copy of "Mission Tidings" fell into his hands and under God changed his whole life. He had always considered himself a Christian. He had been a member of a "Sunday School Class", and when ten years of age united with the "Church," when the whole class went into the church, he said it would have been a grand thing if the class, had been converted, but alas such was not the case, he said he had always taken part in the activities of the church, wherever he was located but said he "I was an unconscious fraud all these years, I thought I was a christian."

One day in a mining town in "AIaska" a copy of Mission Tidings fell into his hands, and among other things he read this "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on His name "John 1:12. This verse awakened him, and pressed home to him his need of a Saviour. Said he, "I gave my heart to the Saviour and oh! what a joy came to me. God knew that while I had a reverence for His name traditionally, because I had been brought up that way, I had never had a trasaction with Him about myself, but now thank God I have had it and it is just glorious! I am His,

He is mine John Laycock is saved, he knows it and best of all God knows it, My name is written there.

* * *

A card from Mr. Matthew Dorman, Ireland, tells us of his safe arrival. On the steamer he gave out gospels and tracts, and in many ways witnessed for the Lord Jesus. A later card tells us of the death of his dear Mother, who died beautifully trusting in the Lord as her Saviour, with her hand on her Bible and her son by her side. Mr. Dorman has our deepest sympathy and earnest prayers in his bereavement. Our brother asks us to pray for his father, who is sick, and also for the family.

* * *

Many of our friends will remember Mr. Himbury, an English Officer on H. M. S. "Oxfordshire" bringing soldiers to this country. He spent a few days with us and some will remember the wonderful story of his conversion, and the blessed fellowship we had together.

A letter from Ceylon reads—"I am settled out here in business having 'left the Navy,' and am doing quite well." Do remember me to my many lovely "friends at the Mission, and write to me when you can".

* * *

A card received from Mr. Wentworth and Harold Bater reads: "Just a few lines to let you know that we arrived at the Institute. We love this place already and know that God will bless us. The people here remind us of the 8th Avenue Mission folk; they are so full of the spirit of Christ. The Indian has already been made a blessing with his wonderful testimony of the power of God to change lives. Greetings to all our mission friends; tell them to keep on praying for us".

* * *

Out dear brother Mr. Lissner has the loving sympathy and earnest prayers of the Mission in his bereavement. Mr. Lissner's Mother died a few days ago and he is proving what the God of all comfort can do for him at this time.

* * *

God continues to bless our "Bible Class" in the study of Hebrews. Cold or heat, sunshine or rain, does not affect our attendance, and a great many of our men are away on vacation. The hottest day this summer there were 48 men in attendance, another time the coldest day of winter 13° below zero. and yet 44 men wended their way to the class. No bait, no lure, no claptrap of any kind held out. The simple unaffected grand old story of Jesus and Salvation through Him. We sing two hymns, and then two or three short definite prayers, and the rest of the time devoted to the study of Gods own inspired "Word."

Some of our men come from Newark. N. J., some from Jamaica, L. I., some from Brooklyn and adjacent towns. Surely God is blessing and using the class in building the body of Christ, guestions are asked and answered from Gods own word. Bro. Ball hews close to the "Word" and we are blessed.

* * *

From a brother in Rock Island comes this message: "Perhaps since I have not written to you for so long a time you may have forgotten me among so many of your children, but I have not forgotten my spiritual birth place; it is very dear to me. The Lord has opened the door for me here where I found many children knowing nothing of the Lord Jesus and His great love for them. I am now teaching them the things of God and the way to be saved. I often wonder how the Mission is getting on during these hard days of indifference and sin on the part of the multitudes: I find it very hard here. We are expecting Billy Sunday in Sept., and we trust God will use him. I am rejoicing in Christ my Saviour and praising Him for the new work He has given me. Pray for me and give my love to all the friends at the Mission. Am one of your flock, born again July 23rd, 1909."

Yours in Christ,

J. J. KEATING.

Intercessory Foreign Missionaries

By Rev. Alfred E. Street of the Island of Hainan, South China.

Jehovah wondered that there was no intercessor."—Is. 59:16.

V. Warnings.

Some may be tempted to cherish a subtle, hidden feeling that by doing this work they are conferring a favor on some one by helping. Not at all; it is the other way; the unspeakable favor is granted you of sharing the burden of intercession daily carried by the risen man Christ Jesus in heaven.

A newly arrived missionary cannot vote for the first year, as so much has to be learned before he can vote intelligently. In the same way, one beginning as an intercessory missionary needs to consider himself as a beginner with much to learn.

When details of mission work begin to come to your knowledge, be exceedingly careful how you judge, condemn or decide in matters that you have never met and that have puzzled the wisest men for many decades. No war is sweet or gentle but you are now fighting Satan enthroned among men, the most unscrupulous and horrible of enemies, worse than man can imagine. When matters utterly unexpected and discouraging arise, Satan will try to turn you away in disgust; therefore *remember* that the worse the troubles are the greater is the need for your prayers.

Many, many times you will be tempted to give it all up as useless, for every possible form of deception will be among his "wiles" to stop your intercession; if he can stop each one his victory is assured, and there are alarmingly few intercessors.

Be ready patiently to toil on without apparent results; time is required for them to show. Many a laborer has worked for years without seeing the results that overjoyed his successors. Cannot you do the same?

..Woe be to any one who tries to become an intercessory missionary while the Lord is calling him to go in person. In Matt. 7:23, Christ calls such "ye that work iniquity or lawlessness," for although they have been eminently successful workers in the *church*, before men, what they did was not "the will" of God for them.

VI Some General Truths

1 Indirect Work. Every Christian should do some work as an intercessory missionary, but there are those at home whom the Lord calls to give their *daily toil* for the salvation of the nations. Many are needed who by teaching, writing and exhorting shall arouse Christians to a sense of their responsibility for the death of those who perish, not because they are sinners, but because the salvation prepared for them by Christ has never been offered to them by men. In the work here suggested, house-to-house visitation among church members has been proved most effective in arousing them to their privileges in the foreign fields. *A caution* is here needed, for such work is only indirect, and most jealous, prayerful care is needed to prevent it from displacing the direct work of intercession. Any work that is *visible* so appeals to our pride that it is more attractive than is the lonely toil of intercession.

2. Rejected. It is generally considered that God has not called one to the foreign work because age, health, family relations, rejection by a mission board or other outward circumstances prevent him from going abroad. *Such circumstances have no bearing whatever on the question as to whether the Lord wants you to work directly for the salvation of the heathen.* God is waiting for you to take your place in the vital, difficult and blessed work of joining Christ in interceding before Him. It is not evidence of obedience quietly to

drift along at ease, letting the far-away, unseen multitudes perish for the lack of your prayers. Some laborers *must not go* to the mission fields.

(*To be continued*)

With the Chinese Labor Corps

Amongst the missionaries with the Chinese in France, none is doing better work than Rev. Charles Fairclough, of the China Inland Mission. In a recent letter he writes: "I wouldn't have missed this grand experience for anything. Oh, the joy with which I am hailed by these thousands of homesick sons of the 'Flowery Kingdom'! Their delight knows no bounds to meet with one who 'speaks our words and knows our customs.' In one camp I was joyfully surprised to find a group of Christians holding a prayer meeting. We are now having regular Bible-study classes, which are greatly appreciated. The beautiful influence this little band of Christians has on the whole camp is a sufficient answer as to whether it is worth while being out here to help them in the things of God.

"For the most part the Chinese are utterly homesick, and almost every day they come to ask if I have any news from the 'Middle Kingdom'. Some of them show me their letters, while others wish me to write for them telling their parents that they will soon be home.

"Last Sunday I was preaching on the necessity of the changed heart. At the close of the service many stayed behind to talk. 'Don't you think,' said one, 'that many of the French and English need a new heart, too?'

"John Chinaman will not return to his own country with the same eyes with which he left. Since coming to Europe he has seen a great deal; heard a great deal; and it has not all been favorable to the Christian principles we profess to hold and fight for. I wish that the Christian churches would unite in special prayer for the Chinese in France, that during the few remaining months the message of the Gospel may prove to be the power of salvation to their souls."—The Christian.

Are You One?

A story is told in The Zenana of a young girl who became an "intercessor" for a Scotch missionary, thereby bringing "unspeakable help" to the one for whom she prayed, and unspeakable enrichment to her own life. The missionary herself relates the story of how, returning from a Keswick convention in England, she fell into conversation with a young girl, the only other occupant of her compartment. Learning that the missionary had been at Keswick, the girl said: "I've read about the request of the India missionaries for missionary intercessors, and I thought I'd love to be one; but I don't know a single missionary anywhere." A moment later she said: "Why, I believe you are a missionary! Oh, may I be your intercessor?"

The missionary continued:

"That was six years ago, and I have never seen that girl since. But we have been in close touch by letter all the time. To be my effectual intercessor, she has read and studied and asked questions till she knows and understands, to an almost incredible extent, my work and surroundings, my helpers and the people I am working among. And I—I cannot tell you what unspeakable help her prayers have brought me hundreds of times; how real a fellow-worker I have felt her to be all along. I should never think now of counting up our staff in that district without counting her as one. And only last week I had a letter from her in which she tells me how her life has been quite changed by this missionary service. Her lonely, quiet, village life has been filled and made rich and large by the spiritual partnership, which is as real to her as it is to me. And she tells me, too, that through becoming a missionary intercessor for me, the missionary cause everywhere has become real and dear to her as it never was before."

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

HOME again, back to the dear Mission we are rejoicing to find ourselves after a long happy beautiful summer with our little ones. "Coming Home Day" was a day of excitement. Until the very last moment the children remained on the swings loathe to leave the playground with its many pleasures even to see their mothers and tears were in every eye as we gathered together for the last blessed service. We all united in thanking God for His presence with us moment by moment and His wonderful sustaining power in solving the many problems always to be expected in such a work.

As we passed along the beautiful country roads on our way to the train the kindly neighbors came out to bid us a friendly good-by and assure us of their appreciation of our work and the good behavior of our little family when they told us we're a great credit to the Mission. As we reached the Long Island station in New York a group of excited mothers greeted us and they had to look twice before they recognized the fat rosy little ones who went away a few weeks previous delicate, pale, emaciated.

How proud we were to see our dear Superintendent walk in upon us Labor Day as a surprise accompanied by our young friend Sadie. We were just busy preparing the childrens dinner but everything had to come to a stand still while we gave her a most enthusiastic greeting. Of course the children had to sing all their newest songs and how very happy we were to get things started to give her a comfortable dinner and find her the cosiest corner in the house then sit by her side and tell her all about the children even to the details of our housekeeping in which she was keenly interested for our dear leader had been away for some weeks resting at the seaside her first relaxation after a year of most strenuous work and was again planning great things to be done in the neighborhood this coming season if the dear Lord tarried for the need is great round about us.

The first Wednesday in November is our usual date for starting the sewing circles in connection with the regular Gospel service—this service is continued throughout the summer and although it rained many successive Wednesdays the attendance was more than satisfactory, the mothers evincing the greatest interest always in listening to the simple but always marvelous story of the cross.

We must not forget to record that there was not one case of sickness in our summer home. The children although in many instances suffering from mal-nutrition seemed to rally the moment the air of the country filled their lungs. We had instances of children who could hardly stand on their feet from weakness when they first came who responded in an almost miraculous way to the simple nourishing food and long hours of rest besides living all day in the sunshine. But best of all we give God the glory of whose presence we were always conscious.

We had a letter from the mother of our very tiniest tot who told us that her little girl had never had a well day since her birth and that she in her extreme poverty had never been able to send her to the country as the doctor prescribed therefore when the offer came from the Eighth Avenue Mission to take her precious baby for an indefinite period she felt it was in answer to prayer. This same child looked so fragile when she came we were almost tempted to send her back but she clung so pathetically to the swings and ate her bread and milk so ravenously we decided to take the chance of keeping her feeling that God who had started the child on its way to us had His

own purpose and would give us the necessary grace and strength. Did we trust in vain? Never for a moment. Did the child improve? I wish you could have seen her skip along the road on our way to the station at the close of the season. Happy, rosy with chubby cheeks she was a delight to the eyes. It was with tears of joy running down their cheeks her parents received her thanking and praising God for this very definite answer to prayer.

Day by day our workers are returning to us from their summer outings, refreshed all determined to make this year the very best of their lives in the Masters service. We all to do our utmost to bring the women especially the busy mothers who cannot attend Sunday morning service into the Wednesday meetings we realize has already proved most helpful.

We are looking forward to having our dear Mrs. Cleveland again with us this winter to sing the Gospel to our mothers. When in the city Mrs. Cleveland is never absent from her place at this meeting not only singing but ever ready to do anything helpful that comes her way.

We are speeding towards Christmas and it is not a bit too soon to gather up your odds and ends of summer dresses and hunt in and out the stores for the half a dozen dolls you intend to dress for our little ones. We always have a hundred of the children to plan for "All our very own" at the Christmas gathering and last year in one way or another we reached out until through the ministry of the Mission three hundred of the very neediest had been reached. Can we do less this year?

The last words the children said to us as they kissed us good-bye were "In a little while we will be back around our block." To these little ones the horizon that bounds their world is just this "their own block" so we very humble wonder what our word our lives our very personality have meant to each individual child's heart with whom we have been in such close touch. We have aimed to keep close to the cross step by step listening to His voice who so dearly loved the children and made it so plain to those about Him in those days when He was upon earth.

So we pray at the close of the season that in every song every ditty every hymn every new thought that these wee ones carried away with them spoke a message of love and hope and trust from Calvary so that all those living "around our block" will better for the lives of these charges committed to us these past summer months.

Surely and without end are the blessings of the Lord to children.

The other evening one of our workers while in the Pennsylvania Station noticed a young woman in great distress; wanting to be helpful at this time she entered into conversation with her and found that she had run away from her home in a Southern city: she had only been married a short time and in a fit of anger had run away. The worker brought her to the Mission. The message that night seemed just for her, and the testimonies made a great impression upon her, and before leaving she earnestly received the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. She was cared for for the night and early next morning was placed on the train which would take her to her home and loved ones. A letter of gratitude, and of confession of love for the Lord Jesus was received a few days later. In the appointed way as well as in the out of the way places our workers are carrying God's message of love, and here and there winning souls for the Lord Jesus.

"This is the Gospel of Labour,
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk;
The Lord of Love came down from above,
To live with the men who work.
"This is the rose He planted
Here in the thorn-cursed soil;
Heaven is blessed with perfect rest,
But the blessing of earth is toil."

—VANDYKE—

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

Volume II Number II

Mission Tidings

November 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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— By Rev. W. M. Clow —

The sense of need created in us by God's Spirit is the beginning of a Christian experience.

* * *

The Cross is never out of sight of the Christian soul.

* * *

The sorrows of life are hallowed, its joys consecrated, the trials of its older years endured only by the Cross.

* * *

The words of Christ are music, the life of Christ is a solemn mystery, but the death of Christ is life and peace.

* * *

The Divinity of Christ is not dependent on any text; it is the warp and woof of the New Testament.

* * *

Every man in this world is on a pilgrimage either to the presence of God, or to the presence of discord in the outer darkness without the gate.

* * *

No man past or present, ever looked back to the Cross, simply as a fact, without knowing it to be the power of God unto Salvation.

* * *

There are but two alternatives. The word of the Cross is foolishness to them that are perishing. It is the power of God to them that are being saved.

* * *

Grace is love dealing with sin.

* * *

Jesus became the Man of Sorrows that He might increase our joy.

Faith is a vision of God. It is a trust not only in God, but in God's love and care.

* * *

God disciplines His redeemed by limiting privations and burdening care to purify and to perfect in righteousness.

* * *

Love's hand is in our sorrows and trials; it is but God's great fingers fashioning us.

* * *

To finish the work God gives a man to do is the highest achievement in life.

* * *

Every sin leaves a print on the memory but only the unforgiven sin leaves a wound.

* * *

When a man knows he has obtained mercy through Christ, his wound is healed, the sting is gone.

* * *

There is a depth of forgetfulness out of which a forgiven and never recalled sin cannot emerge.

* * *

We escape from the power of Satan not by vow, or resolve, or repentance, or reformation, but by turning to the great Personality of love and power—Jesus Christ.

* * *

The sinner who turns his eyes homeward but waits until he has reformed his ways will never cross the threshold of the Father's house.

* * *

It is the instant and absolute and self-humbling fall before the footstool of God which brings a man into the way of peace.

MISSION TIDINGS

Vol. 11 NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1919 No. 11

A Personal Testimony

Mrs. E. Lott

I was born in Connecticut and raised on my grandfather's farm where my father died when I was quite young, about eight years old. My grandmother was religious but my grandfather was not, although he knew the Bible thoroughly. He and another old gentleman who lived on the next farm would preach and argue on the Bible nearly every afternoon, and it would generally wind up with a quarrel, but next day Uncle Tim, as we called him, would be back and they would forget their disagreements, then start at it again: my grandmother would sometimes laugh and stop her ears, they made such noise.

When grandfather was taken ill and realized it was his last illness he wanted some one in the family to read the Bible to him every day. I am so sorry I did not know the way of Salvation then as I do now.

I went to Sunday School every Sunday, we lived a mile and a half from the church, and often they had prayer meetings in the school house which I always attended. I was almost fourteen years old when they held a revival meeting in the Congregational Church and I went forward then, and was converted. I did not know what conversion really meant like I do now. I came to New York to live about two or three years later with my mother. I had a rich aunt living here also, and I was with her a great deal. Everything was so different from my life in the country. I went out driving with my uncle, went to theatres and did not go to church or Sunday School at all. My aunt was not well; she had lung trouble and finally died at my grandfather's home.

I became acquainted with people who were inclined to be "sporty" and eventually I drifted into that sort of life. I liked to go out to dinner with friends, and we nearly always had wine or drinks of some kind; then one day some friends took me to the races and I became infatuated with them. We bet on them and I won the first bet I made; I thought it was great sport, so continued to go to them occasionally, finally I wanted to go every day, and I did; I won many bets and was quite lucky, but in the end I was far behind. I liked the excitement and coming home from the race track we would stop on the road for dinner and always had some kind of drinks. Then sometimes I would go home to dinner with friends and after dinner

we would play poker. After a while my friends stopped betting on the races and because of that I did not care so much to go, finally giving it up altogether.

My mother used to talk to me, but I thought I had plenty of time to think of serious things. I remember some years ago she went every night to a Mission on Forty-second street near Third Avenue, and she would talk about Miss Wray, and sing the songs she heard there, and my little nephew could sing them with her, he knew every one nearly as well as she did. I am sure she gave her heart to the Lord there; she read her Bible every day and prayed; I know she prayed for her children (I have one sister and a brother living) and thank God her prayers have been answered; my brother gave his heart to the Lord Jesus some years ago, and I am so happy now that I can truthfully say I have accepted Him with all my heart. I know God guided my footsteps when I was looking for an apartment and was feeling so discouraged because I could not find anything to suit me as I really do not know how I wandered down to Twenty-fifth street, but I did; so I came to pass the Eighth Avenue Mission every day and when I heard Miss Wray was the one in charge there I remembered all my mother had said and how often she used to go and hear her—so I went in and there I learned the way of Salvation, and coming home one evening I knelt by my bed in my own room and gave my heart to my Saviour. I always believed in God, and said my prayers even when I was dead in trespasses and sin. In the last few years I prayed God to guide me and help me, and I believe with Mr. Cummings, who said one night at the Mission service that he thought any one who earnestly expressed a desire to do right, and God saw he was in earnest, He would lead them to a place where they could hear the way of Salvation and be saved. I really believe that is true. Oh, how I praise Him and thank Him. I know He answered my prayers and my mother's also. She died in 1905 with pneumonia.

I can truly sing, "What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought since Jesus came into my heart; I have joy in my soul for which long I had sought." "Old things have passed away and all things have become new." I was crazy about the movies this time last year, but I never think of going into a picture house now. I love to go where I hear the gospel of Jesus Christ, and learn more about the life of Him who died that I might live, and the love that He had for all men which led Him to pay the price. I was baptized by immersion in the New York Gospel Tabernacle, June 11th, 1919, and know that our old man is crucified with Him that the body of sin might be destroyed that henceforth we should not serve sin; for he that is dead is freed from sin. Now if we be dead with Christ we believe that we shall also live with Him," knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him; For in that He died, he died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God; Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

My husband has accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour also, and we are both rejoicing in our Salvation, and hope to see the Lord coming in the clouds some day soon, "when we shall all be caught up to meet Him in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

MRS. E. LOTT

"If you would come more often to visit me I would be just as good a Christian as my husband, but I can never get to any meetings and I never have the fellowship with you to teach me the way." These words were uttered by a dear mother who has to stay home with three little ones and has the janitress position to look after and a big apartment house.

Our Mail Bag

We have received two or three letters from our brother Matthew Dorman, who is home in the old country. He is very enthusiastic about the work of the Irish Evangelization Society, whose workers are going through the country places in Ireland on bicycles, holding meetings in the villages. Sometimes only staying for a few hours and then passing on to the next place. So far God has blessed it in the salvation of souls and the reviving of God's children. We understand that our brother is on his way back to this country.

* * *

We were delighted to receive a letter from our dear friend Miss Streyrer, an Austrian by birth and who at the beginning of the War went back to her country as a Red Cross nurse. She writes of experiences very terrible, but she rejoices that God has been with her every moment and when faith would have failed God brought to her remembrance some precious promise that brought deliverance and victory. To quote from her letter: "Through His goodness I was able to help and to cheer many a poor suffering man, friend as well as foe, and I know it was all worth while to leave America and come away for that purpose even though I am not able to get back again. I am sure it was the Lord's will that I should do it. Full of terror and heartbreaking pain and suffering as my work has been during these fearful years I thank God that I have been privileged to do it, for I feel that I have not lived in vain. I never cease to think of and to pray for you and many a time I wish to be able to worship with you at the Mission just once again. The Lord has not permitted it and His will be done. Give my best love to the dear Mission people and if you still feel for me as you did when I left America do let me have a a few lines. It would make me so happy and be a great help to me."

* * *

An encouraging letter from Mr. Chervenansky tells us of victory through the precious blood of Jesus and a hope to be back in New York before very long. Our brother is very desirous of getting back to his country to take the Gospel Message to His loved ones.

* * *

Our three boys at the Moody Institute are very happy in their new surroundings. Mr. Wentworth writes, "I was born again at the Newark Y.M.C.A., but the Eighth Avenue Mission was a great help in my spiritual life, building me up by the Word of God. God continue to bless you and give you many souls. It is wonderful out here and God has been good to us. Remember us when you pray, that our eyes may be fixed on Jesus and that we may see only Him. The Indian is getting on splendidly. He seems to grow stronger in the Lord every day and certainly loves this place. We believe God will make him a power in India some day. We have had some wonderful open-air meetings and souls have been saved. Bater stopped a man in a taxi and won him to Jesus. Continue to pray for us."

* * *

Our esteemed friend Mr. Levermore, writes from "The Ruined Areas of France", "Warmest greeting in our Glorious Emanuel to thee and the flock in thy care. I give you 1 Peter V., the precious words of the Spirit to the shepherds." Our dear brother and his co-workers are having wonderful opportunities to scatter the seed and to win many from darkness and superstition to the Lord Jesus, the true light Let us pray for these laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

"ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS."

The little cares of house and home
  Hung heavy as I trod the street,
Then broke the bells of evensong
  Upon my heart in cadence sweet.
And lo, beyond the burdened trees,
  Beyond the dim and fading lands,
Hung, shining, like a perfect pearl
  The house that is not made with hands.

"CAMBRIDGE REVIEW."

Open Air Meetings

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark, 16:15.

Our Lord gave this great commission to His disciples, to all who were with Him and to all who are saved by His Grace. We have been doing this every night in the week, out on the street corner. This past week the Lord has been blessing us and our hearts are filled with His praises. We do not always see the results of our work but God's word assures us that "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Is. 40:8.

Night after night the busy throngs that press up and down the avenue are attracted by the singing, and many of them would never go into a place of worship, but they stop and listen for a while and God by His Holy Spirit, through some personal testimony of His power to save, grips them and they cry to God for mercy. One night a man who was "born again" brought a friend of his past the corner where we were having our meeting and he would never come into the Mission but he did stop and listen for a little while. One of His Blood bought ones was giving his testimony and he told how that once he was a sinner and that he had a great thirst for "strong drink" and he was most miserable and he made everybody else unhappy, but one day he cried unto God to save him for Jesus sake and of course He heard him. The man who listened was convicted of his sin. He too was a drunkard but he cried unto the Lord and we know His word says "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." That man went home to his family sober and his dear wife did not know what had happened to him and the next Saturday he brought home his whole salary and gave it to his wife. She, of course, thought he was sick, but the Lord Jesus had come into his heart and He made him a new creature in Jesus. "Old things passed away and behold all things became new."

One night after many earnest testimonies to the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ, the invitation was given to any one in the crowd who would like us to pray for them—some one who has been trying to save themselves and who has failed so often. Several hands went up for prayer and among them a young man who afterwards came with us into the Mission and came forward and gave his heart to the Lord Jesus and accepted Him as his Personal Saviour. He then gave this testimony. He said, "I was just going to the moving pictures and I heard the singing so I thought I would stop and listen for a while and I am so glad that I came by this way. Pray for me."

Another man was coming up the avenue and he said, "I was never on the inside of any church and I never expected to go but I heard the music and so I stopped and listened." We know he heard God's word and we also know His promise concerning it. "My Word will not return unto me void."

On a Sunday evening in October, 1918, we find a group of our Mission workers assembled at the corner of Twenty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue glorifying God in song and testimony. During the course of the service a hand is laid on the arm of one of the Mission group, and upon turning he saw a familiar face although at first unable to recall the time and circumstances under which former acquaintanceship had been enjoyed. It so happened that this had been at a time when our new comer had been in need of a friend, at which time a word had been spoken as though out of season but was now about to bear fruit.

A pleasant greeting and kind word induced the friend to remain until the

end of the open air meeting, when an earnest invitation was given and our friend came into the house of God. During the service the invitation was given by our Superintendent to anyone who wanted to be saved to raise the hand for prayer, and embodied the appeal to any tired soul who might be in need of comfort and cheer. The appeal reached the heart of our new friend, who not only raised her hand but came forward and knelt at the penitent form. It is needless for me to say that God met her there, for she arose from her knees radiant with joy over her new found treasure, and in a very short time was among those who were leading souls to God.

Our friend continued active for a few weeks, and then by the advice of friends, returned to her home and Mother in a not far distant town in Pennsylvania, but during her stay of a few months she kept in touch with the Mission, both in spirit and by letter. In due time and entirely unannounced she returned; this time not alone but bringing with her the companion of her choice—the two representing that which God had joined together. Of course the only place in New York for our friend was the Eighth Avenue Mission, and her companion, true to his marriage vows obeyed her request to accompany her; and to the praise and glory of our blessed Master it was not long until he too joined the happy band of believers. But this did not end it, for there was yet a sister living who while herself converted, had as her life companion one who had never yet known the Lord, and was living a life of sin. But now we have reinforcements for the praying mission band are united in their behalf and the ears of our God, as ever, was open to their prayers, and now, well if you had been to the Mission service on a recent Saturday night you would have, with us praised God to see all four on their feet giving praise, honor and glory to Him who alone can give peace to the soul and set the captive free.

This is just one instance in our happy daily life of service and truly all who go forth to the service with their hearts filled with His glory and praise shall return bringing in the sheaves.

"For Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusted in Thee." Isaiah, 26.3.

We thank God for making the Mission a seat of blessing to so many of His children, strangers in the city on business, etc. The other evening a gentleman testified to this effect.—"I am from the South, but my business has kept me in New York, longer than I expected it would, at first I was quite disturbed for I felt that I was needed at home. I have been a Christian a number of years, but never had the assurance of a personal Saviour, until coming here a couple of evenings ago, I am glad I ran across you folks I am going back tomorrow with the determination of being used of Him.

"This is great. I can hardly believe that it is Saturday night, and that I am in the heart of New York City." The speaker was a Christian gentleman from Scranton, Pa., he and his wife were spending a few days in the city, they were wondering just where they would go their last evening and were walking up Eighth Avenue, and, attracted by the Open-Air Meeting, stopped and at its close entered the Mission with the workers. On their way out of the Mission the above was addressed to a worker, with also, "I never heard a more beautiful Message."

Our mothers were so glad to hear from dear Miss Mason recently and as Miss Olsen read the letter written to them collectively, so much has Miss Mason each woman on her heart, each one felt that it was as if written individually to her, and in the testimony meeting that followed, many thanked God for her. Our prayer every week for our sister is that God will give her abundantly of His strength, and return her to us in His own good time.

MISSION TIDINGS

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By the year One Dollar in advance.
10 cents per copy

Editors { .....SARA WRAY
.....FRANK H. MANN

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VOL. II NOVEMBER, 1919 NO. 11

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these . . . years" Deut. 8:12.

November the 16th will begin our Anniversary Week. It will be a week of thanksgiving to God for the wonderful way His hand has been upon the Mission in blessing, since the day twenty years ago when the Mission first opened its doors. A splendid program has been arranged with speakers and singers with a vital message, and we are expecting many of our friends who have moved to other places to join us in our celebration. The Anniversary service will close Sunday November 23rd, our real Anniversary Day. Many of our readers may not know that the great need of this neighborhood was laid upon the heart of Mrs. May Agnew Stephens before her marriage. The crowds thronged the avenue on their way to places of amusement. Nothing was being done to help these people Godward. No Mission or church with open doors invited them in. Mrs. Stephens asked friends to join her in prayer that a Mission might be established where the Gospel of the Christ of God might be preached and through the Word and testimony and song, souls might find the Lord Jesus and Life Eternal. God graciously answered the prayers of His people and on the 23rd of November 1899, The Eighth Avenue Mission first opened its doors. At first there was open hostility on the part of the neighborhood, particularly among the saloon element, the meetings outside, and in, frequently being interfered with. Twenty years in the neighborhood has changed all that. The people now know that they have no better friends than the Mission. In sickness and trouble and death it is to the missionary or superintendent they come with their problems and burdens. There has been a Gospel meeting every night for twenty years and when weather permitted an open-air meeting also. There are services for the "mothers" of the neighborhood, a Sunday School, a summer home for needy children, trained missionaries who visit the homes ministering to the sick and the poor with food and clothing and the necessities of life, but preeminently with the Word of God through which numbers have been brought to know Jesus as their Saviour. In all the years the work of the Mission has been to one end, the salvation of men, women and children, whether it be by Gospel service in the Mission or at the street corner, in "mothers'" meeting, or Sunday School in hospitals or prison, in ministering to the sick or needy, or sending tired mothers and sick children in the summer days to the country. Our supreme desire in all this is to win souls for Christ. Many of the men and women who have found the Lord Jesus in the Mission are now missionaries in Heathen lands, missionaries at home, ministers of various churches, evangelists, Bible readers and colporters. We invite our friends to come to the Mission and rejoice with us on one or more evenings of this Twentieth Anniversary week.

Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, 2 Tim. 2.15.

We are glad to see some of our young men, recent converts, anxious to be of help in the work. Some are serving as ushers and do it splendidly. Others are standing by the door and outside the door inviting the passerby to come in. Many have accepted their invitation who otherwise would have gone on their way without hearing the Gospel message. There are many doors of service wide open just waiting for consecrated men and women to enter. If you are looking for a place to pass on to others that which God has given to you, talk it over with the Superintendent sometime.

* * *

The Thursday night Service of Song is increasing in interest. We are learning more and more the meaning of Col. 3:16, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." People come from distant places to this service and especially take delight in learning the verse and reference for the coming week. Already we have memorized in this Thursday night meeting over fifty verses and the reference. Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Boyle and others to whom God has given the gift of song minister to us from week to week, and the unsaved who would not come for any other reason come to hear the singing and many have been saved.

* * *

The Rally Day exercises of the Sunday School were held on a recent Sunday. It was an intensely interesting program and only those who love the Lord Jesus and the little ones could train the children so effectively. During the summer the children have been scattered, many of them being in the various summer homes, but everyone seemed to be back in their place on Rally Day and it was a pleasure to see some of the parents taking in with delighted faces the words of scripture and the sweet Gospel songs and recitations the children brought them. The Superintendent and his laborers in this important work desire above everything the salvation of the little ones and hope through them to reach the parents, many of whom are utterly indifferent to spiritual things. Shall we not help these faithful Sunday School workers by praying that God will bless them and give them the desire of their heart.

"Jesus wants this little heart, wants it all, not just a part. Now I give it all to Thee, Jesus, for you first loved me"; sang a little girl as the program closed. The Superintendent then asked all who had accepted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour to make it known by the upraised hand. He then invited those who had not accepted Jesus to receive Him now, and a number of children responded to the joy of those who had so faithfully sown the seed in these little hearts.

* * *

The Men's Bible Class under the leadership of Mr. Alwyn Ball, Jr., continues to increase in number. Last Sunday there were fifty men present. It is not unusual for a brother to come without breakfast, but when one was sympathized with recently for the loss of his morning meal he joyfully exclaimed, "I wouldn't have missed the class for a thousand breakfasts." This Bible Class, with the Bible studies Monday and Wednesday night mean much not only to the young converts, but to the older Christians, who have learned to love God's Word more and understand God's plan for the world better because of them.

For the Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two edged sword piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Heb. 4, 12.

HELP THE NEEDY

We are greatly in need of clothing; garments of any kind will be most welcome. Shoes and babies' clothes are urgently needed just now. All parcels received will be gratefully acknowledged

Address, Supt. 290 Eighth Avenue.

"The Redeemed . . . Say So"

On a recent Saturday evening Miss Wray requested a number of men to get up and give their testimony. Twenty-five men stood to their feet at once. Oh, how I wished some of the carping critics could have seen that sight—some from homes of affluence and wealth, some graduates of universities, some from the mire and gutter of sin and yet all praising the God of all comfort *for Jesus.*

* * *

The first on their feet to testify were Bros. Davis and Cleveland. Bro. Davis said, I was a poor, helpless drunkard, working as a Lunchman in "Gin Mills" so I could obtain more cheap booze to shut out all recollection of the home he had lost, the loved ones he was separated from, hopeless and lost, but the "God of all comfort" brought him news of Jesus and he surrendered and found a friend in Jesus. "Hallelujah, what a Saviour."

* * *

Our Bro. Cleveland then spoke, with his face shining and his voice tense with emotion, as he thanked the "Father of All Mercies" for his wonderful recovery from a severe and hopeless sickness. On the 7th of Sept. he had been stricken, a specialist had been called who had done what he could but to no avail. A second specialist had been called and then a third, in consultation, and all agreed Bro. Cleveland had but two hours to live, but our dear brother had the assurance from the "God of all comfort" that the end was not yet, and so under the guidance of the Holy Spirit the doctors decided to abandon all medicines which perfectly coincided with our brother's views and brother Cleveland said, I have driven five hundred miles in an auto since then, came back refreshed and invigorated and felt like apologizing to the firm for which I work for being absent. I feel twenty years younger, with the life-giving health that He alone can give. He said he often had wished he had some definite thing to praise God for such as he had heard our dear departed Bro. Sam Adams, "The Cricket," testify to, or Bro. Davie or Haines, but continuing he said, tonight I have it. God answered the faithful believing prayer of the "Mission" folks and raised me up. I have something to tell people and by the grace of God I intend to tell it. Our brother's whole face and bearing indicated how deep and lasting was the impression that had been made by the love and grace of the God of all comfort. God bless brother Cleveland and make him a blessing to countless numbers.

* * *

Our dear brother was followed by his "better half." She, too, had undergone her time of heartache and uncertainty, but with her face radiant she said, I will never doubt the God of all comfort again and the efficacy of Prayer. Our dear sister sang two beautiful hymns to the praise and power of the Father of all mercies.

* * *

Brother Cannon said, The singing drew me in, the testimonies held me, and Jesus saved me. Praise Him!

* * *

Bro. Cumming, "I wasbrought up in Church and Sunday School. I had never done anything very wrong. I was self-righteous and stubborn," but one night he got a sight of Jesus, and the love and beauty of Jesus broke his stubborn heart—he surrendered all. The Father of mercies became his father through Jesus and brother Cummings, whom we all have learned to love, is one of the most faithful, humble consecrated workers we have. His faithful ministry at the Mission and at Bellevue Hospital has endeared him to every heart. God bless him.

* * *

Bro. Capt. Noble, than whom there was no greater miracle there, a man who had sailed the Ocean, the Lakes the

Sound, a man who feared neither God, the devil, or man, and yet here he was praising God for Salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. Our brother has passed through fiery trials lately but the Father of Mercies was enough.

* * *

Bro. Mountcastle, a college graduate, living next door to the Mission, heard the hymns of praise, and in his half stupid condition, recognized the hymns he used to sing when a boy, came into the meeting and found a friend in Jesus, A Father in the God of all consolation.

* * *

An old man, a visitor at the Mission, testified he had known the Saviour for fifty years and had proved beyond a doubt that there was unlimited help for unlimited numbers in the Father of Mercies.

Bro. Woods. "I was lost but Jesus found me. He first found my wife, my mother-in-law, then myself, then my father-in-law and as for me I can truly say, 'As for me and my house we do serve the Lord.'"

A Hebrew brother's testimony. "I thank God for *Jesus*. He found me and saved me and He is my Messiah. I love Him, because He first loved me."

Two dear Japanese brothers then spoke. One said how he had been asking the "Father of Mercies" to send him a comrade in the Lord and how God had sent him the other Japanese brother as a friend and comrade. The God of Consolation had answered his prayer.

The other brother said a friend had asked him if he had any relatives here, or acquaintances, or a sweetheart, he answered he had no relatives here but that he had a sweetheart and His Name was Jesus. How our hearts were thrilled as our dear brother uttered these words.

These brethern were followed by our dear colored brother Barbour, who said, for a long time he could not understand the "Song of Solomon" in his Bible, but now he understood. Jesus was the "Sweetheart," the "Bridegroom," and the ransomed, the saved church was His bride.

* * *

He was followed by our dear Swiss brother, Merian, who said he had sold his home and deposited the money in the bank and one night, coming home from work, his wife met him with the information that the bank had closed its doors and what was he going to do now. But our dear brother knew in Whom he had believed, and at once went to the Father of Mercies and found peace in believing. "Thou will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, The God of Consolation." Hallelujah.

* * *

Bro. Thompson, who had stood while twenty-three were testifying, said he thought he was entitled to a longer time to testify as he had stood the longest, but Miss Wray reminded him he had only stood a few minutes while she herself had stood for two hours leading the "song service" and delivering the "Message."

Bro. Thompson said that he and his brother, a minister of the Gospel, who had fallen into sin after they had run the gamut of sin wound up on the "Bowery" to die. They had tried to find a substitute for Jesus in the old booze but it was a failure. They turned to Him, Who never turns anyone away, and now the brother is proclaiming the Gospel from the pulpit away down in Texas and Arthur is proclaiming it on the street corner and in the Mission. The Father of All Mercies found them both.

* * *

Surely it was a night of Victory and blessing. We were lifted to "higher Ground." It was with hearts full we sang "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

HAINES.

* * *

And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. Jno. 10. 28.

Intercessory Foreign Missionaries

By Rev. Alfred E. Street of the Island of Hainan, South China.

"Jehovah wondered that there was no intercessor."—Is. 59:16.

3. Substitutes. When a draft is made for war service only a limited number of men is called out, and a "substitute" has to be one of those not drafted in his own name. But in this spiritual war every citizen of heaven is drafted, and no substitutes are possible, because there are none left undrafted. Victory is impossible unless those at home meet and rout the invisible foe. It is unjust to send a man into the deadly blackness of heathenism without giving your life in intercession for him while he gives his life for the heathen. We must "lay down our lives for the brethren."

1 John 3:16.

4. Candidates. Beware of ever *urging* any one to go as a missionary. The Holy Spirit only can do that with safety. We should urge that one set his will "as flint" that he is going to "do the will of my father in heaven," and that he then *pray,* "Lord send forth laborers;" then if the Lord really wants him in foreign fields it is only a matter of time when it will be made so plain that there is no room for doubt.

5. Rewards. There is a peculiar supplementary reward given for all missionary work. It is an addition to the honors of faithful labor, and is determined not by what is done, but by what is "left." For every comfort or friend that you leave in order to do this work you *will* receive one hundred fold (10,000 per cent.) of the comfort, rest and satisfaction that they could have afforded. This is indescribably true of both missionary and intercessor, and is the kind of "joy set before him" that enabled Jesus to "endure." The missionary "leaves" by taking ship, the intercessor "leaves" by shutting the door of his closet. [When one contributes money he does *not* "leave" it, but lays it up in heaven (Mat. 6:20 and Lu. 18:22), where it becomes the only treasure he can call his own.] Attendance on church meetings and conventions becomes a selfish indulgence of religious feelings when it leads to the neglect of the hard work God wants you to do. Men are dying in agony while you are enjoying a "beautiful" service and while God is calling you to forget your very existence in watching and praying with groaning that cannot be uttered.

"The unsearchable riches of Christ" are discovered by the missionary, whether he is among the heathen preaching it to them or in the homeland interceding for them. These things are not mere matters of intellectual theory, but they have been proven in experience, and should become your experience also, for they are a following in the footsteps of Christ Jesus.

* * *

TESTIMONY IN A PRISON

From a letter received by Alex. Marshall from a well-known worker, successor to Dr. Baedeker in Siberian Prison Work.

I use the first opportunity to break the awful silence and let you know that we are still alive and still treading the narrow upward road, where one day we will meet the Lord and His dear ones. These terrible years have taught the world that culture without the Gospel is valueless.

Russia is in confusion. We are now at "wit's end corner." The Bolsheviks are killing, burning, and robbing all that they come across, and on this account we are nearly starving. I had the honor, during the German rule, to be put in prison and

in chains for the Gospel's sake.

I was charged with being an English

spy. During my imprisonment I learned as I had never learned before the meaning of two Scriptures: (1) "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. 12:9); and (2) "As thy days so shall thy strength be" (Deut. 33:25). I would not have missed these prison days for anything because I have proved that all God's promises are "yea and amen" in Christ (2 Cor. 1:20.)

During these days I preached

the gospel, not as a prison-preacher, but as a prisoner myself. And God greatly blessed my testimony. Eventually I was summoned before a War Council, and was exonerated of the charge perferred against me. My chains were removed, and I am now a free man. Since my liberation God has used me in the conversion of numbers of souls. My wife has been very poorly; I feared I was going to lose her, but the Lord raised her up. I had an attack of pneumonia, and was very ill, but under the blessing of God I am considerably better in health, though not yet strong.

How are you, dear brother, and how goes the work of the Lord? The Lord has been giving to us

times of refreshing.

Two weeks ago I had a mission in a place twenty miles distant and twenty souls professed to accept Christ as their Saviour. My wife and boys send their love to you. My elder boy, who is a believer, was baptized two years years ago, but the younger is not yet a new creature. The boots you sent have not yet arrived here. Perhaps we may be able to have them. Give my love to all the Christian friends who know me. Yours ever true in the Lord Jesus and His service.

* * *

TERRIBLE BONDAGE

"The life of the Bantu, both men and women, is beset with troubles and fears on every side. The woman casts about for some help, some source of comfort, and all that her darkened mind has found is 'fetish.' She makes charms to keep her beauty, to safeguard her children, to keep away the evil spirits. The man, who is master, as well as the woman, who is slave, is in bondage to fear. We cannot understand the mind of the animist. He lives in continual terror. His whole world is peopled with millions of strange beings. Every path is haunted. The rocks and rivers and forests are full of spirits. There are housed spirits and nomad spirits; spirits that are content with their lodging in a fallen tree, in a rock, easily satisfied with little offerings of seed; and there are spirits of untiring malevolence, wanderers, going to and fro, seeking whom they may devour in subtle spirit fashion, open to suggestions from evil men, servants of your enemy, fathers to inhuman cruelties implanted in the human mind, princes in the realms of fear."

To minds tortured with such beliefs there is but one pathway to peace, and that Way is Christ. Hundreds, and thousands, of these people are turning their steps to walk in his new Way. Other thousands, and millions even, have not yet heard that there is a Way out from fear and into Peace.

"I know of a land that is sunk in shame,
  And hearts that faint and tire,
And I know of a Name, a Name, a
  Name
  Can set the land on fire!
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame;
I know of a Name, a Name, a Name
  Will set that land on fire."

Hulda J. Stumpf.

* * *

"Would you accept a Gospel, and a cordial invitation to attend the service this evening?" was asked by one of our missionaries after a Sunday afternoon open-air service of a man who stood motionless and looking down apparently very perturbed in mind and spirit. He looked up at her and said in a very hoarse voice, "All they said was about me, all they said was about me." The Spirit of God had sent the testimonies straight home to this man's heart, and overpowered him so that he could hardly move. Certainly the Word of God is "quick and powerful" and "God is able."

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

"If this whole world followed you—
Followed to the letter—
Would it be a nobler world,
All deceit and falsehood hurled
From it altogether?—
Malice, selfishness and lust,
Banished from beneath the crust
Covering hearts from view?—

"Tell me, if it followed you,
Would the world be better?"

At the beginning of another year's blessed work we are all earnestly asking ourselves this very important question because on it hinges our personal influence over all those with whom we come in contact day after day. Surely there is not one of us who does not desire more than anything else to be a blessing and best of all to be blessed of God and to know without the question of a doubt that we are in the very place that God wants us to be.

The Wednesdays of October have meant much to us all as we greeted one another after the absence of several. It was good to see our good missionaries back each in her respective place ready to start out with renewed energy in the Master's service. The dear mothers all seemed so happy to be back. Many had been absent, having secured work out of town. One mother told us that she had removed to Jersey but became so homesick for the Mothers Meeting she simply had to come back, it had been to her a place of great comfort and blessing. This we found to be the case with so many of our friends.

At a recent meeting our dear consecrated worker, Miss Mary Thomas, gave us such a helpful message, she selected for her lesson the "Love Chapter" of the Bible, first Corinthians, 13; and she spoke of the great love of God for even the least of us. The words of Miss Thomas always carry weight when she speaks because she lives out her Christian life in a very praiseworthy manner. Among her other personal experiences Miss Thomas told what an untold blessing her class in the Mothers meeting had been. Often she said she came to the meeting apprehensive, discouraged, carrying many burdens on her heart, but she would just raise her heart to God in prayer and surrender herself absolutely to the study of God's word with her class and she would go home with her heart bursting with joy and praise. This very helpful Christian experience made a deep impression on us and as the mothers passed out we noticed that many stopped to seek out Miss Thomas for a word of thanks.

Yes, dear workers and mothers, if you have had a helpful experience or a definite answer to prayer don't hesitate to stand up and tell it out as there is always someone present to whom your few stumbling words may prove a great blessing.

We were very much impressed the other day while visiting in one of the homes by an incident told to us by a Mission mother. It was in reference to the "Follow-Up" work of our summer outing. While there, of course, we impressed upon the children the importance of attending our Sunday school and when possible to bring another child from their street or block. When we questioned the children individually we found that one or two of the group did not go to any Sunday school and for the time being the matter ended. However, our seed was not sown in vain as this mother told us the following interesting story. One Sunday afternoon, when she had just finished her dinner and was taking a few moments of rest, she heard a feeble knock at the door; the rap was so very timid she thought she was mistaken when she heard it again. Upon opening the door there stood three tiny

tots all dressed in their very best clothes, their faces not only shining with a fresh bath of soap and water but with a great joy not to mention determination. "What do you want, children?" the mother asked as the children were perfect strangers to her and to the neighborhood. The oldest of the group, barely eight, had constituted herself as spokesman and answered, "We have come to get your little girl and bring her to Sunday school at the Mission. She promised us in the country she would come if we called for her and here are all three of us." Sure enough there they were, having walked fifteen blocks from their own home to make good. The mother was very much touched but as her little sought for child was only four years old and there were two avenues to cross she was forced to refuse these precious missionaries but it set us "grown ups" who heard the story a-thinking as we remembered how many times we shirked asking even our next door neighbor to a meeting when we felt strongly it was our duty to do so.

We have another instance of the great faith possessed by these little ones and how the simple services of the summer have gripped their hearts in such a very practical manner. One of our little girls had told us she had a little brother barely three who was so dirty and would not even try to keep himself clean when he played so her papa and mama would not give him a good suit of clothes as they were very poor and the little boy would only ruin them but she added, confidentially, if I only had something clean to put on him I would take him to Sunday school myself. We hunted up a sensible pair of washable rompers, a pair of shoes and a cap and presented them to our little friend. The following Sunday and every Sunday since the little boy with his faithful sister have been "present" and the latest report is that Christmas Frankie is to have a recitation like the other children and besides the little girl added joyfully, Mama is going to get him a new suit, a real boy's suit, because he keeps himself so beautifully clean Sunday. These are but trifles in the telling but it encourages our heart and proves to us that God is most wonderfully blessing the Mission and putting His own seal upon the privileged work that was our portion these past summer months.

Christmas is almost at hand and we are hoping to be a blessing to many homes around about us. That every little girl should have a doll is, of course, our end. The time to buy a doll to be dressed is just now, as at Christmas prices soar skyward and, in fact, a time comes as we all know at the last moment when prices are actually prohibitive. So do your doll shopping. A doll may look very insignificant in the buying but who has not experienced the possibilities of a few yards of dainty material, a bit of left over lace, a few yards of penny ribbon, your own good will and an extra measure of love when out of your hands emerges a dollie that is a dream of loveliness that promises to make some lonely little child forget that at times the cupboard is empty and coal impossible to obtain, milk out of the question, bread many times dry and pretty, comfortable clothes an unheard of luxury for oneself. The moral is just buy your doll early, so that she may tuck it away until the proper moment and know just where she is "AT" every step of the way. This is just one way, very practical way of being helpful at a time when every moment is busy because at Christmas there are many, many extra duties for the Superintendent and we must never forget that no matter what happens the regular routine of the Mission work must not be interrupted.

A dear old Quacker lady, when asked what cosmetic she used to produce such a lovely complexion, replied sweetly: "I use for my lips, truth; for my voice, prayer; for my eyes, pity; for the hands, charity; for the figure, uprightness; for the heart, love."

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

Volume 11 Number 12

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Mission Tidings

December 1919

. . . Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Luke, 2.10.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

John, 3.16.

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— By W. L. Watkinson, D. D. —

The distinctive note of the Christian faith is that of adequacy, abundance, completeness.

* * *

Whatever our Lord Jesus Christ does for us is done amply, effectually, overflowingly.

* * *

The knowledge of Salvation in Christ is so complete that nothing can be added to it except to our detriment.

* * *

Plentitude of forgiveness, love, strength, comfort, peace and hope is ours in the knowledge and fellowship of Jesus Christ.

* * *

He who does not frankly and freely honour the Master in word and deed starves the soul and kills character in its very roots.

* * *

We can no more shut up our spiritual life to silence and darkness and expect it to grow and ripen than we can hope to see a bulb in a closet break into sweet flower and ruddy fruit.

* * *

As our spiritual being is re-created in Christ Jesus, so the life of the soul is maintained through fellowship with Him.

* * *

Intimate oneness with Christ is the secret of spiritual, moral and eternal life.

* * *

God has not left His people without a "whole armour" and that armour is found in the fulness of their spiritual life.

* * *

Let us then continually saturate our mind with the light and power of God's holy law, and ever be ready to draw upon our enemies the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God.

The Church of Christ does not primarily appeal to intellect, imagination or sentiment, but to the conscience. Men must be brought into the presence of the righteous God.

* * *

Contact with Christ is the shock that startles the dead, awakening them into glorious life.

* * *

Christianity fails in one place, in one place only; and that is where it is never tried.

* * *

The Gospel of Christ has only one record; it is peace and blessing to whatever soul may seek to love and obey it; and the desert place that welcomes it smiles back in the blossom of the rose.

* * *

Just as a physician has little to say to his patients about beauty or music but concentrates on the disease and peril of the sufferer, so the Great Physician concentrates Himself on the healing and health of the soul.

* * *

Nothing misbecomes a Christian more than to live an anxious life. With Christ in the storm we are in port.

* * *

We have every reason for absolute confidence in God our Saviour. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

* * *

Put your talent whatever it may be into the treasury of the King and be sure that you shall in due season receive your own with interest.

* * *

Every true servant of God furnishes a segment, and when all these segments are pieced by the Supreme Hand they form a vast and perfect circle.

MISSION TIDINGS

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Albert Simpson: A Personal Tribute

By A. Chester Mann

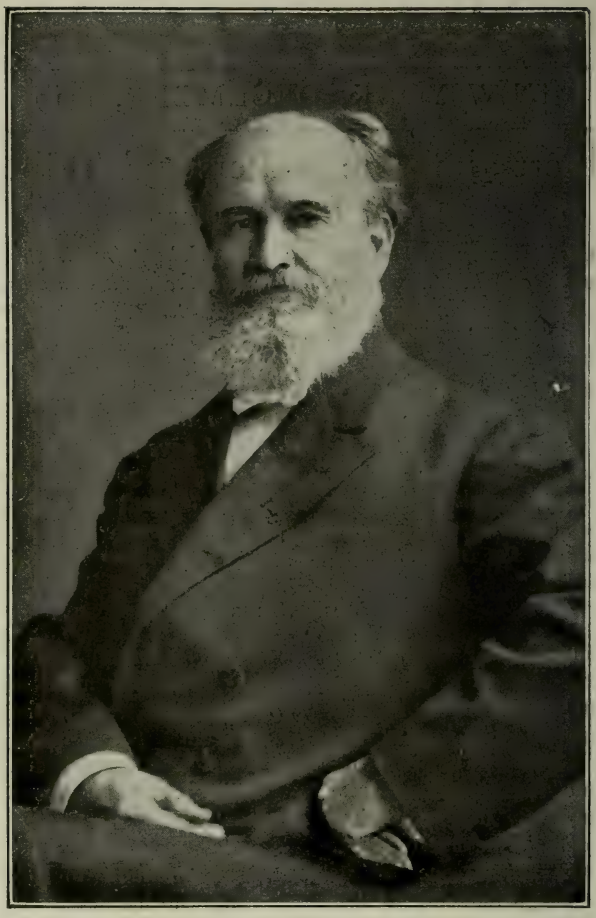
"AFTER this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a summons, and had this for a token that the summons was true, That his pitcher was broken at the fountain. When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he, 'I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am come hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give unto him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder.' When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went he said, 'Death where is thy sting?' And as he went deeper, he said, 'Grave where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."—BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

WITH JESUS

ON the morning of October 29, the flame-like spirit of Albert Simpson which, for more than a generation, had burned and glowed on this earth with a wondrous light, passed into the immediate presence of the King. By this translation, America loses one of the finest of her pulpit-figures, the world one of its choicest souls. The personality of this great herald of the Cross, was rich and rare, his gifts and graces manifold. In a degree seldom attained by any man, he combined the qualities of organizer, leader, poet, teacher, preacher and seer. Many years ago, he was vouchsafed a heavenly vision, and to it he was ever obedient, following its gleam with unflinching purpose and single-eyed devotion. He toiled unto the going down of the sun, with an unconquerable serenity and unquenchable faith, such as inspire men who believe in the righteousness of their cause, and the sovereignty of their King. The influence of his life and labors has flung itself around the habitable globe. He fought a good fight. He kept the faith. And, now, he is at home with God.

In the foregoing paragraph, I made reference to Dr. Simpson's rich and rare personality. Yet, no matter how richly endowed it may have been, it was something more than mere human nature that went to the exercise of his constant unselfishness, his gallant breasting of great difficulties, his unfailing cheerfulness under adverse circumstances, his buoyancy on days of sunlessness and shadow, his unremitting solicitude for those who stood nearest to his heart. He lived a life of constant self-denial, yet the word, as applied to himself, never crossed his lips—possibly, never even crossed his mind. He revelled in doing kindnesses, and taxed his ingenuity to find words of encouragement for the most immature and unpromising efforts put forth by those who labored with him.

Many a man and woman, whose inestimable privilege it was to be intimately associated with this truly great and lovable man, are feeling today, that never again, in this world, will they be permitted to know so sweet, so saintly a spirit. A thousand endearing traits of character crowd in upon their memories—his unstinted charity, his broad and generous tolerance, his absolute freedom from bitterness, rancor or envy, his deep, unfeigned interest in the private concerns and sorrows of those who gave him their confidence,



REV. A. B. SIMPSON

and sought his counsel and guidance in their hours of need. He was a true model of patience. He was blest with a most winning simplicity of soul, and a genuinely unaffected humility. He was, in all things, devout, gentle, saintly. He lived near—very near—to God. His whole being was, as it were, steeped in the very essence of the Spirit. He served his Lord long and loyally, and consecrated all his great gifts to this supreme service. And he won, without any conscious striving for it, the love and honor of all who had the joy of his fellowship and the boon of his friendship. To have known him, to have loved him, to have had a place in his regard was

"Part of this life's unutterable good."

He was pre-eminently a *good* man—can any higher praise be accorded him?—faithful, sacrificing, enduring, laborious, a devoted husband, a most tender father, an enduring friend.

Yet, humanly speaking, Albert Simpson trod a lonely road. To the specific work and organization he founded, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble were called." I trust no one will misconstrue this statement into any word of disparagement of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Of men and women whole-heartedly believing in, and devoted to, the Full Gospel he preached, enthusiastically pledged to his great missionary program, and willing to give of their substance, to an almost amazing point of sacrifice, in furtherance of the work—of these, I say, Dr.

Simpson never stood in lack. But in the realm of mental force, of spiritual discernment, or consecrated vision, he walked a path that none of his co-workers even remotely approached. In matters of this sort, he stood, right along, and to the end, a man absolutely without a peer.

Although qualified by great natural gifts to attain the highest honors and successes possible to a Christian minister in a great ecclesiastical communion, Dr. Simpson chose another path. "Following the gleam" led him out of the shelter and security of assured patronage, into a place where he stood isolated—except for the abiding presence of his Lord. And so it came about, that this man of God, spent the greater part of his years in the almost single-handed undertaking and performance of herculean tasks, which brought him little, or no recognition, at the hands of those who should have been quick to perceive the magnificent character of the work he was attempting for God, and humanity, the wide world over. Yet seldom, if ever, did he betray even a consciousness of that dull indifference or open hostility accorded him by certain Church leaders —indifference and hostility which, coming as it often did, from men not worthy to unloose the latchet of Dr. Simpson's shoes, time and again, stirred the indignation of those who loved him and realized his worth. Yet the man at whom it was directed, was, apparently, in no way affected by it. He moved serenely on his way. He was loyal to Divine Truth as it had been revealed to him, loved the light and sought it earnestly, furnishing by his daily and hourly practice, a sweet and winsome illustration of what the indwelling of the Paraclete can bring to pass in hearts and lives of men.

When that great vision of revealed truth was vouchsafed to Albert Simpson, he became consumed by one great upwelling, passionate desire to pass it on, that others, who had not seen its glory, should, nevertheless, share in his conviction and be possessed by the same power. Yet it was not, so much, what he, himself, *thought* about the great revelation that Dr. Simpson was so eager to spread abroad, as it was to proclaim his definite, incontrovertible *experience* of what had been done in, and for him. It was not so much a creed that he preached, as a *life;* not a common impression, but actual fellowship in a powerful, transforming act. That act, that fact, as it continually reasserted and verified its validity, constituted the unbroken fellowship he had with his Master and Lord. And it was the crowning glory of his faith, that he placed himself in glad and willing surrender to the authority of what was consummated in the wonder-working Life, Passion and Death of Him, Who came to earth clothed in mortal flesh, verily rose again from the dead, lives in all the glory of intercessory grace, and will, one day, come again, to reign—from the rivers, to the ends of the earth.

Of Dr. Simpson's preaching it is difficult to speak without appearing to indulge in hyperbolic praise. On his best days, he was, easily, the first preacher in the city of New York. How he could make a theme throb and glow! And how meltingly eloquent he could be! My own impression is, that a man of glowing convictions is *always* eloquent. And what always laid hold of me, when listening to Dr. Simpson, was less the eloquence of his speech, than the eloquence of the man. His face was eloquent; his attitude was eloquent; and in all his expositions of truth, clothed, as they invariably were, in well-nigh faultless phrase and sentence, it was the personality—the *soul,* if you would rather I put it that way—of the man that was always eloquent.

With Dr. Simpson, grace was more than grammar, and of this fact, I am very sure: It was not the stirring character of his eloquence, nor the lofty standard of "pulpit technique" to which he attained, which produced the results that followed his preaching. Nor were they brought about by the specific doctrines he proclaimed, for these were

set forth by scores of others, one and all of whom failed signally to duplicate the extraordinary influence that was his. No: one must look elsewhere for the secret of his power. Personally, I believe it was to be found in the fact that a richly-endowed and highly gifted personality had its every avenue flung wide open to the influences of the Eternal which flowed into, and through it, until brain and soul, together with every thought that throbbed and surged through them, were permeated and surcharged with the power of the Holy Ghost. From such a source I believe Albert Simpson's great gift of preaching flowed—preaching that was incommunicable, such as no seminary course could give. It was the voice of God Himself, speaking through his willing and devoted servant.

One could never be indifferent under Dr. Simpson. He touched men to the quick—to a responsive passion of acceptance or revolt. His whole message was a challenge to the individual listener, him personally, him alone. He drew from a direct well of inspiration. He came, as from a journey of the soul, charged with a message not his own—as one who had seen a vision and hurried to proclaim the joyful tidings, unable to rest until the message had been delivered, and the vision revealed. It was this holy emotion that made his appeal so poignant, so thrilling in its intensity, so healing in its more placid moods.

No spiritual truth seemed to come to him naked or austere, but in a comely shape, and clothed in fair colors. It was his custom to pass from argument to illustration, as one turns from a dusty road into a green and smiling meadow. His endeavor was not to batter down the walls of human nature by blatant threatenings, or to capture the citadel by some brilliant assault of cleverness, for that were to win a hazardous victory and put the garrison to shame. Rather he chose to bring it to pass, that the defenders of the fortress were so taken by the offers of the besieging yet friendly forces, that of their own choosing they opened the gates with hearty good-will, and bade the King of Glory enter in.

And then, Dr. Simpson was ever a poet-preacher. He had the poet's intensity of vision, the poet's quick emotional response, the poet's imaginative fervor. Tennyson once said of Swinburne that "he is a tube through which all things blow into music." Yet this was only spoken of the music of the senses, poured from old "Triton's wreathéd horn." Dr. Simpson was a voice through which the music of the *soul* issued in impromptu cadences, which fell upon the listening ear in strains that breathed healing and benediction and peace.

Of the wonderful missionary work which, as the result of one man's utter consecration, has spread itself all over the world, I forbear to write. That must be done by other hands. All I set out to do, was to pay a personal tribute to a truly great and wonderful man, towards whom I had the highest reverence and regard, and whose removal from the world, has left it infinitely the poorer. Yet Albert Simpson is not dead. To be sure, his corporeal presence, in conformation with all things mortal, has, for a time, been removed from the plane of earthly activity. But that is all. His spirit, and the spirit of his labors, can never die. They belong, as Stanton said of Lincoln, "to the immortals." His earthly course was one of surpassing power, of great achievement, of sacrifice, of marvelous emulation of One "who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life as a ransom for many." Of no man of our time or generation can Robert Browning's splendid lines be held to apply with greater fitness. For, of very truth, Albert Simpson was

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Miss Wray's Anniversary

FOR the people of Eighth Avenue Mission, the rolling year has once more brought round November 3, and the celebration of their beloved Superintendent's anniversary. As of yore, Miss Wray's friends—their name is legion—crowded the Mission Hall to aid her in keeping green the memory of the day, when, as a mere slip of a girl in a gray, old English city, she heard the Voice and caught a glimpse of the Face of Him to Whom her life has been so finely dedicated through all the intervening years.

Half-jokingly—she never could have meant it, not *really*—Miss Wray told us of how she had been wishful to allow the date to pass unnoticed, but that her people would not permit her to do so. I am not surprised, and sincerely trust, moreover, that, for many years to come, there will always be somebody or other around Eighth Avenue Misson to keep a lynx eye on the calendar, and, as old October is dying, promptly sav to Miss Wray: "Such and such a day is November the third. Please prepare to celebrate."

For truly, Miss Wray's story is well worth telling, and as well worth hearing. Personally, I love to hear her tell it. I have heard it more than once; it loses nothing of freshness by the repetition. Rather, it takes on new color, new interest, new wonderment as the days go by. For it furnishes a signal instance of how the sharp sword of the Holy Spirit can pierce the rind of formalism and the imputed righteousness of Church membership, and lay stark and bare the fact of *Sin*, and the clamant need existent in the human heart for a definite, positive contact with Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. It bears living witness, moreover, to the spirit of renunciation which can dominate a human soul, when that soul is willing to be led out into avenues of service, and to the joy with which the years can be dowered, when they are spent in spreading the tidings of salvation, in publishing peace.

Whatever else I fail to appropriate, I can honestly claim that whenever I hear Miss Wray's testimony, I manage to soar a little higher, and see (if only for one evening) the things of the soul with a wider and clearer vision. The story of this devoted woman, and the atmosphere of the Mission she so ably conducts, yield me a new assurance of the existence of eternal verities —verities in which a man's soul can rest and abide. And I invariably come away from those inspiring meetings on Eighth Avenue consumed by the desire to henceforth make something stronger and finer out of life, to battle more valiantly, than heretofore, with the occasional staleness and atrophy to which all flesh is prone, and with the things which threaten the peace and welfare of my soul.

And so it was the other evening. It is not necessary that I should describe the service. The singing, speaking, praying, testifying were all of a piece, blending in a pean of thanksgiving, joined in a note of jubilant praise. Surely everybody came away from the anniversary celebration with their spiritual horizons wonderfully extended, and possessed by a sense of indubitable verity of salvation through the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

As for myself, I came away realizing with fresh poignancy that only those who hold firmly by the one perfect and sufficient Saviour can afford to recognize a power of redemptive force in the blurred and broken efforts at sacrificial love made by frail women and sinning men. In Christ, in the Beloved, in his sinless offering, all our poor, fragmentary, stained endeavors can be gathered up and cleansed and accepted and sanctified. In Him, through Him, these broken efforts can be made to possess redemptive worth. But we should not *dare* to plead that worth unless we could add, with the haste of breathless gratitude, "Not I! Not I! It is not I that live. But *Christ* liveth in *me.*"

A. C. M.

MISSION TIDINGS

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VOL. II DECEMBER, 1919 NO. 12

Our 20th Anniversary

SUNDAY, NOV. 16TH

Dr. James Palmer, Associate Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, an old and true friend of the Mission, who is always ready and willing to come to help celebrate these joyous occasions, brought the message on the opening night of our Anniversary Week. Dr. Palmer could hardly realize that the time had slipped by so quickly until now we counted a score of years since the Mission doors were thrown open for he remembered the work from its beginning. It was a message of power that came from this man of God who in his sweet affable manner invited us all most earnestly to enter into the heritage of his rich experiences in Christ Jesus whom he had known for over forty years. The keynote of his message was the power of God in the heart to satisfy in any and all conditions of life. In speaking of the social unrest so evident about us in these days, Dr. Palmer said the Gospel alone was the answer and remedy. With Christ in the heart it is possible to go through the monotonous daily toil with a song on the lips.

Mr. Sweet, with his splendid, powerful voice consecrated to the Lord's work brought two thrilling messages in song, which gripped the hearts of all.

* * *

MONDAY, NOV. 17TH.

All who were privileged to hear the forecful message of the Reverend Luther B. Wilson, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New York, on Monday night, felt its compelling appeal, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." We wish that space would permit of our printing the good Bishop's message in full. His emphatic exhortation was that our bodies are not to be despised as of no account but that they should be presented to God who is able to make something out of them. It is through the gateway of the body, said the Bishop, that the impressions are made upon the conscious soul and it is through this same body that we make the impression upon the world of what we are. The body is the battlefield where most of us have our fiercest battles, but if these bodies are presented to God what a tremendous difference it makes. The fashions of this world are very changing, but St. Paul is teaching us to get into the fashion that never changes, for there are some things that are always in fashion—the gentleness of a mother's love, the beauty of the truth of a great servant of Christ, the love that makes a life like the life of the Master, is always in fashion. So the message was to all alike, to the poorest, the most foolish, the wisest and the best, to present ourselves and prove; then we shall live on the sunny side of the street of life and shall have the pleasures, the joy, the privilege, the glory that we are not able to describe, "better tomorrow than today and each tomorrow better than any yesterday."

Mr. Frank Eaton and his little daughter sang most beautifully. Her sweet childlike voice blending so perfectly with her father's made us think of the music of Heaven itself.

TUESDAY, NOV. 18TH.

Dr. Robert F. Y. Pierce, Pastor of the North Baptist Church, brought great spiritual refreshment to our souls on Tuesday night. He has a most unique and interesting way of illustrating his message by the aid of skillful chalk sketches which he drew upon a chart. He showed us in what he called the "arithmetic of Heaven" how our lives if placed upon the right side of God, may be multiplied and made to count for something worthwhile. His searching question, "What is your life," in its aims, in its drift, in its hopes, in its achievements, in its destiny, struck deep into the heart. One of the most poignant of Dr. Pierce's illustrations was his description of life as a pendulum that swings between two worlds, swinging first toward God and then swinging out to this old world where there are burdened and suffering hearts. The problem is first to *come* to God and so the pendulum swings Godward, getting a certain impulse as it swings, and the second is *to go.* To the sinner Christ says "come" and to the Christian "go." It depends on each of us what we make of our lives. The destiny of our souls is in our keeping and God is ready to keep His promises.

The chorus of the Business Women's Council of the Billy Sunday Conservation Association was with us and a really wonderful chorus it was, so ably led by Miss Wing.

Miss Wolcott and Mrs. Wyburn gladdened our hearts with their sweet messages in song; particularly appealing was the invitation given by them at the close of the service: "This may be the last time Jesus will call, Oh, hear then the message and trust Him for all."

* * *

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19TH.

In announcing Mr. McNeely of the Elizabeth Avenue Baptist Church, Newark, Miss Wray said she would walk many a mile to hear a message from Mr. McNeely and our hearts were responsive to her declaration after listening to his eloquent exposition of the 4th chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Salvation through simply believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. To believe God is a great thing, said Mr. McNeely, as he led us through the experiences of Abraham fraught with such hopelessness; there was no foundation whatever on which Abraham could rest his hopes except the word of God but it was enough. And it is enough to accomplish our salvation—to take God at His word and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Salvation can never be explained, Mr. McNeely said, but we can describe it and the best kind of a description is when we can describe our own. Oh! the day that fixed my choice on Thee my Saviour and my God. It was a heartening message of hope. We were very happy to have present Dr. Winchester who was glad to spend his only free evening for many months in what he was pleased to call the brightest spot in New York.

Miss Wing's beautiful soprano voice refreshed us as it always does and her choice selection brought its added blessing. Mr. Oliphant, who always comes to help celebrate our Anniversary, sang in his pleasing voice the deep truth of his own life "He is Mine."

* * *

THURSDAY, NOV. 20TH.

A great treat was ours on Thursday when Dr. Morgan, Pastor of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, announced that he was not going to preach to us but had decided to tell the story of his conversion. What could be more fascinating than to hear these Divine biographies of God's servants. We wish all our readers could have heard this story from Dr. Morgan's lips. Connecting his story with the text, "If any man be in Chirst, he is a new creation," he pictured his early childhood scenes, making a charming, humorous story of some of the most bitter and pathetic trials that can come to a boy, taking no personal credit for anything but the grit to always take a new grip. His father, a God-loving man who knew the Bible, was the boy's ideal. They worked together in the steel mills. Growing

up the boy could see the difference between his father and himself—the difference between the natural and spiritual man. At 21 years of age came "the day that changed the world for me," said Dr. Morgan. It was during a revival that broke out in the little Methodist Church. He went forward, knelt at the altar and surrendered, but no apparent change came in his life. Every night he went back still seeking, until one morning at 5 o'clock, in the old mill between the flues of the furnace he found Christ. That was the beginning, no longer contented in the mill, he felt God's call and some time later, at the age of 23, started out to secure an education; although he did not possess the knowledge of even the elementary grades of learning, he went straight ahead for seven years until he left Drew Seminary with the degree of B.D. Dr. Morgan has now been preaching the Gospel for 27 years and is a living testimony of God's power to make a new creation of a man in Christ Jesus.

Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Boyle sang in their usual matchless way of the love of God deep enough to reach to those in degradation and broad enough to take in every nation—oh the matchless love of God.

* * *

FRIDAY, NOV. 21ST

Dr. Watson, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, greeted a vast audience Friday night and his powerful life-giving message "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me" stirred the depths of our souls. Did you ever hear of any one coming except Jesus drew him? No one is saved except by the winsomeness and love of Jesus Christ—the great magnet of the world. And every man that comes to Him, He turns into a magnet for Himself. Dr. Watson prayed that, as a result of this Anniversary week, we all might determine to let Christ come into us, that we may then go out and lift Him up. This is our common task, he said. The baby can do it, the full-grown man can do it, the man of wisdom can do no more and the man of ignorance can do no less. Lift up Jesus and He will do the rest. Dr. Watson's address will have its effect on lives, we believe, for years to come.

* * *

SATURDAY, NOV. 22ND

Saturday night, which is always Home Rally at the Mission, was a true home gathering. Friends gathered who had not found it possible to be present for many months and could we have listened to a more fitting message than that brought by Dr. Dowkontt, another old friend, "Watchman, what of the night?" This is the Saturday night of this age, he said, and it is about time we had Sunday. The great question is God, what time is it, where are we in Thy program—in Thy great time-table? There is a great aviation meet due any moment. Do not let us be looking down but look up to the morning of a day that will never know a setting sun, when we shall be like Him for we shall see Him. The glorious truth of the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ gladdened our hearts. Dr. Dowkontt's final plea was to sinners to hearken to the word of Jesus—spoken more sweetly than even the most loving parents can say it to their babes, "Come," take the first step toward God and be ready when He comes.

A great big welcome was accorded Mr. Mann, our Vice-President, who was present after an enforced absence of several months.

Mrs. Dowkontt was one of the soloists and no messages in song are ever more enjoyed than those rendered by Mrs. Dowkontt in her rich contralto voice.

* * *

SUNDAY, NOV. 23RD.

The real birthday at last after a week's anticipation. It was another home night, when all the members of the Board of Trustees who could come were present. It was a keen disappointment not to have Mrs. Whittemore present but illness kept her at home and prayer was offered that God would again restore her and send her forth in His work. So much was crowded into the evening that it is im-

possible to do more than record sincere gratitude for such a spiritual feast. The building was filled to its capacity. The message was brought by Mr. Ball, our Bible Class teacher, and made our hearts glow with the glorious truth of the coming of our Lord. Mr. Ball's heart is burdened with the great desire that the Mission shall be increasingly helpful in its outreach to the regions beyond and in this we can all share through the ministry of prayer. A telegram was read from our President, Mr. Sleeth, who is now in California. Mr. Sleeth's wholehearted interest in the Mission through all the twenty years of its existence is well known. He regretted he could not be with us in person although he was in spirit. Mr. Boggs also sent a message of sincere regret. After Mr. Schluenzen, the faithful secretary of the Board, had spoken, Miss Wray from a full heart thanked God for the way He had prospered the work of the Mission. His guiding hand had been upon it from the early days of trial when there was so much opposition in the neighborhood until the present moment. He was sufficient for every emergency. It was a truly notable anniversary week not a single night having passed when some souls did not kneel and find the Saviour.

The Monthly meeting of the New York District of the International Union of Gospel Missions was held in the Mission October 21st. It proved to be a time of great privilege and blessing. There was an afternoon and evening session and a delightful social hour between the two meetings, during which lunch was served.

The principal speaker of the afternoon meeting was Mr. Ralph C. Norton of the Gospel Mission to the Belgians. It was a wonderful story Mr. Norton told us—not only of a wonderful ministry through the printed Word, meetings and conversations, but of remarkable answers to prayer, and the opening of doors that the highest officials had declared impossible.

At the evening service the hall was crowded to the doors. Mrs. Norton was present with her husband and gave thrilling incidents from the wonderful work God gave her in Belgium. During an interesting audience with Queen Elizabeth, the Queen spoke of a Bible Mr. Norton had given her some time before, saying she had read it and had found much comfort in it. Mrs. Norton has been decorated by the Queen of Belgium with the Order of St. Elizabeth for her work amongst the soldiers.

Mr. Norton made a strong appeal for the prayers of Christians.

Bring Christmas Cheer

The meaning of "A Merry Christmas" is not known to many of the homes the Mission comes in touch with. We have been privileged for many years to minister to the desolate and poor round about us at Christmas time in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. We want to give a hundred Christmas baskets, each containing a dinner for eight people. Everyone of these hundred families we know personally. Then the children must not be forgotten. We must have a Christmas tree with dolls and toys to gladden the hearts of these little ones who would have nothing to brighten their lives at the festive season if we did not minister to them.

Will our friends far and near help us in this labor of love? Contributions of dolls, toys, or money, may be sent to S. Wray, 290 Eighth Avenue, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

The time draws near the birth of Christ. Shall we refuse to hear His suffering brothers' plea? Shall friendship, love and kin receive our all while want and woe in vain for succor call? The Cross of Mercy points the way once more: Rise, follow Him and serve! Thus we adore!

Mission Items

Sunday night, Nov. 9, was a gala night at the Mission. Our dear President, Mr. Geo. C. Sleeth, who brings the message on Sunday nights, changed the order of things somewhat. He gave a personal testimony of his own conversion twenty-one years ago. His heart filled with hatred against two dishonest, unscrupulous partners in business, who had defrauded him of every dollar he had in the world, he lived only for revenge, and had been steadily working along that line until he had reached the place where things were in such shape he could close in on these men and land them in prison. And then the miraculous happened; again an open air meeting the means, heard singing and stopped to listen, and Jesus came into his heart, the love of God was shed abroad in his heart and life, and all thought of revenge went out. When his lawyers came to prosecute he refused to go farther in the matter and tore up the papers in the case, and later he was enabled by the grace of God to do favors for the very ones who had robbed and defrauded him; such is the transforming power of Jesus Christ. The meeting was then transformed into a farewell meeting, as our dear brother is compelled to go to Arizona and southern California for the winter. He was so reluctant to go, as he hates to leave the Mission; he is the oldest friend the Mission has and before its doors were opened, was praying and helping to arrange its opening. He is always full of fire for God and country, and has nobly stood by the Mission in all its various phases, a bulwark of help and advice in every possible way.

Miss Wray in behalf of the Mission family presented Mr. Sleeth with a Schofield Bible, as she expressed it, "the best that could be procured," as a slight token of our esteem and love. The expressions of esteem and love that followed from full hearts gave evidence of the help and blessing our beloved President has been to every member of the Mission family. God eternally bless our brother and his dear wife, Mrs. Sleeth, for all their labour of love in our behalf, and our prayers and love will follow them till we meet again. May God spare and bring them back to us refreshed and renewed in mind and body to be a blessing and help as of yore.

* * *

"An ill wind that blows nobody good."

How our hearts have been singing a song of praise to God lately as we have seen and heard so many clean, bright, young babes in Christ rejoicing in their new found Saviour. A young mess-boy, who had been saved in England two years ago, brought his young shipmate who sought and found the Saviour in the Mission. Through the invitation of our dear friend, Mr. McAlevy, six young men from the ocean steamers, who were detained here by the strike of the longshoremen, came to the meetings and one after another the six gave their hearts to Jesus. It would do your heart good to hear them praising the Saviour for their salvation and how wonderfully the Holy Spirit is deepening and enlarging their experience. Though they are leaving us one by one we shall pray that they may let their light shine before men that God may be glorified. Another dear brother from the Bronx, who was living in a backslidden state, wretched, miserable and unhappy, who had found thorns on all the bushes of forbidden pleasure, came into the meeting and surrendered all to Jesus and with face aglow that comes from the knowledge of sins forgiven, is testifying nightly to his peace in the satisfying power of the love of Jesus, and so it goes from night to night, lost ones coming home to Jesus. "Its the old-time religion." It never loses its saving, keeping power. "Hallelujah."

A great loss has come to the Eighth Avenue Mission in the home-going of our beloved friend Rev. A. B. Simpson, founder and President of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and Pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle.

Mr. Simpson was deeply interested in the work of the Mission from its very beginning twenty years ago, and expressed so many times his great joy in having the Mission always open for the preaching of the glorious Gospel in the very neighborhood where he first began his larger ministry in New York City. Mr. Simpson was present at every Anniversary, with the exception of one when he was abroad, and then he graciously sent a message of love, assuring us of his prayerful interest. At our last Anniversary he told us that he was not well and because the night was stormy his friends had advised him not to come through the rain, but he felt he must come and rejoice with us in all that God had done. It was a beautiful message he brought us and no Anniversary speaker stirred our hearts in just the same way.

We shall miss him, but we rejoice that he is with his Lord whom he loved and served so faithfully. During the last year Mr. Simpson's strength had been declining and he spent most of his time quietly at home in Nyack and on Wednesday, October 29th, he passed peacefully away.

Many converts and friends of the Mission are members of the Gospel Tabernacle and others, members of that congregation whose lives have been greatly enriched by Mr. Simpson's ministry. We feel poorer for his absence, but we are trusting that God will work in and through our lives the glorious truth of His Gospel that our Brother so faithfully taught us.

A wonderful and impressive funeral service was held in the Gospel Tabernacle on Tuesday, Nov. 4, at noon. Although admission was by ticket only, long before the hour for the service the church was crowded and many turned away. The large platform was filled with members of the Board of Managers of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Missionaries, home workers and ministers of various denominations. For three hours the wonderful service continued and from beginning to end the Tabernacle seemed full of the glory of God as one and another who had known Mr. Simpson intimately spoke of his wonderful life and ministry.

Mr. Simpson's body was laid in a vault in Woodlawn Cemetery. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Psalm 116. 15.

* * *

Our dear sister Sophie went to be with her Lord Sunday, Nov. 2nd. It seems such a short time since she was in the Mission praising the Lord in her unique way and shouting "Amen, Hallelujah!" as she jumped three times.

An impressive funeral service was held in the Gospel Tabernacle, of which she was a member. There was a large gathering, many of whom had been led to Christ through her ministry in the Missions of the city. Only eternity will reveal the wonderful results that have come from this life so yielded to the one purpose of pointing lost sinners to her Saviour, and not only did Sophie's interest reach to the slums of New York and other large cities, but to the regions beyond, where by her self-denial and consecration many are hearing the wonderful message of salvation who otherwise would be in darkness. The complete story of this wonderful life would make a thrillingly interesting, as well as helpful and God-honoring volume. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them." Rev. 14. 13.

* * *

Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. Matt. 24. 44.

Mothers' Calendar

Conducted by Mary A. Hamilton

Once a little baby lay,
Cradled on the fragrant hay,
Long ago on Christmas.
Stranger bed a babe ne'er found,
Wondering cattle stood around,
Long ago on Christmas.

And today the whole glad earth
Praises God for that child's birth,
Long ago on Christmas.
For the life, the truth, the way
Came to bless the truth that day,
Long ago on Christmas.

* * *

"Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

"He died that we might live."

Truly at Christmastide more than at any other time our hearts realize what the tremendous mystery of the birth, life, death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus means to the Christian world as we worship at the crib of the Christ child. With the message of "Peace on Earth, good-will to men" we reach out with grateful hearts and loving hands to make this blessed day a day not only of spiritual victory and rejoicing but a day when homes are brightened by our gifts of good cheer made possible by the contributions of generous friends who take this happy burden on their hearts and deem it a privilege to serve the Master in this way.

Yes, indeed, this year as is our custom a basket filled and brimming over (Gospel measure) will be sent to every mother and there is always enough in the basket to last a family of eight for two days. Of course you are interested to know what the basket contains. Are you not? First we want to tell you that the Christmas baskets are the special charge of the Superintendent; she delegates this responsibility to no one else but very lovingly, very prayerfully supervises all the details. It is well planned also that the baskets are delivered right to the very door of each home, no weary waiting in the cold at the Mission door or tarrying after the meeting, no disappointment or mistakes. It is all too well planned in advance for these unpleasant occurrences.

Now for the contents of this wonderful basket. Best of all there is a great big, fat juicy chicken, two, if the family is extra large; a lot of fine potatoes, a fresh vegetable and several cans of vegetables, a package of maccaroni, tea, coffee, butter, sugar, apples, oranges, a plum pudding, nuts and candy. Isn't that splendid, and oh, the joy to think that God uses us to help His very own poor in this way at this blessed Christmas season.

You who read these lines, we ask: have you ever seen the children's Christmas tree at the Mission? You answer "Yes," well then you know how perfectly lovely it is and what a great unalloyed joy it is to the little ones who are always breathless with amazement. If you are unfortunate enough to say "Alas, No, we have not seen the tree," just make up your minds to waive every other engagement and slip into a quiet corner of that great assemblage of children and have the time of your life. You never saw such a tree reaching from the floor to the ceiling. It stands out there a great big mass of glittering balls and lights, tinsel so gorgeous in its festive array that you have to take a long breath of wonder and shut your eyes and open them again before you see the brilliant display of dolls peeping from everywhere all dressed by the loving hands of friends, a doll for every girl of the Mission. But back of it all in the midst of all and truly first of all is The Star of Bethlehem that shines out upon that sea of faces, the faces of many tired mothers, weary, poorly clad children, many but half nourished, each heart holding its own secret of

woe and bitterness, but we point them to that star that led the Shepherds to the manger and again we hear the angel say "Fear not! for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all poeple. For unto you this day is born in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ." Again we look past all the splendor of the Christmas tree, see the blessed Star, are gripped by its message and comforted. We have this year more than ever the privilege and the problem of making Christmas merry for such a lot of very tiny new babies. You never saw so many of them at one time in your life as we have each Wednesday afternoon; one side of the Mission is lined with baby carriages over which we take special charge while the mothers are free to sew and listen to the Gospel message. But the puzzling question now is what to give "Our Babies" because we know you want to have a share in it with us. A rattle is always sure to meet with a gurgle of thanks and appreciation, then there are those very fascinating woolly lambs, that a tiny fist can cuddle and hold close, and again there are all sorts of rubber dolls that babies love and pussy cats and doggies with any number of jingling bells covering them so that when you touch them ever so lightly they make a noise like chimes that the babies love to hear. Now for the little boys; the stores are overflowing with possibilities for little boys and we want to say right here that we aim to give each boy something different. We study individual tastes in our Mission celebration so that is why every one says it is the most wonderful Christmas tree ever seen, there is thought and love back of everything we do and the friends who contribute have the spirit of Christ in their hearts and so the blessing of God is with us every step of the way.

Our dear Superintendent is very wise at this "Children's Christmas" so we are not bored with a long program. There are many mothers there holding one, nay often two children in her lap and the others are all under six, many of them never before having been in a public place. There is just a word of prayer, a short timely talk, a song or two, really a Christmas carol. Then that never-to-be-forgotten moment when one sits very quietly and waits for one's name to be called. We must not forget to tell you that each child has a Christmas stocking to which is sewn a tape and contains an orange and a box of candy. This is slipped over the child's head so it has the pleasure of controlling its own gifts in this way for the doll or toy can be carried in the hands that are thus left free. Good idea. Don't you think so? Let us then with the wise men worship at this crib whose great mystery is revealed at Calvary and that down through the ages has brought "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

"Thine all the merit, ours the great reward,
Thine the sharp thorns, ours the golden crown,
Ours the lives won,
And Thine the life laid down."

At Christmas Time

Now hearts are warm though winds blow cold
So say good-bye to sadness
For Christmas turns life's grey to gold
And fills the world with gladness.

My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me. Jno. 10. 27.

And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. Jno. 10. 28

My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. Jno. 10. 29.

I and my Father are one. Jno. 10. 30.

The Eighth Avenue Mission

290 Eighth Avenue, New York

WHAT IT IS

A Rescue Mission incorporated under a Board of Trustees, co-operating with other similar organizations and with the churches.

ITS PURPOSE

To preach in Jesus "good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

ITS WORK

A gospel meeting indoors and an open air evangelistic meeting every night. Sunday School, Mothers' meeting, Children's play-room, Hospital meetings, Homes visitation, Immediate relief of suffering poor, and the publication of a monthly magazine.

ITS NEED

It needs your sympathy and your service. It needs your supplications and your support.

WON'T YOU HELP

S. WRAY, Treas. 290 Eighth Ave. N. Y

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